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McCLURE'S

MAGAZINE

S. S. McCLURE · EDITOR
MAY 1925 25 CENTS

In This Number Begins

THE LIFE *of*

JUDGE GARY

Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
United States Steel Corporation

The Story of Steel

By IDA M. TARBELL

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PARK AVENUE, N. Y.
NEW SERIES VOL. I, No. 1 FOUNDED 1893 WHOLE No.

Your Boy

He will have more leisure than you had. And yet, with the aid of electricity, he will do more than you did.

Radio, the electric locomotive and the electric ship will have shortened his distances. Electric motors will have taken upon their shoulders life's burdensome tasks.

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If This Message Doesn't Bring You A Big Salary Increase

LET'S be specific. What do you want in life? You want more money than you're getting. You want your own home, car, membership in a good club, you want to wear good clothes, educate your children and put away enough money to make you independent. If you are like other men, you want to be your own boss. You want to travel and meet the wide-awake people who are doing things.

All right. I'll tell you a quick, easy way to accomplish all this. If you don't take it you are the only loser. You are the only one who will have to face the accusing finger of the man you might have been. If you do take it you'll thank me the rest of your life for putting this information in your hands. For now it is possible for you to quickly enjoy bigger earnings, and have all the joys in life that your bigger self demands. If this was a guess I couldn't print it. I know it to be a certainty. It is proved by the cases of thousands of other men who have done exactly the same thing. Listen.

Take any ten average men who are in blind alley jobs at low pay. Analyze each case without prejudice. You'll find that every one of them is solely and entirely to blame for his poor earning power. Every one of them has had a golden opportunity. They either have failed to recognize it, or, recognizing it, lacked the courage to follow it up. But now comes your chance. If this page doesn't bring you a big increase in salary—quick—you have no one to blame but yourself. **By J. E. Greenslade**

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NEW SERIES
VOL. I, NO. 1.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

WHOLE NUMBER 371

Founded 1893

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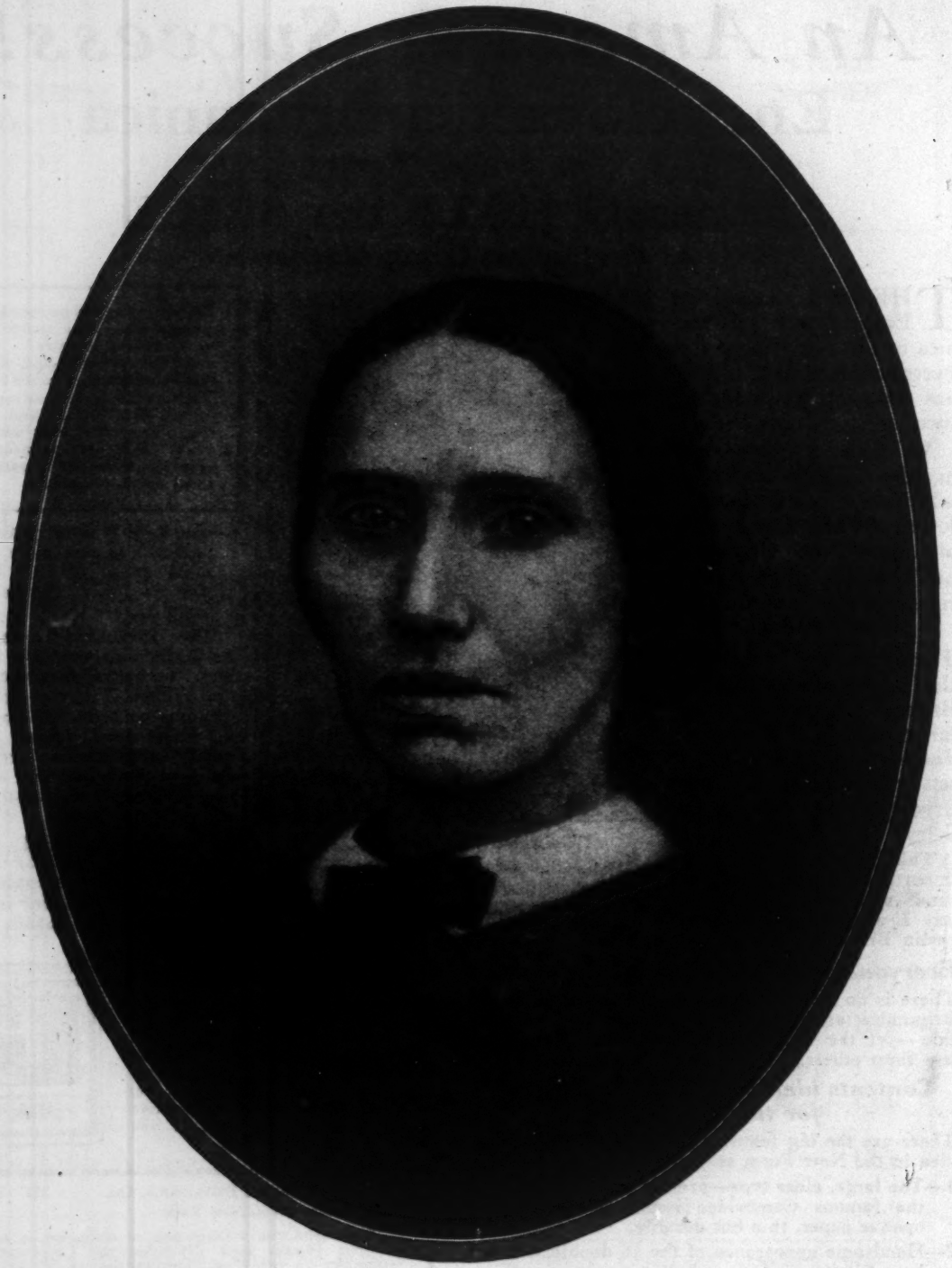

Susan A Gary

The mother of Judge Gary, taken when she was about thirty-eight years of age.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series VOL. I, No. 1 MAY, 1925 Whole Number 371

THE LIFE OF JUDGE E. H. GARY

Executive Head of The United States Steel Corporation

By IDA M. TARBELL

In 1901 J. Pierpont Morgan selected Judge Elbert H. Gary as the responsible head of the United States Steel Corporation, the largest business which had ever been organized in this country. Judge Gary brought to his tasks a just and penetrating mind trained by thirty years of hard, enthusiastic and highly successful labor at the law. Much of his practice in that time had dealt with business, and his experiences there had convinced him that no business stability was possible under any other code than the one which he knew to be essential in life and in the law — the code of frankness and fair dealing.

The story of his business life is largely the story of his efforts to satisfy a hostile public opinion; to work with, rather than against, the Government; to deal fairly with competitors; to cut off profiting by advance inside information; to prevent unhealthy booms and depressions; to consider, not to bludgeon, labor. What he has been able to do and not do, and the extent to which his code has been accepted by business in general, is the most significant story of the American business world of the last twenty-five years.

We present these articles as a contribution to a real understanding of our times, as well as a fascinating story of a typical American life — typical in birth, training, activities, ambitions, conquests.— *Editor.*

CHAPTER I

The Background

THE sons and daughters in the early American family were usually of opposing minds—stay-at-homes and pioneers. There were those among them who loved the fields their father had cleared, the cabin he had built, the trees he had planted, the community of which he and they were a part, and they asked nothing better than to carry on where they were born. There were those who had the lust of adventure in their hearts, the call of the beyond in their ears and who pushed ahead into the forests, clearing new fields, breaking prairies, building new cabins, planting new orchards, founding new communities. The sons and daughters of each group repeated the story.

Without the pioneer the early American settlements would have remained a fringe along the Atlantic coast and the great forests and plains which stretched back, mysterious and dangerous, would have remained untracked; without the conservers of the footholds made, the settlers would have bred a race of nomads. The adventures and sufferings, the adaptions and victories of these two types of American settlers make the history of the opening and developing of this country.

Dip into the story of almost any one of the white families catalogued in the census of 1790 as numbering at that time over one hundred persons; trace their migrations and their settlements, and you will find that the original group has spread like a fan north and

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E.L.

south and west from the parent foothold.

Take the New England Gary family. They first appeared on this side of the Atlantic in 1638 when Arthur Gary, a man then thirty-nine, married and the father of two boys, both born in Hertfordshire, England, as he had been, is named among the freemen of Roxbury, Mass., a member of the first church and a supporter of the Roxbury grammar school, said to be the first free school established in this country.

Soon after Arthur Gary and his wife settled in Roxbury a third son was born to them, Samuel. The three boys grew up in the settlement, and all three died there, leaving behind them reputations as substantial, useful citizens. William, the oldest, became a deacon in the church and deputy to the general court of Massachusetts; Nathaniel, the second, a successful planter; and Samuel, the third, a soldier in King Philip's War. It was the planter alone who left children—eleven of them, three of them sons. And for all three Roxbury turned out to be too small, though their pioneering was not far and was, so to speak, thrust in their faces.

The New England colonies soon saw the necessity of acquiring lands back from the coast as rapidly and as peacefully as possible; among the early purchases of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was a tract some 50 miles long and 20 miles wide, extending from Worcester County, Mass., down into Connecticut. This tract had touched the imagination of the Roxbury people and they had obtained the grant of a township from the general court. Soon after, thirteen of their residents were sent to "spy out" Woodstock as the new possession was called, one of these thirteen being Nathaniel Gary, the oldest of Arthur's three grandsons. Although Nathaniel Gary settled in Woodstock he wanted more land than it afforded him, and in a few years set himself to help in developing a second plantation, that of Pomfret.

He did well in the new undertaking, securing a deed for 550 acres, a tract known until this day as the Gary Neighborhood. He not only had land but he had importance in the new settlement, an importance shown by an unusual privilege accorded him, the right to build in the highway near the church for himself and his family a house "to sit in on Sabba'-days"—a small house, tight and warm, with benches and an ample fireplace. Here on Sunday mornings a fire was kindled by those who first came, and here Mr. Gary, his family and his friends thawed out their chilled fingers and toes after their cold rides over the hills of Pomfret, before entering the meeting-house, which their curious piety required should be fireless.

Nathaniel's brothers William and Samuel soon followed him to Pomfret and they, too, built themselves into the neighborhood as substantial planters and public servants. All three left families. It is with a grandson of Nathaniel that we are concerned—Josiah, who died in Pomfret in 1790. Seven sons and seven daughters of the fifteen children born to Josiah and Sarah Sprague Gary, his wife, were at his funeral.

Among these seven sons was one William, by all accounts a lovable fellow, a man of scholarly tastes, a teacher for many years—known as Master Gary. Indeed, Master Gary established at Pomfret what may be called the first Gary School. But he was more than a schoolmaster. He was an active citizen, serving year after year as tax appraiser, on juries, wherever needed.

William Gary was not more important in the community than his wife, Lucy Perrin, a woman of the best Massachusetts antecedents, a masterful woman of character and ability, particularly prominent, as was her husband, in the Methodist Church.

Both the Garys and the Perrins had been supporters of the Methodists from their first coming to Pomfret, joining the movement no doubt, as so many others in New England were doing at that time, as a protest not only against the spiritual lukewarmness and suppression but the shocking indifference to drunkenness and immorality shown by the established New England churches. Both families had freely opened their homes to the circuit riders and missionaries of the new sect, and both had become faithful observers of its severe discipline.

Like all early Methodists they were particularly concerned with the spiritual condition of their children, urging them into the church and sacrificing gladly when a son decided for the ministry. It was a matter of rejoicing to

Photograph by Marceau.

Judge Gary in 1925

William and Lucy Gary that they could "raise" not only a son—Charles Wesley, their oldest—but a nephew for the ministry. The latter, indeed, became one of the prides of the church in his day—the youngest candidate ever received by the denomination, it is said. The counsel with which his uncle, the schoolmaster, sent the fifteen-year old preacher on his way is a credit to his good sense, as the fact that the boy himself kept it alive is to his:

"Never pretend that you know much, George, for if you do pretend, the people will soon find out that you are sadly mistaken; neither tell them how little you know, for this they will find out soon enough."

Along with these two young students for the ministry in the Gary family was another son, Erastus, born in 1806—a good Methodist boy but not one to whom the call to the ministry came. It was the land that called Erastus Gary—more land than Pomfret offered, for by this time in the division and subdivision of the original Gary plantation, the farm of each had dwindled to a small plot. Erastus, on coming to manhood, found himself with only thirteen acres. It was too little for him. Moreover, he revolted against the conditions under which the land must be worked in Connecticut—a fresh crop of stones each spring as certain as the grass itself. Again, there was little or no chance for a young farmer in Pomfret to piece out his income by outside labor, as was the practice in those days. The town had been losing population for several years, because of its failure to attract new industries, as many other Connecticut settlements were doing. Life had become hard and meagre for most of its people, and there were some distasteful features for a spirit as vigorous and independent as that of young Erastus Gary. Then, there was an irritating and humiliating intolerance, even some contempt, for the church of his family. But stronger than the dissatisfying conditions at home, was the pull of the West. A new name, alluring, tantalizing, was in his ears. He could not forget it—Illinois. Wonderful tales were told all through the East of that vigorous young state—tales of cleared land, the prairie—great stretches of it, without a rock or a tree—nothing to do but put in your plow. And the quantities you could buy with a few dollars! It all went to disquiet him more and more with the few acres and the annual stone crop.

A hundred and twenty-five years before the same tales, the same call had come to the youth of New England from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania—fifty years later from the Shenandoah Valley, from Kentucky; but there were new musical words alluring them now—Michigan, Indiana, Illinois.

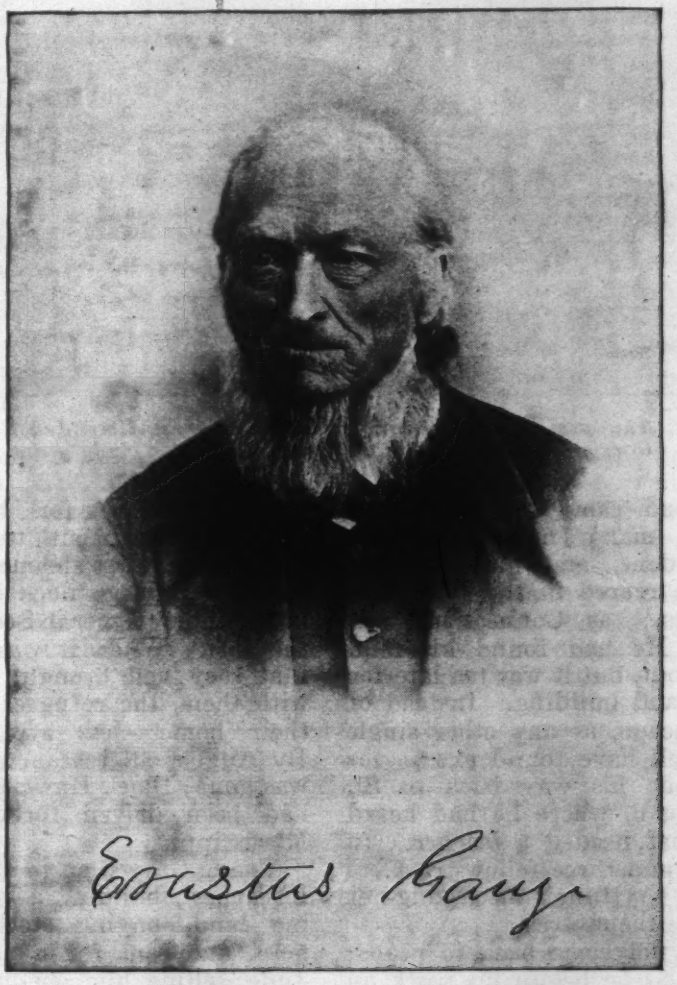
It became too much for Erastus at last, and he persuaded the Reverend Charles to buy his thirteen acres. Then, with money in his pocket—it probably amounted, with what he had been able to save, to something like one thousand dollars—he started westward.

How would he go? There is a tradition in the Gary family that he went by horse or carriage as far as St. Joseph on Lake Michigan and then by canoe to Chicago. He was not curious about new methods of transportation or anxious to make his journey in the quickest and most comfortable way, if that was what he did. More likely he made his way from Pomfret to Springfield and thence to Albany by coach along the broad way which had been in use for decades now. If he had been as enterprising and eager for information as he showed himself later, he would have taken the railroad at Albany. The year before there had been opened between that town and Schenectady the first iron road in this country—thirty-six miles long. I cannot believe that he would have let that experience slip him. And at Schenectady he could have taken the Erie Canal, which for six years now had been the great highway across the state to Buffalo. From Buffalo he could have followed by wagon or on horseback down the lake to Cleveland, or he could have taken a schooner or a steamer and gone to Detroit, and thence by horse have made his way to St. Joseph, Mich.

But the significant thing is not how he got there, but that he actually went to the place for which he started. Many a pioneer in those days changed his objective en route. Charles Cleaver, who has left us one of the most fascinating records we have of pioneering to Chicago in this period, did not start from New York for Illinois, but for Canada; but he met so many travelers who told

him tales of the fertility and promise of the Illinois land that he and his party, after a little reconnoitering, entirely changed their minds. Erastus Gary went to the place he started for, and in the fall of 1831 landed in Chicago.

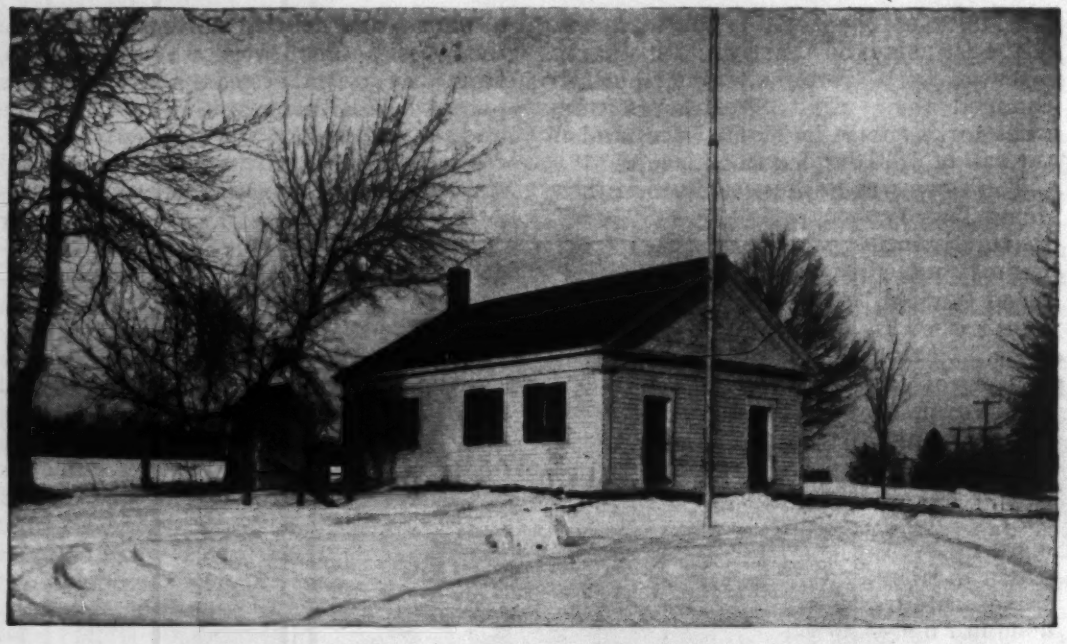
The town was not much to see in those days. Twenty to thirty log farmhouses scattered westward from the mouth of a river over a low and swampy prairie; a bare log church in which in turn three or four denominations worshipped; several rough boarding houses, frequently called hotels; five or six general stores and a post office, just opened to receive and care for the mails which were brought in on horseback once a week from the East, now and then from the South, and for which the settlers came from a hundred miles or more in every direction.



Judge Gary's father, Erastus Gary, at seventy-nine years of age

But if the new town was rough and unkempt it was bursting with life—the feel of its future was upon it. Traders, explorers, settlers, government agents, filled not only all the beds of the new town but the floors of its houses, night after night. Schooners were already coming from Buffalo and Cleveland and Detroit. There was talk of the government improving the harbor—of canals and railroads from the East to the West. The town was lifted, too, from the ordinary commonplace of a pioneer settlement by Fort Dearborn and the government agency—well-cared-for places, with gardens and trees, kept up as befitted government possessions even if far from civilization.

Now, Erastus Gary might have taken the land which he had come West to buy, in the present city of Chicago, but when he came to look over the swampy district he saw nothing there for a *bona-fide* farmer. He was no speculator; he wanted a sure thing—land where he could raise things, land within a reasonable distance of this town, which he felt sure was to grow, and from which he reasoned that railroads would run westward. And so he started westward, where the railroad was to go; and finally some twenty-seven miles from the city that was to be, he selected a section—six hundred and forty acres—selected it with the care of the man wise in lands, seeing to it that there was timber—a lot of fully one hundred acres—and springs and sunshine, and a running stream nearby. The location of that original piece of Gary land in Illinois is admirable proof of the wisdom and caution of the new



The first "Gary school," Pomfret, Conn. Here Judge Gary's grandfather, William Gary, taught for many years.

strain that had come into the state.

The young man's next move was equally provident, and quite characteristic of one reared in the "Land of Steady Habits," as Connecticut was then called. He had found his land and staked it out, but it was too late for breaking sod and building. Instead of loafing in Chicago, as any other single man might well have found excuse for doing, he made his way back to St. Joseph, Michigan, where he had heard of a school that needed a teacher. In the spring he and three fellow-travelers paddled back to Illinois in a dug-out they had made themselves.

But he did not come back to peace; for scarcely had he begun his work on the new tract when rumors of Black Hawk's invasion of northern Illinois stirred the scattered settlers west and south of Chicago, and all the women and children of that part of the world were hurried to Fort Dearborn for safety; while every man able to bear a gun—Erastus Gary among them—joined the militia. The next three months he spent as one of the guard of the fort. The only serious Indian scare which Erastus Gary remembered while on duty there turned out to be an approaching flock of sheep! It was not Indians which finally drove the refugees from the fort, but soldiers sent by the government to protect them. In July, the first steamer that ever tied up at a Chicago dock brought a company under General Scott to reenforce the fort. When it was noised abroad that they had brought Asiatic cholera with them, the refugees quickly fled to their homes—less afraid of Indians. By August all reason for fearing them was gone; Black Hawk and his warriors had been driven forever beyond the Mississippi.

Young Gary went to work on his claim in earnest, building a log house, breaking land, buying stock. He needed help, and sent for a younger brother, Jude, selling him one-half of the land. So hopeful did the prospect look to the brothers that they persuaded their mother, Lucy Perrin Gary, now a widow, and their brother, the Reverend Charles Wesley, to leave the home on Gary Hill in Pomfret and join them. A little later the Gary colony was increased by the coming of Jesse and Warren Wheaton, two brothers, one of whom had married a sister and the other a niece of Erastus Gary. Together they made a fine group of hard-working men and women, of similar tastes, traditions and ambitions.

From the start, Erastus Gary and his

relatives did well. A settlement was growing up beside their farms—Warrenville, a good town to-day. Erastus bought a tract to the north and started a sawmill. Here the Reverend Charles Wesley settled, helped build a church, became the backbone of the community. The settlement is still called Gary's Mill. Seeing that the railroad, which he believed a certainty, would probably go to the northeast of Warrenville, Erastus Gary bought five or six hundred acres in that direction and let it lie. He believed in land. He used to tell his sons that it was the only thing for which a man could afford to run in debt.

Growing acres, growing crops, growing stocks, but little money; and Erastus took good care of the little that came to him. There is a family tradition that he disapproved of the use of sugar in doughnuts; but if the doughnuts did not get sugar, the tradition is equally strong that he never failed the church or the needy—a "liberal giver" he was called, and there are documents to prove it. When he died in 1888 there was found among his possessions a box full of uncollected notes—records of moneys loaned over forty years, of which his sons knew nothing, and which it looked as if he had never even attempted to collect. Somebody needed the money more than he did, so he let the notes lie. It is to be expected that a man of such a nature—a thrifty and able man, too—would win confidence and affection, and Erastus Gary won both. This was effectively shown in 1839, at a moment when the settlers of DuPage County—as the part of Illinois to which he had come was called—were deeply disturbed over the validity of the claims which they were cultivating.

These claims were on unsurveyed lands belonging to the United States. This fact emboldened "claim jumpers" and "land sharks," as speculators were called, to pester the genuine settlers. The men of DuPage County were not of the kind to be fooled with by this sort of gentry. The news that a land pirate of any description had set up his camp on one of their claims was enough to bring out a group of sturdy, mounted citizens to run him out of the county, and they were none too gentle in their methods.

They could take care of this kind of nuisance, but they were intelligent enough to see that a much more serious threat to their properties was bound to come when the government finally should lay its lines. It was evident that these lines could not possibly agree

The Gary homestead in Pomfret. The wings and dormers have been added in recent years.

with their own, for in locating they had taken in timber, water and prairie that pleased them, without regard to the square or rectangular form of their claims. The result was often tracts of fantastic irregularity. It was certain that when government surveys should be made, claims would be found to overlap. What was to be done?

They worked out as fine and sensible a piece of mutual agreement for forestalling trouble and settling the future inevitable difficulties as one often sees—the DuPage Society for Mutual Protection. When the government survey should not agree with their line or lines, they bound themselves to "deed or redeed" to one another, according to rules which they laid down in their charter. Each settler was at once to turn in a description of his claim to the general land office and if disputes arose between them, the claims were to be turned over to a board of arbitrators appointed from among their number.

The DuPage County Society for Mutual Protection also put into its charter an effective method of dealing with those who would not accept arbitration—a method similar to that which the League of Nations gentlemen are considering now in regard to war. They outlawed the recalcitrant who attempted to seize upon any part of any other person's claim, or infringe in any way on the lines which they had laid down. He was "deemed a dishonest man"—"no better than a thief or a robber"—"not entitled to the protection of their union." He sometimes failed to get even the toleration of his church. An influential member of the church at Gary's Mills, where the Reverend Charles was a power, refusing to deed back ten acres of a claim, which by the rules of the Union belonged to somebody else, was called before the church board and finally expelled, because "a man who refused to perform an act of justice was not fit for membership."

It is proof enough of the position that Erastus Gary held in this body of resolute and just-minded citizens that he was made one of the three arbitrators to adjust claims and outlaw aggressors. This was the beginning of a long series of services in looking after the law and order of the county which for thirty years or more he rendered. During this long period he served as a magistrate—Justice Gary he came early to be called—his reputation was as solid for fairness and honest dealing as for thrift and honesty.

Ten years passed in this strenuous work of settling and community building. Erastus Gary was thirty-six years old and still unmarried. And then, luckily for him, he found a woman of his own kind, one who by tradition, spirit and ambition was admirably fitted for his mate.

In 1839 there had settled on a farm of 160 acres, about two miles west of the Erastus Gary farm, a family by the name of Vallette. The Vallettes were French in origin, and had been in America perhaps a hundred years. Their migrations and experiences in the new world, though not of as long duration as the Garys', were essentially like theirs. They had been active pioneers, prosperous farmers, good citizens, good soldiers. The same influences that had worked on Erastus Gary had led Jeremiah Vallette to migrate to Illinois from his farm in Stockbridge, Mass.; and he and his family took hold of the settlers' problems in much the same way.

There is saved in their family a series of letters written back to New England, telling of the new country and of their experiences in settling. They give a glowing picture of the land—its prairies beautiful with flowers and rich with berries of all descriptions—its melons big and luscious, to be had by "dropping the seed into the sod after it is turned over"—its "black, mealy soil" and the crops they could raise from it—the drove of cattle and hogs they fatted on the cheap hay and rich ranges. That is, the Vallettes were happy and hopeful in their change from Massachusetts to the prairie.

In the Vallette family was a young woman of nineteen, Susan Abiah Vallette—Abi they called her—well educated for her time—a teacher, a Methodist, sober, industrious, charming. She took her place in the social life of the community to which Erastus Gary belonged. The two constantly met at services held in their homes when the circuit rider passed—at camp meetings and singing schools—at "bees" and

"raisin's"—and quite naturally Erastus Gary soon found himself deeply drawn to the girl. But whatever she may have felt, she held herself bound. As happened so often to a girl in pioneer migrations, she had left a lover behind her—a young man studying for the Baptist ministry. He was to come for her but put it off, as he had been doing for a long time before she left New England, making excuses—he had not finished his studies—his "liver was bad!" He put it off too long, for a year after Susan Vallette came to Illinois, she began to find reasons why he should not come just yet. *Her* health was bad—she was in no haste to marry. "If he writes he will not come this fall"—as Susan had suggested—"I should rather think they will never have each other," wrote her sister to one of the family back home; and she added, "she would have as bright prospect for settling in life as she has now, if he does not come"—which probably meant that Erastus Gary was pressing his suit, and judging from the tone of the references to the delaying Baptist minister in the family letters, he was receiving the support of the Vallette family.

At all events "W. L.," as he is called in the correspondence, followed his betrothed's suggestion, and did not come out in the fall of 1840; and, as her sister had foretold, they "never had each other," for in October of 1841 she married Erastus Gary—a happy thing for both of them—so they both thought to the end of their days.

The young couple began life together in the log house Erastus had built ten years before, on his farm at Warrenville. It was a snug and comfortable home—big living room with great fireplace—bed rooms and outside kitchen, young fruit trees and vines near, and all around the prairie, radiant with flowers in summer, white with snow in winter. There was heavy work for both of them—there were dangers and excitements. The Indians were no longer feared, but wolves and wildcats prowled at night and rattlesnakes crawled by day. Terrific storms of wind and rain swept over them and in winter biting cold settled down. Their anxieties in illness and separation were real enough, yet the Garys were free from the poignant loneliness and fears of hundreds of families in Illinois at this date, who had settled in neighborhoods which had never "built up." They at least had physicians and neighbors—their own families within reach.

Life was full for the young couple, and it had the dignity which the definite serious purpose of the pioneer gives. These two recognized themselves as community builders. They felt that the future intelligence, piety, order, prosperity of the new community were in their and their neighbors' hands. Neither Erastus nor Susan Gary ever wavered in giving a full measure of strength to the severe social, moral and religious creed which they learned in New England and of the soundness and rightness of which neither through-

OPPORTUNITY

Not long since I was in consultation with twenty or more middle-aged gentlemen for two days in succession, concerning subjects of more than ordinary importance involving economic, social and political consequence. There were displayed ability, concentration of thought, fairness, clearness in logical expression, and wisdom in conclusions quite unusual. These men occupy business positions of great responsibility and they are receiving large compensation. Without exception they began life under humble and impecunious circumstances, and when old enough to work were employed on farms or in shops. *Opening paragraph from a Commencement address by Judge Gary at Syracuse University, June* 13, 1921.

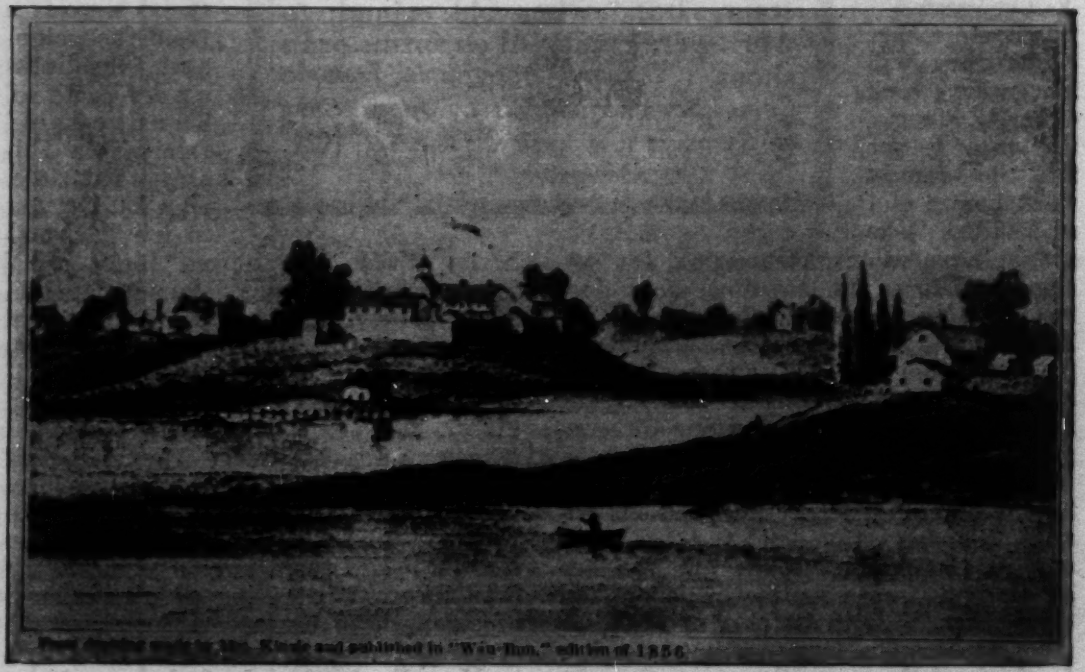
out their lives had any doubt. Men and women go far when convinced that they are following a faith which is not only for their own highest good but for the highest good of their family and of their community.

If it had not been for the railroad, Erastus and Susan Gary would probably have lived their lives out at Warrenville; but in 1846—fifteen years after he had come to Illinois—the railroad, which we have seen had decided his first location west of Chicago, became a certainty.

It is difficult for us to-day to realize the stir and hope which the opening of canal or railroad brought a community in those days. Erastus Gary knew something about it. He had seen the entire commercial life of the East changed by a canal. He was nineteen years old when in 1825 the first boat passed from Buffalo to Erie through the "big ditch"—4 feet deep, 40 feet wide—old enough to read understandingly in the *Hartford Courant*—Pomfret's chief journal—of the four barrels of Lake Erie water brought to Albany on that boat, and of the impressive ceremony of their pouring into the Hudson, thus uniting, so Governor Clinton declared, lakes and ocean.

The proof that Governor Clinton was right was immediate. Trade with the West beyond dreams followed at once. Boston saw with alarm that New York was taking away her long established place as *the* port of the new world. Philadelphia had cold chills over the rapid growth of Pittsburgh, for it was easier for merchants to go up the Hudson, through the Erie canal, down Lake Erie and across the portage to the Alleghenies, and thence to Pittsburgh, than to follow the highway over the mountains. The whole trade and travel of the country was dislocated by the opening of the Erie Canal, and Erastus Gary read how, to meet the situation, business men and state legislatures demanded canals, and more canals. They wanted to connect every river, bay, lake, in such a way that they, too, would have free access to the ocean.

When the rage for canals was at its height, a new transportation excitement broke in, to puzzle and chill the advocates. "Why build canals?" cried the knowing. "It's the railway that is to be the future transportation of the world." "What is a railway?" men asked, and the newspapers told them: "You put a thing they call a locomotive, propelled by steam, on an iron track, and it will"—few believed it—"draw a coach thirty miles an hour! It has



Fort Dearborn in 1831.

been done in England and is being done." And tales began to spread across the country of "Puffing Billy" and the "Rocket"—the two most famous of early English locomotives.

Erastus Gary could have told you how fast, once launched, the railroad idea moved. Moveover, he undoubtedly told his Illinois neighbors how these roads were built and worked, for he must have seen, when he went West in 1831, the first one actually operated in the country.

When he reached Illinois in 1831 he found discussion of a central railroad, that is, one running from the north to the south of the State—the Illinois Central—already on foot. In 1836, when the flushed and excited Illinois legislature started on a grandiose scheme of internal improvements, granting charters for railroads, canals and river improvement in all directions, one of the roads chartered was the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad. Note that Galena stands first, being the more important town at that moment. The actual stock of the road was to be 100,000 dollars, and it was to be operated by "steam or animal power," as proved best.

The preliminary survey for this road did not take it as near Erastus Gary's Warrenville farm as he had reckoned, when he arrived in 1831, that the first road westward from Chicago would go; and it was then that he bought the land to the northeast of which I have already spoken. This first railroad undertaking was destined to collapse, however, as did all the fine schemes for transportation adopted in 1836. The panic of the years following took all heart out of Illinois for a time, and it was not until ten years later, in 1846, that the Galena & Chicago was revived. In that year a great convention was called in Rockford to stir up things. Farmers were called on for subscriptions. Meetings were held all up and down the route, and in the fall of 1847 the contract for the first seven miles west from Chicago was let—the thing was going through.

It was then that Erastus Gary decided that the land he had bought at the time of the first excitement should be put under cultivation. Turning over the Warrenville farm with its full equipment to his brother Jude, Erastus Gary in 1848, when he was forty-two years old, tackled the new undertaking. In making this move he was not going among strangers, indeed he was but changing one family group for another, Jesse and Warren Wheaton having set-

Chicago's first post office in 1833.

tled in 1883, when they first came into Illinois, near the tract he had been holding. They were the influential men of the settlement—so influential, indeed, that the three men had been able to persuade the railroad to come a mile and a half nearer to their land than the original survey had proposed.

The next year, 1849, Erastus Gary was ready to move his little family from the log house he had built when he first came to Illinois to a new frame house, close to the present town of Wheaton, and within sight of the incoming railroad. This little family was made up of Susan Gary and two boys, the older, Noah, five years of age, the younger, Elbert Henry Gary, two and a half. It is with the younger that this story is concerned, and it is to his childhood and boyhood in the new house near the building railroad that we now turn.

Chapter II

The Boy Elbert

Early childhood for most of us is a region of haze, or half haze. It is passed under a sheltered routine where discoveries come so gradually and naturally that they blend into a misty whole. It is only when something out of the ordinary happens that memory is sufficiently aroused to lay hold and keep hold. A new home is one of the unforgetable experiences of a child. And with reason. There is the surprise of learning that there are other scenes than the one he knows. And moving brings adventures—personal adventures which stamp themselves on the mind. The earliest memories of the man whose life we are following in this narrative come from such an experience.

The new house was a large one for the time—the largest in the settlement. Erastus Gary in building had in mind no doubt the pleasant Connecticut homes of Pomfret and Woodstock—for he followed their usual plan of a central hall and staircase with comfortable rooms on either side. "The big white house on the hill" it came to be called, for it stood on an elevation overlooking the valley through which the railroad was coming as well as the settlement the railroad was to father. By agreement this place was named Wheaton from Erastus Gary's two relatives who had settled in the neighborhood when they first came to Illinois. The railway station was located where the three farms of the Wheatons and Garys cornered.

The way of the pioneer in building was usually to make ready a living room where the family could camp while the carpenters went on completing their task—a discouraging thing for a housewife but the greatest fun in the world for children, for here you had the excitement of watching frames go up, roofs and floors laid, partitions put in and doors and windows set. You had the joy of curly shavings, the fun of lumber piles. Little Elbert and his brother Noah found continuous excitement in this building of a new home over their heads. It brought Elbert his first unforgetable experience.

Of course the children climbed the ladders when there was nobody near to forbid, and one day Noah, now five, went up to the second story, still unfloored, and succeeded in getting safely to the loose boards laid at intervals across the rafters. His little brother was not slow in following. He reached the top, not an easy thing. Judge Gary when he tells you the story to-day will almost certainly jump up from his chair and make a gesture of pulling up the dress that he wore to show how difficult it was for him to get to the top of that ladder! He still feels the mystery of what happened when he got there. His little arms and legs were too short to scale the distance to the board where Noah was perched and down he went, fifteen or sixteen feet, into the cellar. And then—oblivion! With him as with all of us this first experience of passing suddenly from awareness to nothingness—the strangeness of remembering everything up to a certain point and then nothing more is still green in memory.

Not only did the Gary children have the excitement of watching the building of a new home, they had the still greater excitement of the building of the railroad. It brought groups of strange men —Irish mainly, with a brogue on their tongue new to their ears. It brought a transient settlement of shanties—mighty diggings—laying of tracks. This strange confusion and activity, the men and women of the camps, the revelries

By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society. From a watercolor by C. E. Petford

THE SAUGANASH HOTEL

This is where Erastus Gary probably stayed when he first visited Chicago in 1831.

that sometimes went on there—all made its impress on the little boy.

And there was the coming of the first train! The Galena and Chicago had acquired from an eastern road a second-hand engine and five or six equally second-hand freight cars. The train might look funny to Judge Gary to-day, but when it came rushing by for the first time it was a wonderful and fearsome sight. He must have felt almost a proprietary interest in it, too, for the tracks ran through a cut on Gary land. The road by which the family came and went crossed close to the mouth of this cut—a dangerous spot—where accidents might and did happen because of the failure of the company to keep its promise to Erastus Gary to bridge the road—a promise made when he gave them without charge a right of way across his land. It was the beginning of a grievance against railroads in the man's mind—a grievance others in the settlement shared and which the road took no pains to allay—rather defied and fed. The little boy was getting his first lesson in the ways of corporations—some corporations!

The new house was not finished, the first train had not passed before the orthodox system of training a child, accepted by Erastus and Susan Gary, was being applied to young Elbert. The Garys held to the New England belief that as soon as a child had control of hands and feet it must be taught to use them in tasks necessary to the daily life of the family. These tasks were supposed to be fitted to a child's strength and age and, laid down, there was no escaping them. By the time this boy was four he was picking up chips to start the fire, filling the wood-box, running errands. There was outside work, too; following his father in the field at planting time, dropping corn; straddling a horse, helping his brother round up and bring in the cows at night; spending long hours through the day watching them lest they wander, for in the first years on the new farm there were few fences, and cattle had to be almost continually guarded. By the time Elbert Gary was seven he had learned to milk and to do the easier night and morning chores. Year by year new tasks were taken on so that by the time he was fourteen or even before he could do and did the work of a man on the farm.

What the boy, turned over to school, gets to-day in downright knowledge of life and discipline to meet its experi-

ences looks thin enough compared with what this boy was learning in his forced grapple with the daily tasks of the Gary farm. Unconsciously and naturally he acquired control of muscles and nerves —self-reliance in unusual situations— skill of hand—a sense of his relation to the group—the understanding that if you shirked your part, performed it badly, the whole family suffered, the day's work was dislocated—respect for labor, the knowledge that upon it depended the health and increase of stock, the size of crops, the family's food and clothing, his own and his brother's future education.

Not that school was neglected. As soon as a child could walk he was old enough to "begin school," according to the early New England pedagog. When he was three years old Elbert was being carried or led to the "District School," a half mile from the "big white house on the hill," to which all the new settlement sent its children—a primitive one-room school, with benches, a blackboard—little else.

"Going to school" had its excitements. You went early, carrying your dinner pail. On the road you met your mates and nine times out of ten you stopped to open the dinner pails, compare notes, perhaps trade pie for cake, a doughnut for an apple. School was "called" at nine, then two hours of work, then recess, with all sorts of merry games—tag, drop the handkerchief, crack the whip, old cat, Andy over. When the bell brought you back to lessons there was a rush and scramble for a drink out of the tin cup or long-handled dipper fastened to the water pail.

This water pail provided one of the few diversions of the day, for a teacher rarely refused when you raised your hand if your request was to get a drink. The pail was soon emptied and then two boys, to their great joy, were sent to fill it. Noon was a social hour over the dinner pails—quiet inside and games outside. And going home after the day's work was a happy romp.

What you learned depended upon the teacher. Luckily for the generation growing up around Wheaton, the men whom the school trustees were able to secure—they were generally men in that school—were devoted to their business. One in particular seems to have stamped himself on the community—Horace Barnes, who for many years taught the winter term, laboring with a growing constituency. Before he left he was handling in one room at least seventy-five pupils, ranging from three to eighteen; and he trained this unassorted collection so that few of them ever forgot him—always loved him. At ninety-two years of age he wrote joyous letters on the beauty of life as he was finding it, to more than one who had been his pupil in the 50s—Judge Gary among them.

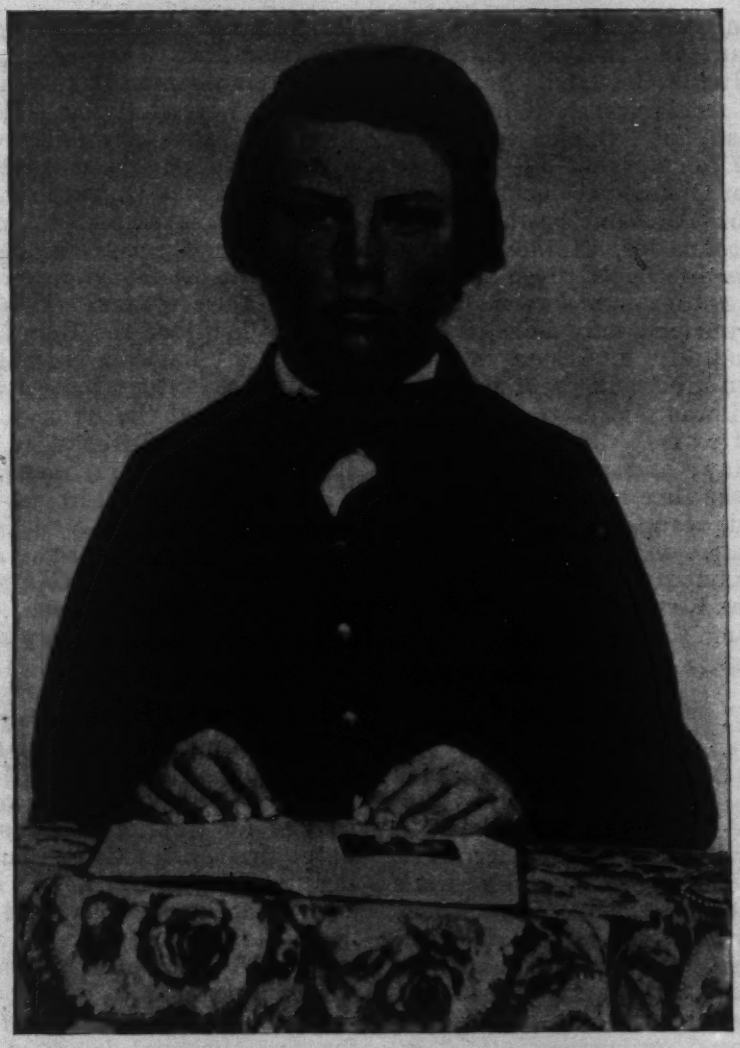
There were definite things which even the child of three was expected to begin to learn: his letters, to count, first to ten, then to twenty, the number of days in the month, the name of the oldest man, the wisest man, the meekest man, the most patient man, the whole long list of "Instructive Questions and Answers" of the New England Primer —the names of the Apostles and the prophets—the names of the presidents of the United States and the capitals of the states. All these things Elbert learned at home. There were rhymes to help him fix these facts so meaningless to him—rhymes sung to him frequently, no doubt, as he was rocked back and forth by father or mother when tired or grieved. Thus there was one for the capitals of the states, beginning:

Maine, Augusta on the Kennebec river.
New Hampshire, Portsmouth on the Merrimac river.

There was one for remembering the days of the months:

Thirty days hath September
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Save Leap-year—there's the time
When they have twenty-nine.

At school, too, there was much memorizing, for every Friday afternoon there were exercises where you were expected to speak a piece or take part in a dialogue, and at the end of the term, if you had shone brilliantly, to appear at an exhibition, to which people came from far and near, packing the school room to overflowing. Young Elbert was hardly out of dresses before he began to make his appearance on Friday afternoons and at school exhibitions.



Elbert Gary at about ten years of age.

His first performance was the first of a whole generation of Americans, declaiming, with gestures which varied according to the teacher's ideas of appropriateness, the classical lines:

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero
Don't view me with a critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.

* * * * * *

Oh where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here,
Or where's the boy but three feet high
Who's made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Caesar, stained with blood;
But, like Washington, great in good.

As the child grew older "numbers" received an increasing amount of attention. At one period in this Wheaton district school rapid calculation became the chief test of scholarship. A teacher had taken the school who held the practice of particular value in mental training, so daily he put on the blackboard examples in partial payments. Two pupils at a time were sent to the board to see which could "get the right answer" first. Elbert came to be both accurate and rapid,

beating even his brother—"the best mathematician in the community." "Indeed," Judge Gary tells you, "we never had a teacher as good in mathematics as Noah, but I think I could beat him in rapid calculation."

Luckily for Wheaton, Lorin Barnes, a graduate of Yale and brother of its favorite schoolmaster, Horace Barnes, who took his brother's place for two terms, had a thorough knowledge of music. He was not only able to keep his pupils happily interested in their studies but to arouse in them a love of singing. "It was always the best part of the school to me," Judge Gary will tell you to-day; and he will tell you, too, that by the time he was seven years old he could read music fairly well. This was thanks to Erastus Gary who began early familiarizing his little folks with notes and staffs, with flats and sharps, helping them out with rhymes such as this one:

When on one staff
You see the treble clef
The lines of that staff
Are E–G–B–D–F.

At sixteen he was singing bass in church, later he was a member of a quartette which did considerable work in the community. People who attend the Metropolitan Opera House and have watched Judge Gary sitting quietly in the rear of his box through a long opera may have wondered whether opera to him was a social or business affair, or whether he really understood the music. There are few men who follow the opera in New York that understand it better. He can read the score with the best of amateurs and is so familiar with leading operas that he follows them almost textually without a score.

The boy's progress in school was even more carefully watched by the father and mother than by the teacher. "My father watched my lessons with the same vigilance that he gave to his crops and live stock," Judge Gary tells you to-day. Every night he was examined in his studies, every day put into contest with some one of his age, told how Noah had known all these things before he was as old as he—how his cousins in Warrenville could count faster or farther.

This attention to what the child was learning did not lapse as he grew older. Mr. and Mrs. Gary continued to take the liveliest interest in whatever their children were studying. They had both been teachers—they still were learners. "What did you learn to-day?" was a daily question. Quizes in dates, spelling and names, examples in mental arithmetic, recitations, singing, went on constantly. A favorite exercise was correcting false syntax. This indeed was a daily habit of the Garys. Let somebody say, "That's a good thing for you and I," and father, mother and children would jump at the error.

The Gary children were brought up to read newspapers, magazines, books. Their father, like all liberal-minded men of his time, took *The New York Tribune,* and read it page by page. A little later he added to it *The Chicago Tribune,* giving it equal attention. Susan Gary had her magazines: *Godey's, Peterson's, The Ladies Repository.* Into all of these the children dipped and found what was for them, but they liked books better. Charles Dickens' *Child's History of England,* Dumas' *Three Musketeers,* and, best of all, volume after volume by Charles Dickens. The first novel that Judge Gary remembers having read was *Barnaby Rudge,* and after that he never missed one of the flood that in these years was poured forth. They listened to many French stories, too, for a cousin who "read French," was a member of the family for some time and delighted in her little audience.

This training in work and study was based on religion. The shiftless and ignorant were not fit to serve God, and to learn to love and obey God was the chief object of life. It was the Bible in which you found the rules of life, hence you must know the Bible. There were times and places set for its reading and interpretation and you must no more neglect them than you did the chores or school. Thus there were family prayers every morning before breakfast, though not before the stock had been fed, the cows milked. Then the household gathered, the Scriptures were read and the father or mother offered a prayer. As each child learned to read he was expected to take his turn with the verses. For a number of years German Bibles were used in the

Gary household, the readers translating as they went, the listeners correcting them if a mistake had been made. This was the older Gary's practical way of teaching the children the German language, something he felt would be particularly useful because of the number of German workmen always employed on the farm, many of whom could speak no English. This early reading took young Gary back and forth through the Bible several times, printing on his alert and impressionable mind a knowledge of the book such as practically no child gets to-day.

You were expected to go to Church, to Sunday school, to camp meetings, as regularly as to attend family prayers. The Garys were Methodists. To their mind a child could not be too young to be taken to church. In fact, there was no other way for the pioneer mother. Sunday thus became a special day in the week for the child. No unnecessary work was to be done, you were expected to listen to the preaching for you were catechised when you came home. There was a quiet afternoon, singing of hymns and reading aloud from serious books—*Pilgrim's Progress, Clarke's Commentaries,* articles from *The Christian Advocate,* with drills in pious jingles:

In Adam's fall
We sinnéd all.

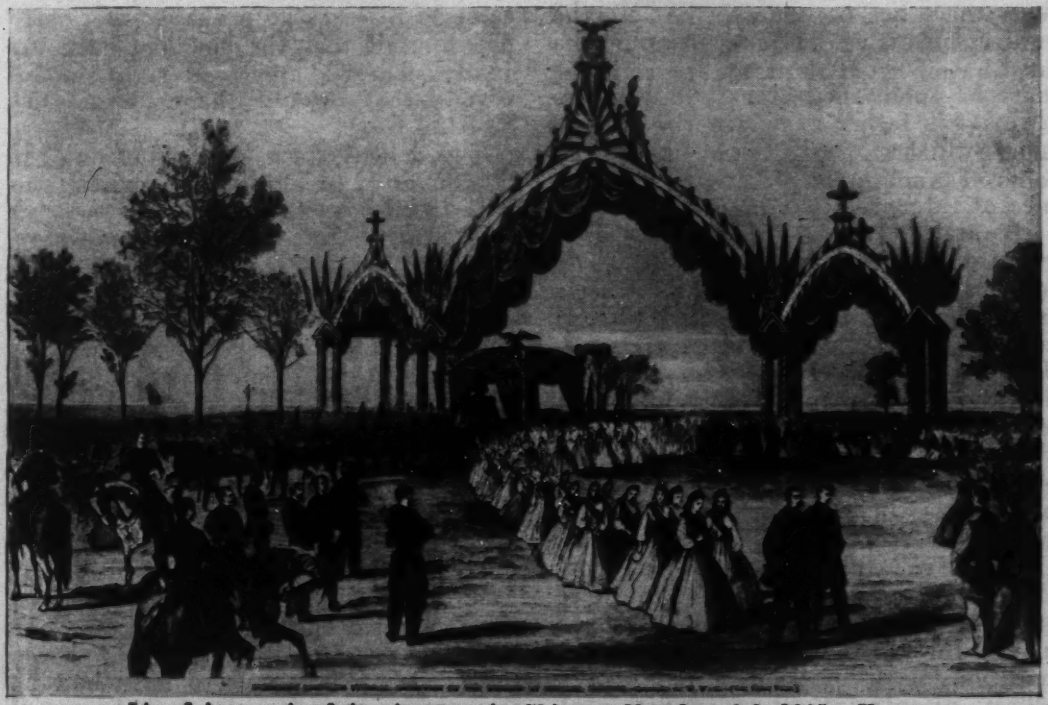
The Deluge drowned
The earth around.

As runs the glass
Our life doth pass.

Young Obiedias
David, Josias,
All were pious.

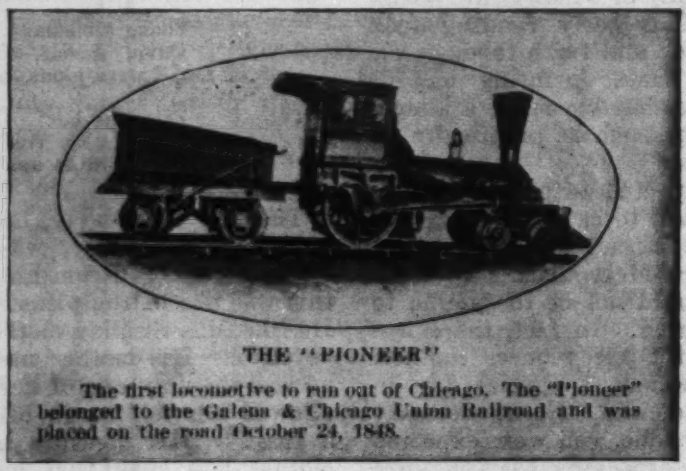
Zaccheus he
Did climb a tree
Our Lord to see.

The best of Sunday, however, to this particular little boy, was that he was "dressed up." From his earliest years this was one of the pleasures of his life. He liked his Sunday clothes, he liked to be clean. His mother used to say that he was the only one of her children that allowed her to "scrub his ears without a fuss!" His pleasure in his Sunday clothes was such that he always took them off before milking time in the evening—something that his brother Noah did not usually do, with the result that Elbert was always the better dressed! It was the beginning of a



Lincoln's remains lying in state in Chicago, May 1 and 2, 1865. Young Elbert Gary was in the throng that for thirty hours filed steadily by.

care if not an extravagance in dress that followed him through his manhood—followed him, in fact, up to the breaking out of the Great War, when he literally stopped buying clothes, turning that part of his budget into his war fund. I think Judge Gary takes as much pride in not having bought any clothes between 1916 and 1924, in showing you boots and a coat bought in 1912, as he ever took in those early days in having a cleaner looking suit than his brother Noah!



THE "PIONEER"

The first locomotive to run out of Chicago. The "Pioneer" belonged to the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad and was placed on the road October 24, 1848.

It is too much to expect that the severe code into which the boy was initiated would be accepted always without disobedience, neglect or revolt, but very little of it has come down in family tradition. The child seems to have agreed that if he broke the code it was just that he be punished—but the punishment must be just. That is, he must have been at fault, and a grievance that he nourished for many years against his father came from a punishment which "hurt" and which he believed undeserved. It was a difference of interpretation.

He and his brother Noah had been set to watch the cows, but had failed to keep them away from a neighbor's broken fence. They had destroyed corn for which Erastus Gary promptly paid. He also promptly flogged his sons for allowing the mishap. Elbert pled that he did not know that the fence was down, that he should have been told. As long as the elder Gary lived his son regularly taxed him with this injustice, but never could get more than a wise smile. "Evidently," the judge will tell you, "Father believed that I was there to watch those cattle and I should have known whether the fences were in good condition."

This resentment at a punishment which he considered undeserved took a more positive form when it was a teacher, not a father who administered it. By all accounts he was a mischievous boy in school—mischievous with a genius for escaping punishment. "He got all the fun and I got all the lickings," his closest school crony said ruefully in later years. This may be partly explained by his habit of deciding for himself whether or not a "licking" was just. "I never allowed a teacher to punish me if I didn't think I deserved it," I have heard him say, and there are tales to prove this true. Once when a teacher attempted to give him a whipping for something he had not done he took the ferule from her and broke it into pieces. If his father ever heard of this exploit he made no sign. If it came to his ears he probably first satisfied himself that the boy had been unjustly charged and was right in his revolt—that would have been like Erastus Gary.

The delicate task of snuffing out bad habits and breaking up associations with "bad boys" at the start was never shirked by these conscientious Garys. It was to be expected that a child would pick up things, the evil of which he could not know, therefore the responsible parent had his eye always open for them. Little Elbert heard the farm hands using words that probably seemed to him to express their emotions unusually well. He picked up one—"Damn it!"—and tried it on his father. The father impressed the sin of it by a whipping, but the whipping did not finish the work. The little boy went out behind the barn and shouted the forbidden oath to the skies until he literally exhausted its appeal. From that time on he seems to have had no temptation to copy the bad language which he may have heard others use.

With his father's help he had worked it out of his system.

The severity of these prompt punishments was regulated by the mother. "That's enough, Erastus," she would say, and Erastus would drop the switch. Later she became the consoler and the interpreter. At night, after she had heard his prayer—a prayer graduated to his age, the earliest, the simple and lovely lines:

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake
> I pray the Lord my soul to take—

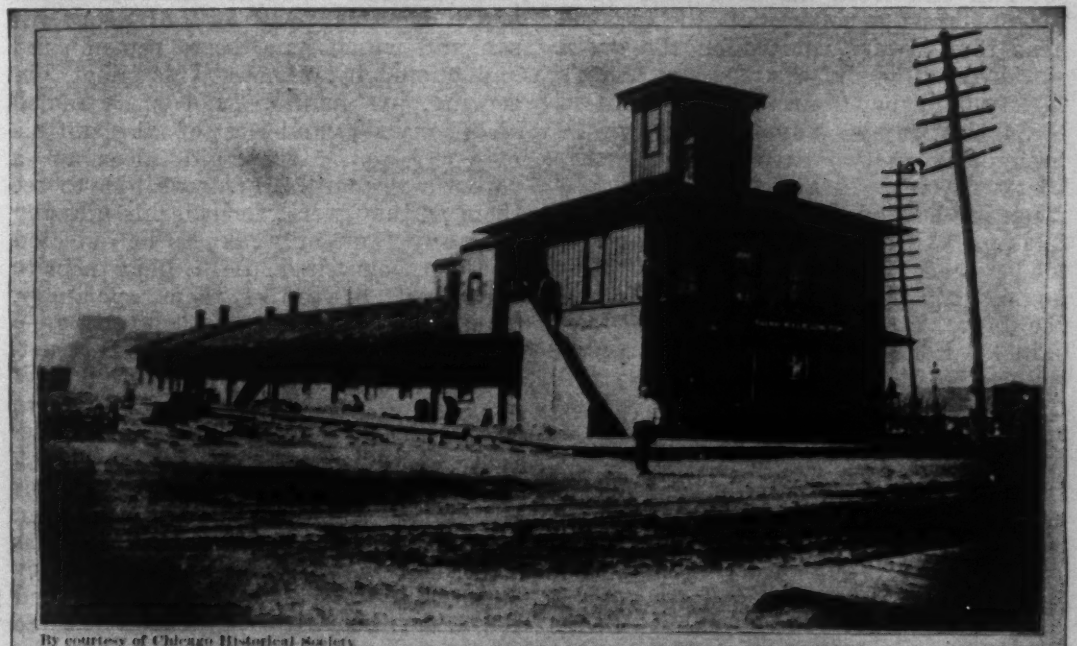
after she had heard his prayer and tucked him in, they talked it over. "It hurts your father more than it does you," the boy was sure to be told—and with men like Erastus Gary this was in the main true. In these talks the mother poured out her anxiety lest he get into bad company, learn bad habits—told him of her prayers that he grow up to be a useful Christian man.

A beautiful memory—a powerful guard through life!

Work, study, obedience—with punishment if you shirked or broke the rules; up at five in the morning with a day of twelve to fourteen hours when the farmer's "busy season" was on—a strenuous program surely, but the farmer's boy in such a family as that of the Garys had plenty of sport sandwiched into the year.

What boys are taught by masters to-day in confined places—artificial pools, riding academies, skating rinks—these boys taught themselves in the good out-of-doors. The only sports for which they had trained instruction were boxing and wrestling. This came from a Canadian farm hand—an expert athlete—a young man of twenty-three or four, who lived in the Gary family for a year or so, going to school with the boys and incidentally teaching them the sporting arts he had mastered.

They played baseball—the early variety. Young Elbert at ten was captain of a team, catching behind the bat. He became a marble champion and an expert self-taught swimmer. "I lay on the water and found I could swim," and



By courtesy of Chicago Historical Society

THE FIRST DEPOT OF THE GALENA & CHICAGO UNION RAILROAD COMPANY (NOW CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY)

This depot stood at the southwest corner of North Canal and West Kinzie streets. It was built in 1848 and was Chicago's first railroad depot. In 1881 the depot was removed.

knowing that he learned the rest—diving, treading water, swimming "frog fashion" and "dog fashion."

As soon as the boy could walk he straddled a horse. Erastus Gary raised horses for the market and, as there were often forty or fifty in the lots, handling them was an important part of the farm work. Little Elbert was on horseback helping drive up the cows when he was three or four years old, and he was not much older before he and his brother and cousins were racing horses, standing up by choice, bare backs and bare feet! They began to drive before they were six and one of the excitements of their early days—exciting and not always safe—was racing teams. To race four horses attached to a big bob-sled over the half broken, snow-covered roads of DuPage county, took a skill and a daring equal to that in most of the highly developed sports of to-day, and these boys were doing that in their early teens.

From the time he was six or seven the boy used a gun. He had watched his father morning after morning load his shotgun and from the back door shoot for breakfast a couple of the prairie hens that always roosted on the grain stacks near by. It was Erastus Gary's thrifty habit not to fire until he had two birds in range and invariably he brought down two with one load. Elbert was only six or seven years old when he decided that he too would like to hunt. He made the ancient muzzle-loader ready, as he had seen his father do, and started across the field. He had the luck to run across a half dozen snipe. Following his father's procedure, he worked his way up close and then, with one knee on the ground, took aim and actually brought down a bird. It was a great day for him and the beginning of more and more hunting as he grew older, not only of birds and rabbits but occasionally a lynx or a fox.

The winter brought more leisure for fun as well as more opportunities. Besides coasting and sleigh riding there was skating, and a wonderful range they had, for the low undrained prairies or sloughs—they called them "slews"—frozen, made a continuous skating pond for miles around. The Gary boys could easily go on their skates from near their home in Wheaton to their cousins' home in Warrenville, five miles away across country; they could visit neighbors north and south, and occasionally in winters of deep snow or when a frost had followed a January thaw, they skated over the fences on the crust—a never-to-be-forgotten excitement!

The boy thrived on this life of work and sport. He grew husky, hard, red-cheeked. One of his sisters—for two sisters came after the family settled in Wheaton—gives a captivating picture of him: "a boy full of energy and pranks, yet truthful; dark haired and plenty of it; dark blue eyes, changing with his moods and usually thought black. A boy always ready to meet an emergency, first in games at school, loyal to his friends, particularly his elder brother. I remember he was once a little round-shouldered and thereafter he always read lying on his stomach, his head thrown back."

More important than this picture is the appraisal of his intellect and character which crops out in the recollections gathered from members of his family, his school mates, his teachers. Most valuable of all are the rare words which Erastus Gary let fall about his son and which have been remembered and quoted by others. This silent, observing, just man was not easily fooled about anybody and least of all about his own children. His rigid ideas of a father's responsibility drove him to see them as they were, forbade his glossing over any fault or weakness he detected in them, compelled him to hold them to their best, to praise them sparingly. Thus his estimate of this beloved boy—for he was that to the man—is trustworthy. Elbert had a "good head," he conceded; that is, he could put two and two together—and he did, sometimes to the amazement of his elders. An early judgment of his father was that Elbert did not like to be beaten. It was a trait that grew as the years went on, and whether it was spelling or baseball, singing or wrestling, he liked the first place. But most satisfying to the man was a conclusion to which he early came and which his family heard him express more than once—"Elbert is pretty honest, pretty honest."

Another characteristic that pleased his father was his thoughtfulness, coolness, resourcefulness. "He is the 'long-

est headed' boy that I ever saw," he used to tell his mother. It was something of a wonder to his companions as well as to his elders that he never flew into a passion. His elder brother Noah was impetuous, hot tempered, quick to resent. Elbert was the opposite. "The only way we ever knew he was angry," one of his friends says, "was that the top of his head turned red!"

That is, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Gary had very good material to which to apply their code of training, and the boy thrived under it. The life of this farmer's boy might have been hard, but it certainly developed him, gave him, as he says, "strength, vigor, courage, confidence in himself." Moreover, life presented itself under this regime as something regular, fixed; it had no uncertainties. It was settled that he labor, that he study, that he go to church, that he enjoy certain sports. His elders had no uncertainties. They knew what they wanted, freely expressed it, struggled for it, and he had been accustomed to seeing them able to overthrow interferences, hold on to what they had built up. This was true in the matter of acquiring property—in the matter of the church, the family—and it was true in that field which he heard called politics. He knew his father as a Democrat—without political ambitions, but holding as strongly to his political opinions as he did to his religious opinions, as good a Democrat as he was a Methodist.

The first great unsettling in this well-established world came when Elbert was eight years old. The whole of Northern Illinois was in a tumult—a tumult caused by something that a man who had been a political idol of the Democrats had done—Stephen A. Douglas, the beloved United States Senator from Illinois. He had sponsored a bill in the United States Senate that outraged Erastus Gary's deepest convictions—the Kansas-Nebraska bill, threatening to allow slavery in territory which had been set aside for freedom.

Erastus Gary had been born in Connecticut. As a boy he had been accustomed to seeing on the front page of the *Hartford Courant* advertisements headed "Runaway"—asking for the return of men and women, blacks seeking freedom. He had been reared to hate it. One of his satisfactions in settling in Illinois was that it was a land

From the Chicago American.
SSAGE OF THE ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN
CANAL BILL.
is with feelings of no ordinary pleasure that
have received the intelligence of the passage of
Canal Bill. We were not a little surprized from

By courtesy of Chicago Historical Society

CANAL BOAT DRAWN BY HORSES

pledged to freedom by both state and federal action. It was his judgment that no more territory in these United States should ever be opened to slavery, and in 1850, when the struggle over the future freedom of the land acquired by the Mexican war was on in Congress, the Democrats of his district had passed at a convention held only seven miles away at the county seat, Naperville, resolutions destined to play a part eight years later in the great Illinois Debate on slavery extension. They were out-and-out enough to suit the most radical of the day:

> Resolved, That this Convention is in favor of the Wilmot Proviso both in *Principle and Practice* and that we know of no good reason why any *person* should oppose the largest latitude in *Free Soil, Free Territory* and *Free Speech*, and;
>
> Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention the time has arrived when *all men should be free.*

Erastus Gary believed these things in 1850—he believed them quite as strongly in 1854 when Douglas introduced his Kansas-Nebraska bill; and he entirely sympathized with the demonstration in Chicago against Douglas when he came on from Washington to explain his position to his alarmed and revolting constituency.

When he reached the town, Douglas had found the flags hung at half mast and for an hour before his evening speech he heard the bells tolling in sorrow for his apostasy. He found, too, when he tried to explain his bill that the majority of his audience—Whigs and Democrats—would not listen—it could not be explained.

Boys in those days were much with their elders. They labored with them, sat with them in gatherings of every sort, wormed their way into groups that collected on the streets, in the courts, by the fireside. They followed with attention the grave discussions that went on now. Young Gary saw his father break with his old party. It was the first great change he had seen in life. His father was not what he had once been, a Democrat—he was a new thing—a Republican. He was facing the fact that the accepted things were not necessarily eternal. Parties passed away, new ones came—a leader falls, a new one rises. There was a new one beginning to be talked of in the Gary household—Abraham Lincoln.

This new leader of whom men knew so little challenged the old one. The boy was old enough—twelve years—to follow with some understanding the debates of 1858, and he must have watched his father reading them word for word as published in the *Chicago Tribune;* heard him talking about them, heard the conclusion—"Lincoln is right. We must keep this thing back or it will spread all over the country. What we have to decide is whether the United States shall be all slave or all free."

Lincoln was defeated, but he discovered that the defeat did not end it, that it was as Lincoln said, "a durable struggle." He was old enough to remember the events of Lincoln's election, and how it brought to pass the final stage of the great dispute—the stage where brains no longer counted and men turned to war.

He was all for the fight. One of the earliest books he had read—the one he had heard most talked of at home, at school, in church—the one that had stirred him deepest, had been *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Of course such things must not be allowed to happen in Illinois, and what Lincoln meant was that unless they held fast now they might happen in Illinois. Slavery should not pass. The state was free—it should stay free if they must fight for it.

By April, 1861, when the Civil War broke out Elbert Gary, now fourteen years old, was a student in what was then known as the Illinois Institute, a Wesleyan Methodist college that his father had helped found in Wheaton. It was his father's intention and his ambition that he should "go through, have a college education." And being the kind of boy he was, with the pride of finishing what he had started, it seemed certain that that was just what he would do. But nothing suffers more than colleges with the coming of war. Colleges are filled with youths, many of them old enough to fight. The colleges of the United States practically disbanded when the Civil War broke out. If you did not go to war you had not the will to study. Elbert Gary could not go on. Scores of boys he knew joined the army, among them his brother Noah. He tried to follow, offering to enlist several

times in DuPage and surrounding counties but he was always refused as too young. Finally, in 1864, he ran away with a regiment.

He was sworn into service and, while waiting for his company to be moved to the mustering-in place, was given a position as regimental postmaster and his training was begun—roll calls, drills, parades. Then suddenly in May, 1864, two months after he had left home, a letter came from his mother. His brother Noah had been desperately wounded in a charge upon the defences of Resaka, Georgia. His father had been asked to come at once if he would see his son alive. He had gone and she, the mother, was alone. She needed him. He was a minor. He must come back. The colonel of the regiment thought so, too, and promptly granted a leave. It was the end of soldiering for Elbert Gary.

Things were never again to go on as they had done in the Gary family, for when finally the father was able to bring his wounded son back north for months of care in a hospital, he determined to make a change which he had looked forward to for his later years —that is, rent the farm now and move into town. This he did almost at once.

As for Elbert, he could not take up life where he had left it at the beginning of the war. A school was offered him and for a term he taught. But it was only a make-shift, he had no idea of teaching as a profession. It was before this first term of school was over that he found an objective—a real one this time, something which promised a field for his active mind and his no less active ambition.

It came logically enough. A brother of his mother, Colonel Henry Vallette, a lawyer, and a good one—one of the best in the country, with an honorable war record, as the leader of an Illinois regiment—was now back in his office at Naperville, the county seat, with his partner—a man as prominent in affairs as himself, Circuit Judge Cody. Both Colonel Vallette and Judge Cody were friends of Erastus Gary. They knew this boy Elbert and they evidently had said to themselves, "He has the making of a lawyer," and in 1865 they suggested his coming to them to read law. The boy jumped at the suggestion. And naturally enough. For twenty years or more his father had been one of the most trusted magistrates in DuPage county. Cases of all sorts limited in amount were submitted to him in the court he held in the sitting-room of "the big white house on the hill." He tried them sometimes with a jury, sometimes without. Well known lawyers not only from the county but from adjoining counties had been in the habit of appearing before him. That is, Justice Gary's court was one of recognized importance. Everywhere, too, it was highly held because of the respect for the just mind of the man. As time had gone on Elbert had become more and more interested in what went on in these trials, and his father, understanding probably what a wonderful school in the nature of human beings, their behaviour and their relations, such a court as his must be, encouraged the presence of the boy. The experience had given him an appetite for the law which he had not realized until the chance to study with a firm so distinguished as that of Vallette and Cody was given. His father thought well of the idea. "Someday," he said, "Elbert may have a little property and a knowledge of the law may help him to keep it."

It was characteristic of the boy that having determined to study law he acted at once, would not allow himself to be diverted. The trustees of the school in which he had been teaching, pleased with his work, came to him to beg that he go on for just one more term, offering him a substantial increase in salary; but he was clear in his mind. This was the thing he was going to do, and so in the spring of 1865, in his nineteenth year, young Elbert Gary entered the law office of Vallette and Cody in Naperville, Illinois.

(To be Continued)

BLACKMAIL

By SAPPER

THE letter came to me as a voice from the dead. At first the handwriting on the envelope seemed strange, and then after staring at it for a few seconds I remembered. There was the same decisive cross to the T's; the same little flourish to the Esqr. Only I hadn't seen that writing for almost twenty years, and one is apt to forget.

The postmark was New York, and with the letter still unopened in my hand I sat staring out of the window. So Jim Featherstone was in America—the man who at one time had been my greatest friend. Was now for that matter, as far as I was concerned; it was not through any wish of mine that we had lost touch with one another after the tragedy had happened and Jim had paid the price. I'd tried—heaven knows—hard enough to find the dear old chap, but every time I'd come up against a blank wall.

And after a time I'd given it up, a little hurt, a little offended. He knew where I was, and if he didn't choose to write or come and see me, the choice was his. And now here in my hand I held the answer to my search; at last Jim had broken the silence.

Unconsciously my thoughts drifted backwards to that dreadful time twenty years ago. Every detail of it was as clear in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. And now that I felt instinctively that the clue to everything which had puzzled us all at the time—for there were many who loved Jim—lay here between my fingers. deliberately I refrained from opening the envelope. It had waited long years; it could wait a few more minutes whilst I sorted out in my mind the events as they had happened.

It had been midnight when the telephone bell had rung in my sitting-room. I remember I had one leg of my pajamas off and one on, and I swore at the interruption. I was sleepy and wanted to go to bed. I'd been working pretty hard on a case and I had to be early in court the next morning. Who on earth could want me at midnight?

But the bell went on ringing insistently, and I went into the sitting room.

"What is it?" I cried irritably into the receiver.

"Are you Mr. Pollock?" came a man's voice.

"I am. Who are you?"

"Vine Street speaking, sir. Can you come down here at once? Mr. Featherstone is here, and has asked for you as a legal adviser."

Into my mind there leaped at once the idea that Jim was tight and wanted me to try and fix things. And my irritation did not decrease.

"What on earth does he want me for at this time?" I half muttered, forgetting the man at the other end could hear. "I suppose the old fool has got blotto."

And from the other end came the reply:

"I'm afraid it's not that, sir. It's something infinitely more serious." And the tone of the voice, even more than the words, pulled me together.

"I'll come at once," I said.

All the time I dressed I wondered what Jim could have been doing; all the way down in a hansom which I was lucky enough to pick up, I was still wondering. Wild Jim was and always had been, but there was no atom of vice in him. He had money, at least quite enough, without being actually wealthy, he had hosts of friends. So what could he have been doing?

An inspector met me, and his face was very grave. He made no attempt at beating about the bush, but came straight to the point.

"It's murder, Mr. Pollock, I'm sorry to say."

I stared at him stupidly.

"You mean that Jim—that Mr. Featherstone— is accused of murdering some one?" I said.

He nodded.

"That is what I mean, sir."

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"But it's incredible," I cried angrily. "Whom is he accused of murdering?"

"A Mr. John Parsons" said the inspector. "Perhaps you would go and see him, Mr. Pollock. He can tell you the story himself, but I am bound to admit that things look extremely black. You see your friend makes no attempt to deny the charge, in fact he admits it."

"How did he do it?" I asked dully.

"He shot him with a revolver in Mr. Parson's own study," said the inspector. "Will you come this way?"

Mechanically I followed him until he halted before the locked door of a cell. Jim was inside, sitting on the edge of the bed, and he got up with a cheery smile as he saw me.

"Sorry to drag you out, old man, at this ungodly hour—but as the inspector has probably told you I'm in a hole."

"Good heavens, Jim!" I cried, "there must be a mistake."

"Devil a bit, Bill," he answered. "There's no mistake. I've told the inspector here everything that happened. I went up to Hampstead to interview Mr. John Parsons after dinner. I had a certain request to make to him, and had he seen his way to granting that request, I should not have killed him. But as he did not see his way to doing so, I did kill him. I warned him first, but he rather stupidly thought I was bluffing. I wasn't."

I stared at him aghast.

"But Jim, old boy," I cried, "you don't seem to realize—it's murder."

"On the contrary, Bill, I realize it only too well. As you say, it's murder."

"But who is this John Parsons? I've never heard of him."

"No more had I until this morning," he answered. "But if it's of importance, and presumably it is, John Parsons is, or rather was, a foul blackmailing swine. He was a man dead to even the twinge of a decent instinct, a loathsome brute, a slimy cur. And although I realize quite fully that legally speaking I've committed murder, from every other point of view I have merely exterminated a thing that had no right to live."

"Granted, old man," I said hopelessly. "But that's got nothing to do with it. The only point of view we're concerned with is the legal one, and legally it doesn't matter if he was all you say or an angel of light. Tell me, what was this request you went up to make and which he wouldn't grant?"

Jim smiled at me gravely, and laid his hand on my arm.

"I knew you'd ask me that, old man. It's pretty obvious, isn't it? Sticks out a yard. But I can't tell you."

"You can't tell me," I repeated. "But why not? Presumably you've sent for me because you want me to defend you."

"If you'll be so good, Bill."

"Good be blowed, Jim," I cried. "Of course I'll defend you. But I must know all the facts of the case."

Once again he smiled gravely and shook his head.

"You shall know all except that, Bill. Believe me, old friend, I have a very good reason."

I argued, expostulated and finally lost my temper, but it was useless. He was adamant on that one point—the most vital point in the whole case. He had gone up to interview this man Parsons, having made an appointment by telephone. The object of the interview was to demand the handing over of a certain thing. And that demand had been refused. Parsons had merely laughed at his request. So Jim had taken the revolver out of his pocket, and had warned him of his unalterable intention of killing him if the request was not complied with. And once again Parsons had laughed and, rising from his chair, had crossed to the bell.

"It was then that I shot him through the heart, Bill," said Jim quietly. "After that I locked the door, took the keys of the safe from the body, opened the safe and found what I sought. The servants were hammering on the door, but it was a stout one. I burnt the thing I had come for, and then I opened the door. And that is absolutely all there is to it."

Moreover that had been absolutely all there was to it when he was tried. Not by even so much as a hint had Jim given away what had been the object of his visit. I warned him of the consequences, but I might have saved my breath.

"I realize all you say, old friend," he said patiently "But it's just impossible for me to tell you. I know what it means to me, but I can't help it, whatever the result may be."

And so it came to the trial. The

court was crammed, and the most self-possessed person there was Jim. I can see him now, standing between the two wardens, head thrown back a little, arms folded. And what a magnificent looking specimen of manhood he was! He gave me a nod and a smile, but after that he looked neither to the right hand nor the left, though the court was crammed with his friends.

Quietly, inexorably, but with studied moderation, counsel for the Crown outlined the case. He made no effort to gloss over the character of the murdered man; with scrupulous fairness he went so far as to emphasize it.

"As my learned friend will doubtless tell you, gentlemen," he said, "John Parsons was that most loathsome of all things—a blackmailer. From documents discovered in his safe no doubts can be entertained on that score. But, gentlemen, the law of England protects people against blackmail. Further it punishes the blackmailer with the utmost severity. It is the safeguard of a civilized community, it is the thing to which appeal must be made. And no man, under any conditions whatever, has the right to take the law into his own hands."

It was a short case. Though technically the plea was "Not Guilty," there was no dispute over facts. And there was no drama to it even, until I put Jim himself on the witness stand. Whether he liked it or not, I was determined to run sentiment for all it was worth. And I asked him once again the question point blank:

"What was the request you made to John Parsons?"

He looked me straight in the face.

"I refuse to say."

"Did it concern a woman's honor?"

For a moment he hesitated, then he answered firmly.

"Yes—it did."

Of course, it was useless. Counsel for the Crown, as was his duty, pushed him hard on the point.

"Who was the woman?"

"I refuse to say."

"Will you write down the name and hand it to his lordship?"

"I will not."

And then the judge intervened. A little sternly he pointed out that Jim was jeopardising his chances by his attitude, and that his consistent refusal to give any information on this point only tended to throw doubts on the veracity of his statement, and came perilously near contempt of court.

Jim bowed, and I can hear now his quiet level voice.

"My lord, I realize what you say only too well. May I, however, beg of you to believe that nothing is farther from my mind than any feeling of contempt of court. For what it is worth, you have my word; but I can bring you no proof, even if I wished to. For the proof was destroyed by me that night. And whatever your lordship's judgment may be on me, I thank my God that I was able to do so."

A woman in court gave a little sob, and the judge frowned.

I talked to him three years after at some banquet or other, and he told me his feelings at the moment. Notoriously one of the most impartial men on the bench, yet every sympathy he had was with Jim. And he felt that he was being stupidly quixotic.

"Are we to understand," he said, "that there is a woman living so devoid of every decent sense that she allows you to stand on trial for murder—a murder perpetrated as you say to save her honor—without coming forward and giving evidence?"

I saw the muscles on Jim's face tighten, and a strange look came into his eyes.

"The woman in question is dead, my lord."

And for a space there was absolute silence in court.

It was all over in one day. There could only be one end; the issue was never in doubt. There was no refuting the Crown's deadly arguments. If such a precedent was allowed, where would matters end? There was merely prisoner's unsubstantiated word that he had killed this man to save a dead woman's honor. Even if it was true, there was no justification whatever for such an act. And how could they possibly tell that it was true? The members of the jury must obliterate from their minds all questions of sentiment. They must not take into account the prisoner's personality, nor that of the dead man. All they must concentrate on was the fact that admittedly a man had been murdered, and that the only excuse for

the act was an appeal to sentiment which might, he allowed, be true, but which on the other hand might be merely a lie put forward as a last despairing endeavor to mitigate a cold-blooded crime. Let them not forget that prisoner at the bar had gone to this man's house with a loaded revolver in his pocket——

And through it all Jim listened with the same grave quiet attention. Never for one instant did any hint of agitation or fear show on his face, and when the jury left to consider their verdict and he was removed he gave me one of his usual cheery smiles. They didn't take long—ten minutes to be exact—and the verdict was the only possible one, "Guilty."

They took a couple of sobbing women out, and they closed the doors. And hands clenched and knees twitched, for it's a dreadful moment when a man's life is declared forfeit. They asked him if he had anything to say, and because he was white clean through he did have something to say. And it was this:

"Only one thing, my lord. That had I been in any other position in this court to-day, either in your lordship's seat or in the jury box or conducting the case for the Crown, I only hope that I should have acted with the same scrupulous fairness towards prisoner that has been accorded to me to-day."

And then it was over. Jim was sentenced to death, and it seemed to me as I watched him that he was staring at something above him—something that he saw and we couldn't. But then maybe my eyes were a bit dim.

Certain it is that even to the last he never faltered. He seemed to be sustained by some outside power; he seemed to be curiously aloof. And all through the days that followed he was just the same. When I told him that from every corner of the country huge petitions were arriving for his reprieve he shrugged his shoulders and smiled a little sadly.

"Dear old Bill," he answered, "you've been just wonderful over it all. But I don't think I very much mind what happens. I'm not a particularly religious bloke but perhaps—who knows—one might run across people over the other side."

And again he seemed to be staring through the windows of his cell at something or somebody that I couldn't see. It was successful—the petition—and the sentence was commuted to penal servitude. The utter vileness of the man Parsons had a good deal to do with it, I think. And when I told Jim the news, and the two wardens stood there smiling all over their faces, he wrung my hand and thanked me. But even at the time it struck me that his chief feeling was gratitude for the trouble I'd taken, rather than joy at the result.

That was the last time I ever saw him. The years rolled by, and, by the law of nature, his memory grew a little dim. I became increasingly busy, and Jim faded a bit from my mind. But always I had marked the date of his release: I wanted to meet him as he came out. He had earned the maximum remission of his sentence, and the governor of the prison had promised to let me know the actual day. And then as luck would have it I went down with a severe attack of influenza two days before he was due to come out. I wired the governor asking him to tell Bill where I was, and he told him. But Bill never came. I went to old addresses; I followed every clue I could think of, but it was useless. Bill completely disappeared, leaving no trace, and as I have said I gave it up, a little hurt and offended.

And now, at long last, I held in my hands a letter from him. It was a bulky one, and I gave a start as I saw the date. It had been written two years previously, though the post mark was recent.

"Old friend," it ran, "don't think too hardly of me. The governor gave me your message, but fifteen years of prison changes a man. We should have been strangers, Bill, and I should have stepped back into a world I didn't know, and that didn't know me. I couldn't have borne to meet the old set again. Most of them probably are married, and to their wives who never knew me at all I should have been just an unknown man who'd served a sentence for murder. It would have been an impossible situation, I couldn't have stood it. But it was good of you to think of it—awfully good, old pal. Only I'm thankful you had flu, otherwise I should have had to hurt you. For I had made up my

mind irrevocably to cut adrift, and I should have had a terrible job trying to make you see my point of view.

"But now during the three years since I came out the conviction has been growing on me that it is only fair to you to let you, who defended me so ably, know the truth. You won't get this letter until I am dead"—for a moment I stopped reading and stared out of the window—"but you'll get it then. The old lungs got touched up a bit in prison, and they tell me that I ought to go to some sanatorium. But I'm thinking it's hardly worth while——

"All I ask you, Bill, is to burn this letter when you've read it and promise me that never by word or deed you will divulge its contents to a living soul. Because it's the story of the only part of my life that counts, and the only part of the life of one other.

"I met her first at St. Moritz. She was nineteen and I was twenty-one. We were both pretty good skiers, and so she managed to get away from the two stout women who dogged her footsteps wherever she went. Because you see she wasn't an ordinary mortal like you and me, old man; she was a royalty. And yet she was just an ordinary mortal like you and me, in that she loved love, and life, and most marvelous of all she loved one Jim Featherstone. Useless to ask how these things happen; they lie on the lap of the gods for capricious distribution. And I—great heavens! Old friend it would be beyond my power to tell you how I loved that girl. She was more to me than life itself. We were discreet; we had to be. She was there incognito, of course, but the two Gorgons watched her like lynxes. Had they had an inkling of our feelings for one another they would have whisked her away and buried her once more in the starchy ceremony of her father's court. For he was a king, and it should not tax your ingenuity overmuch to find out the country he reigned over.

"But there are ways of eluding even lynx-eyed Gorgons, and for four weeks we managed to do it. And for four weeks we lived in a world of our own—my girl and I. We didn't much bother over what was going to happen—the present was good enough for us. Once or twice I alluded to it, but always she put her little hand over my mouth and stopped me. So I forced myself to forget the madness of it all, and lived just for each day as it came.

"But at last there came the time when it could be ignored no longer. We were up in the snow eating our lunch when she told me in her sweet broken English:

" 'To-morrow, Jim, I'm going. Going back to prison.'

"I'd known, of course, that it had to come, but that didn't make it any easier. And something snapped inside me. I caught her in my arms, and begged and implored her to sacrifice everything and marry me.

" 'You'll be happy as my wife, dear love,' I whispered. 'I've got a bit of money, and there's the whole great world in front of us.'

"Just for a little she lay in my arms with the wonder of it all in her dear eyes; and then she gave a little twisted smile.

" 'If only I could, my Jim,' she said gravely. 'If only I could. But there's something I haven't told you. Maybe I've been wicked these last few weeks, letting you kiss me and make love to me. But I couldn't help it, for I love you so, my dear. And I think I hate him."

" 'Who?' I demanded.

" 'The man I've got to marry. It's been arranged for many years.'

"And she told me who it was. A diplomatic marriage—the usual thing; and for a while I cursed bitterly and foolishly, till the words died away in my throat and I grew silent, just staring into her dear eyes. It was to take place when she was twenty-one, so there were two years before the sacrifice.

"This isn't a love story, Bill, and anyway there are things of which a man does not write. And that last afternoon is one of them. Sufficient to say that we said good-bye to one another up in the white purity of the snow. And white though it was it was no whiter than my beloved girl.

"The months went on, and I came back to London. I tried to forget in the way that men have always tried to forget, and I couldn't. Time made things no better; if anything it made them worse. The official announcement appeared in the papers, full of the usual lies. How wonderful it was that the close cementing together of the two

nations should be accomplished by such a romantic love match—you know the sort of stuff. And I cursed the fools who wrote it, and went on all the harder trying to forget.

"It was three months before the ceremony was due to take place that a letter came to me at my club, and I stood there staring at it like a man bereft of his senses. I'd only seen her handwriting once, but I knew it in a flash. And the postmark was London.

She'd sent it over by some one of course—I'd given her my club as an address if ever she wanted me. That was my first thought, until I turned the envelope over. And on the back was the name of a London hotel.

"Bill, I was shaking like a man with the palsy when I opened that letter. I had to put it on a table before I could get it steady enough to read. She was in London for three days, and though she felt it was madness she must see me again. Would I meet her that afternoon. She gave me a rendezvous, where she would be in her car, and then we would go for a drive.

"And now I'm coming to the end, old man. Madness it may have been—the time we spent those next three days. But it was a madness which has lived through the long gray years, and will live with me till the end. She was strictly incognito; only one girl friend was with her—a girl who loved her even as I did. She knew of course; she it was who came later and told me what had happened. It was the driver who was the traitor—if I could get my hands on that man he would die even as John Parsons died!

"But I'm jumping ahead. Why we chose Richmond Park for our last day I don't know—though it wouldn't have much mattered where we'd gone; the result would have been the same. But it was there, in one of those little copses that I said good-bye to her for the last time. She was leaving next day, and we sat there hand in hand. And after a while my arms went round her and she clung to me helplessly.

"'Always and always: for ever and ever, my man,'" she said again and again.

"What's the good of laboring it? The shadows were lengthening when I kissed her for the last time, and watched her stumble a little blindly back to the waiting car. It was the end, and from that moment I have only seen her twice. Once at Victoria Station the next morning, when for a moment her eyes met mine and she smiled pitifully; once amidst the pomp and ceremony of her marriage. I watched her from the crowd, as she bowed and smiled to the cheering people. But her face was white, Bill, and it seemed to me that she was looking for some one—always looking. But maybe that was my imagination.

"Once again I came back to London and tried to forget. Now it was over, definitely finished; I told myself over and over again that I was a fool.

"'Cut it clean out, you ass, it's an episode—dead and finished.'

"But you can't cut out a part of you—a vital part—and I couldn't forget. I haven't forgotten yet; I never shall.

"It was a year later that she died. She died giving birth to a son, and a nation went into mourning. Also an obscure individual in London, but he didn't count—not until a little later. And then only he knew it and one other, and now you.

"It was the girl friend who came to me and told me what had happened. She came one morning and she had traveled over Europe without stopping. I take off my hat to that girl, Bill; she was superb—a thoroughbred clean through.

"'They're after me, Mr. Featherstone,' she said. 'But they're a day behind.'

"'What's happened?' I asked, staring at her, bewildered.

"She made no answer, but just took an envelope from her bag and handed it to me. I took out the contents and for a few moments I could hardly believe my eyes. There were six snapshots inside, and in every one of them there appeared my girl and I. They had been taken in Richmond Park, and subconsciously I recalled an occasional click-click that I had heard that wonderful afternoon. At that time I had hardly noticed it—put it down to a cricket or something. Now I knew. Some devil had been there hidden with a camera, and this was the result.

"'How did you get these?' I asked her.

"'They were sent to a man at Court,'

she answered quietly 'Never mind how I got them; if you want to know, I stole them. But you know what intrigue is out there, and the man to whom they were sent is the leader of the anti-royalist clique. For years he has been working secretly to overthrow the existing monarchy; in the country he has a large following. He is utterly unscrupulous and he proposes, I know, to publish those photographs and circulate them. You see what people will say, Mr. Featherstone: that the late queen had a lover. Probably they will go further and say that the boy is not the son of the king. You *must* stop it. I don't care about the king or his house; I do care about her reputation. You loved her; you've got a day; do something. You see the films are still in existence. And that's the man who has them. I found his name and address when I took the prints.'

"I looked at the paper she held out to me, and then I laid my hand on her arm.

" 'Leave it all to me,' I said, and she went away comforted.

"Old friend, the rest you know. I rang that devil up twice on the telephone to fix an appointment; each time he was out. So after dinner I went up to see him. He smiled when he saw me, and I had to control myself not to strike him in the face.

" 'And what can I do for you?' he asked, though he knew full well all the time.

" 'You can give me the films of those infamous pictures you took in Richmond Park,' I answered.

"He laughed again.

" 'But I value them highly' he said. 'They've been worth a great deal of money to me, my dear boy.'

" 'You foul swine,' I cried, and he waved a deprecating hand.

" 'I regard it as a most creditable performance,' he continued. 'And really you know Richmond Park is a very public place for love-making. Any one might have been there. In fact as I followed your car and realized your destination I grew quite alarmed. But still everything worked out very satisfactorily.'

"And at that moment the telephone bell rang beside him. He spoke into it and his face changed suddenly. I can still see him hanging up the receiver with a cold sneering smile.

" 'So, my young friend, you have succeeded in stealing those photographs, have you? How very interesting.'

"I realized that the pursuers had arrived in London, and that time was even shorter than I thought.

" 'Photographs for which I have been paid a very large sum,' he continued. 'And here I have all the trouble of printing another set.'

" 'You'll never do that, you blackmailer,' I said and he leaned back in his chair still smiling.

" 'May I ask how you propose to prevent me?' he remarked. 'The negatives are in that safe, the key of which is attached to my body by a steel chain. It is possible that you are a little stronger than I am, but not much. Anyway there is a bell, and there are two men servants in this house who really are strong; specially engaged, in fact, for removing troublesome people. So may I ask you again how you propose to prevent me?'

" 'By killing you,' I said, and I pulled out the revolver.

"And still he smiled.

" 'They hang people for that in England, my dear boy. So I wouldn't if I were you. It's a stupid bluff, you know—that revolver game.'

"Bill, sometimes now I see the look in his eyes of cringing, hideous terror when he first realized it wasn't bluff. And I glory in it. He gave a sort of stifled scream and reached for the bell, just as I plugged him through the heart.

"Then I locked the door and I burned the films, and I knew that my darling was safe. Old friend, wouldn't you have done as I did?"

MAY DAY—CHILD HEALTH DAY—1925

By HERBERT HOOVER

THE American people are being asked to celebrate May Day as "Child Health Day." Why? To answer that question we must go back to war days. We all remember the figures of the draft, and what a shock they were to us. Here were three and one-half million men between the ages of 18 and 30, and 33% of them were rejected outright for physical defects. Some had weak hearts or blood vessels, some weak eyes, some tuberculosis, and so on.

We were told on the highest authority that in the great majority of instances these physical defects would never have occurred if adequate protection had been provided in childhood.

The moral of all this was plain. It was manifestly our duty to study on a national scale the causes which led so many of our young men to reach early manhood with their health capital impaired, and having ascertained those causes, to undertake practical measures in remedy.

These figures had for me a special force, and the lesson that they taught a special poignancy. During the four years of the war, and for three years subsequent to it, I had the honor to direct the major activities of the American people in the famine relief of Europe—first in organizing the Belgian Relief Commission, then as United States Food Administrator, and ultimately with the American Relief Administration which dealt with the famines in twenty different countries, including Russia.

Early in the administration of these agencies we found that the problem of maintaining the health of children was distinct from that of maintaining the health of adults. We proceeded to establish special methods for the care of children, as a result of which millions of those who might otherwise have fallen by the wayside were afforded such safeguards to food and health as enabled us to carry them through the critical period. At times as many as ten million children were thus separately provided for.

Out of all these operations grew an experience in child health which it seemed to many of us should not be lost to the American people, for there was found in that experience a basic idea which I felt was badly in need of application in our own country. We, here in America, are the most sympathetic and tender toward children of any people in the world. Our hearts go out particularly to the unfortunates, and our purse strings are liberally loosed in their behalf. We have made fine provision for the care of orphans, cripples and sick children.

In so doing, however, we have overlooked one of the most vital aspects of child health. We have never adequately dealt with the problem of assuring the most vigorous development of the child with a normal start. That was the big lesson of the draft. There we were dealing not with the abnormal, either in physique or in social status, but with millions who at least thought themselves the normally healthy young men of America.

Many workers in the field of child health had been aware of this truth, but it took the war to bring it home to all of us. There were already organizations active in promoting child health in our country, but they lacked resources and coordination of effort.

With all this in mind I undertook in 1922 to bring together the voluntary agencies in the country who were working in this field. Out of them we created the American Child Health Association. The former associations had worked with a budget which, if combined, would have amounted to something like a hundred thousand dollars a year. The new association, supported partly by the large foundations, partly by some of the funds left over when our relief activities abroad were wound up, and partly by public contributions, had from the start the assurance of a budget of from $500,000 to $900,000. With

these enlarged resources we were able to undertake for the first time on a concerted national scale, but always on a basis of cooperation with existing local agencies, a scientific broad-gauge effort to promote the health of the children of America.

Early in our endeavor we drew up the following statement of our purpose and goal—it has been called the "Child's Bill of Rights":

> The ideal to which we should drive is that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

The first step in competent handling of any problem is to determine the facts. Facts are only to be found by searching and capable investigation. Therefore, for our immediate object we chose the scientific determination of the defects in community life as related to child health. With this foundation we proposed to proceed to the suggestion of sound remedies, and then to the enlistment of all available community forces, voluntary and official alike, in an effort to make those remedies effective.

Thus we undertook last year a child health survey of eighty-six medium sized cities—the 86 cities which, according to the 1920 census, had populations between 40,000 and 70,000. By this means we were able to study at close range the health habits of 35,000 school children and the child health activities of the various—and varying—communities in which those children lived.

We got this picture of the typical eleven-year-old school child residing in our smaller cities:

He went to bed last night at four minutes of nine.

He got up this morning at five minutes after seven.

He thus had ten hours and nine minutes of presumably refreshing slumber.

He had a substantial breakfast in which bread and butter, cereal, milk, and an egg were the main items.

During the day he drank 1.4 glasses of milk.

In the last week he has had one bath.

He brushed his teeth on five out of seven days.

He played out of doors after school on six out of every seven school days.

He has been to the dentist once in the last two years.

Now that is the picture of a comparatively sturdy youngster who could doubtless hold his own in any international contest in this field. On the whole it is a hopeful picture. Remember, however, that this is the average. That means that all below this average will be weaker in maturity than should be, and even the average is far below the ideal which we in America should set for our children. This typical eleven-year-old American child should drink twice as much milk as he does. He needs more attention paid to his lunch basket and he should have his teeth looked after more carefully. Twelve per cent of our school children to-day need glasses; 30% have diseased noses and throats; 15 to 25% are badly nourished. More than half have dental troubles which should have been corrected before entering school.

In this survey of eighty-six cities, however, we set out to discover especially what the communities were doing to preserve and insure the health of childhood. Such vital considerations as volume and purity of milk supply, hospitalization and facilities for child birth, clinical services for school children, educational work upon child health in the schools, housing conditions and play opportunities—all these came in for close scrutiny, community by community. We found that many communities set a high standard in these respects. Other communities, however, fell far below what the child had a right to expect by way of protection. Eighteen of the cities, for instance, were found to have no special organization for public health—an elementary provision in any movement for community health. Some cities have a milk supply that is, potentially, as much a poison as it is food—because there is no safeguard of its purity. Sixteen of the cities did not keep birth records of sufficient completeness to be officially recognized by the Census Bureau—every state in the Union requires that automobiles be registered; it would seem that babies might have at least equal consideration.

Protection against smallpox by vaccination still lags grievously.

We found gratifying progress in the schools. School medical inspection of some sort exists in all but four of the eighty-six cities. Health teaching is slowly finding its way into the schools. Some cities do it very poorly, however. I have not space to describe in any further detail the very interesting results of this survey.

Figures of infant mortality have a rather sinister place in the picture of American child health. The world war killed—in action or as a result of wounds received in action—ten out of every thousand men in the American army. But those whose business is statistics point out that even No Man's Land in war was apparently safer than the cradle in peace, for out of every thousand babies born in the United States to-day 77 die during the first year. There is encouragement, however, in the fact that infant mortality has steadily declined during the past twenty years. Where two babies died twenty years ago but one dies now.

In this attempt to reduce the infant mortality rate we of the American Child Health Association have assisted. Our chief aim, however, must be, as I have said, to give the normal child an opportunity to go through to manhood and womanhood in the full flush of natural vigor. Such an objective requires activity on many fronts. Mothers must possess up-to-date knowledge of child-bearing and child care. Children must be examined at frequent intervals to detect physical and mental handicaps early enough to permit correction. Parents and teachers must themselves be taught the ways of child health. There must be provision for safe food and drink in such variety and proportion as to supply a balanced diet. Living quarters must be improved, recreation facilities furnished and communities aroused to the need and importance of child health education.

The American Child Health Association is seeking to promote the "Child's Bill of Rights" in many ways. It is working for adequate birth registration. It is trying to lift the veil of ignorance and superstition which surrounds child birth in certain sections of the country. It has conducted campaigns for clean and safe milk in a number of states. It is working with educational groups, especially with teacher training institutions, giving assistance in mapping out programs in health education and stimulating interest in the subject by scholarships. It has carried out child health demonstrations in a number of cities. It has conducted the child health survey of eighty-six cities to which I have already referred.

In all this we have had the benefit of the most expert and devoted assistance. Dr. S. J. Crumbine, formerly dean of the School of Medicine of the University of Kansas and president of the Association of State and Provincial Boards of Health, is the director of our organization. Mr. Courtenay Dinwiddie, first as general executive of the association and now in charge of Child Health Demonstrations for the Commonwealth Fund, Dr. G. T. Palmer, director of Research, Miss Emma Dolfinger, director of Health Education, Mrs. Aida de Acosta Root, director of Promotion, Miss Ella Phillips Crandall and others associated with them have set high standards for the Association's staff. Its officers and executive committee members include: Miss Grace Abbott, George Barr Baker, James G. Berrien, Clinton H. Crane, Dr. Livingston Farrand, Edward M. Flesh, Dr. Samuel McC. Hamill, Mrs. William B. Meloney, Miss Sara B. Place, Dr. Watson S. Rankin, Edgar Rickard, Dr. Philip Van Ingen, Dr. Linsly R. Williams, Dr. Thomas D. Wood and Mrs. Maud Wood Park. The late Dr. Emmett Holt gave us invaluable aid in the early days of the association.

Always the American Child Health Association has worked in cooperation with existing agencies, official and voluntary. It has left to doctors and laboratories the problem of curing disease. We are going at the proposition from the other angle, from the point of view that, if you can make a child healthy from birth and keep him healthy, all the chances will be against his contracting disease. Nor can we hope to deal directly with the vast number of individuals who perhaps have a right to ask for personal aid. For that matter the extension and development of such national contacts with individuals would be manifestly unsound because it would

tend to dissipate responsibility, whereas it should be our purpose to develop to the maximum of responsibility all local and state resources which can contribute to the health of mothers and children. More and more, therefore, we are concentrating on work with state and county officials and with established community and professional groups.

Last year May Day was, for the first time, dedicated to child health, and it was a great success. President Coolidge gave the plan his benediction. Mrs. Coolidge thanked the children who early in the morning hung a May basket on the door of the White House with a greeting from the children of America. The governors of twenty-five states approved the plan officially, most of them issuing proclamations in favor of it. Thirty-eight states had organized statewide celebrations. May Day pageants and festivals were held in all sections of the country.

That was a splendid beginning. This year we hope for an even wider response to our appeal. We want to make May Day a national mobilization day for the forces of child health. We want to enlist in that mobilization the governors and state health authorities, men's and women's clubs, parents and teachers, chambers of commerce and labor unions, industries and theaters, churches and newspapers. We want health officials to make a child health inventory on May Day, and mothers of school children to visit their children's schools and see that their health facilities are of the best.

The purpose of all this May Day celebration is, as I have said, to focus attention upon our most precious national asset—our children. The tie between the child and all adult life is at once the strongest and the gentlest element in human nature. Greater sacrifices are made for children than for ourselves; greater happiness is derived from these sacrifices than from all the triumphs that personal success can bring. Our daily labors, whether in the home or in the outside world of competition for material needs, or even in the search for culture and spiritual advancement, derive largely from the conscious or unconscious impulse to cherish the child and to hold the child's affection and respect.

It is well to set aside such a day for this purpose, lest in the hurry and strain of life we should ever forget these obligations, or, with the great resources that science and modern organization have placed at our disposal, fail to make them effective for oncoming generations.

LOST YOUTH

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
  Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
  Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Egg on the port,
  Rum on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
  Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
  Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
  Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
  Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me soul,
  Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
  Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
  Over the sea to Skye.

Billows and breeze, islands and seas,
  Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
  All that was me is gone.

Robert Louis Stevenson

LEGERDEMAIN

By MORTIMER LEVITAN

Illustrated by Harley Stivers

"It's simply gorgeous. I'm crazy about it."

IT IS not often that a man gains by losing. When a gust of wind elopes with your five dollar straw hat and bears it to the river, no beneficent bridgeward forthwith supplies you gratuitously with three new spring bonnets to replace the one departed. When a pickpocket extracts a ten dollar bill from your pocket, no affluent policeman comes rushing up to press a twenty dollar bill into you hand. The loser loses! That's the rule, and Mr. Henry J. Shell, proprietor of the Shell Jewelry Shop, is the exception. Mr. Shell lost a one-carat diamond and received a two-carat diamond in return. To this day he is wondering how it happened; and the chances are that he will never know unless he reads this tale.

The Shell Jewelry Shop is the Tiffany's or Peacock's of its city; which is a worthy position to hold in the estimation of the jewel-buying portion of fifty-thousand inhabitants. Its windows invariably have a dazzling display of diamonds, watches, brooches, cigarette-cases, emblem rings, loving-cups.

Early one afternoon, in the midst of

the pre-holiday rush, an ordinary-looking man, accompanied by a strikingly beautiful young woman, entered the Shell Jewelry Shop. The proprietor himself courteously volunteered to attend to their wants.

"I'd like to see your diamond rings," confided the man. "I promised my wife one for Christmas."

"This way, please," invited Mr. Shell in his most amiable manner, as he led them to a show-case toward the front of the store. "Something in a fancy setting?"

"What do you want, darling?" the stranger asked his companion.

"I prefer a plain Tiffany," she cooed in reply.

Mr. Shell strongly suspected that an engagement ring was wanted; they seemed too publicly fond of each other for married folks. He was more interested in selling the ring, however, than in its relation to matrimony. He reached into the case and brought forth a tray containing one dozen diamond rings received the day before on consignment from a Chicago wholesaler.

"I just happen to have an extra-fine assortment," boasted the jeweler, as he placed the tray on the show-case.

"Aren't those beautiful!" exclaimed the woman.

"Very nice," agreed the man. "Well, dear, pick out the one you want."

She inspected the rings and finally exclaimed, "Oh, isn't this one too lovely for words!" She passed the ring to her companion.

"Very good stone," was his comment. Then he glanced over the rings and withdrew from its slot in the tray the most expensive ring in the lot. "This is a little better, I think."

"Oh, how did I miss that one?" she gushed in delight. "It's simply gorgeous! I'm crazy about it!" She tried it on the fourth finger of her right hand.

Mr. Shell, realizing that her effusive approval could do more to effect the sale than any words of his, contented himself with remarking, "That stone is a real gem."

"I'm satisfied if my wife is," agreed the prospective purchaser. "Are you satisfied, honey?"

"I'm just crazy to have it!" exclaimed she, and then added, "Provided it doesn't cost too much."

"What's the difference? If you like it, I'll buy it."

"I won't let you buy it until I know what it costs. Oh, Mr. Jeweler, how much is it?"

Mr. Shell considered. Too high a price would mean no sale, too low a price would mean no profit—both unpleasant things to contemplate. Finally, in an outburst of liberality, he decided to content himself with a reasonable profit.

"Well, in a cash transaction, I can let you have the ring for one thousand dollars even. That's a real bargain. You're getting a stone of the first water, and it's a perfect cut."

"A thousand dollars!" repeated the woman in pained astonishment. "Absolutely not! I won't let you spend that much for my Christmas gift."

The one to pay, however, had more generous ideas. "That isn't bad," he said. "I'll take it." He reached into his pocket and brought forth a roll of bills that seemed sufficiently huge to buy a good meal for two persons in the best restaurant in New York or Chicago and still have enough left over to purchase an apartment building or two.

Mr. Shell was elated. The sale meant a profit of about four hundred dollars—a sum not to be sneezed at. He rejoiced, however, without taking into consideration the captious nature of lovely woman.

"Put your money away!" she commanded, and the man—for the first time acting like a husband—obeyed. "I won't let you be so extravagant. I only wanted a cheap ring, anyhow."

"You're the boss, but we can afford it," was the feeble remonstrance of the self-confessed lesser half.

"I know we can afford it; but it's wrong to be extravagant, anyhow. Let's see something cheaper, Mr. Jeweler."

For Mr. Shell the rosiness of the skies vanished. Without enthusiasm he displayed other rings with less expensive stones, but nothing pleased her. Her fancy had alighted tenaciously on that thousand dollar ring, and there it clung.

"There's nothing else I like," she pouted.

"Won't you please let me buy that first ring?" demanded her escort, with a pardonable suggestion of impatience.

"Let's look around first. After all

this is the only store we've been in."

"Anything to please you, dear." He reached for the favored ring and held it before her eyes. "Take a good look at it again, so you won't forget it." He replaced it in the tray and then addressed Mr. Shell, "I'd like to buy that ring, but my wife won't let me. We'll look around, but I'm sure we'll be back in an hour or two."

Only an incurable optimist seriously expects the return of a customer who walks out to look elsewhere. The dealer had, fortunately, little time for hopes or regrets. Swiftly returning the trays to their proper places in the show-case, he hastened to give his attention to other customers. Until closing-time Mr. Shell and his clerks were kept feverishly busy.

By six o'clock the cash register had the proud, smug look that comes from a day's work well done. An additional thousand dollars, reflected Mr. Shell, would have turned that smug look into a positive grin. The clerks started to carry the stock of expensive ornaments into the vault. The owner himself, however, invariably conducted the diamonds to their nocturnal roost. In carrying the tray of rings sent on consignment, his glance wandered sadly to the ring he had almost sold for a thousand dollars. The diamond, however, no longer possessed that dazzling sparkle; it seemed tired and lifeless. Interested, of course, he removed the ring for examination under strong light. The setting was similar to the others in the tray, but the stone was —glass.

Mr. Henry J. Shell saw a great light—a light strongly tinged with red. That affectionate couple, upon whom he had lavished his best selling-psychology and from whom he had seriously expected a profit of about four hundred dollars, had substituted a worthless ring for one worth a thousand dollars.

"I see where I have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!" muttered Henry J. Shell.

The first thing that Anthony Branton did on regaining — conditionally — the privileges of a human being was to take a train for Chicago. He had not enjoyed his two years in the service of the state. For one thing, his associates had been either criminal or stupid; and for another thing, he could find nothing interesting or exciting about the trade of a shoemaker. It was neither associates nor temporary profession, however, that had taken all joy out of prison life; it was his inability to get definite information concerning his wife. For the first six months she had written like a loving, dutiful wife; thereafter she had either died or ceased to be dutiful. Letters addressed to her had come straggling back. Naturally, Branton had worried, feared, hoped. Months before he had received his parole, he had pictured that ride to Chicago; and now it was a clamorous reality.

When he reached the cold, murky, roaring city, he lost no time in starting for a certain apartment building overlooking Lincoln Park. In that solemn building, aged by a few years of city life, had been his—their—home.

He scanned the mail boxes in the vestibule, hoping to find *Mr. Anthony Branton* still associated with apartment No. 426. Another name had usurped its place. He rang the bell and then took the automatic elevator to the fourth floor. Down the hall he went to the familiar door, now held partly open by a globular woman with frowzy blond hair and inadequate dressing-gown.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but does Mabel Branton live here?"

"No one by that name," was the emphatic response.

"She lived here two years ago."

"I've only been here a few months. Maybe the janitor or the agent will know about her."

"Thanks. I'll ask them. I wonder if she took her furniture with her?"

"I bought the furniture from the couple who lived here before. I don't know where they got it, but you can look at it if you want." She opened the door wide enough for him to enter.

Anthony Branton recognized the piano, the Oriental rug, the Chippendale wing-chair, the Italian console, the two bizarre oil-paintings on the wall.

"That's her stuff," he announced. "You say you bought it from the people who lived here before?"

"Yes."

"Do you happen to know their names?"

"No, I don't. I never asked."

"Thanks, very much," he said as he started for the door.

A sign on the building indicated that the agent still had his office on Clark Street, a few blocks away. It took Branton but a minute or so to walk the distance.

"Do you happen to know where my wife moved?" he asked the agent.

"Haven't an idea. She beat it after you went. Sold your junk, and left somebody else to pay the rent!"

Without another word Branton left the office; then he walked to the corner and boarded a street-car bound for the Loop.

His destination was the bank in which he carried a checking account. At the time of his conviction he had had about two thousand dollars on deposit. Before drawing a check, he thought it advisable to be certain of his figures. Hence he asked, at the Chief Clerk's window, how much there was in Anthony Branton's account. Upon identifying himself with a visiting-card—aged somewhat by two years in an inactive wallet—he learned that the account had been closed out over a year before. He was hurt, but without redress. Mabel had habitually signed his name to checks.

From the bank Branton walked over to the County Building and asked in the clerk's office of both Superior and Circuit courts whether a divorce action entitled *Branton vs. Branton* had been commenced. The records revealed no such case. If alive, then, she was still Mrs. Branton.

The more he thought of the matter, the more Anthony Branton became convinced that his wife was still alive—too much alive, if anything. She had sold his furniture. She had moved. She had drawn two thousand dollars from his bank account. And of all this she had written not a word to her husband! This is not the way of the dead but rather of the quick—not to say fast.

Though grieved by his wife's unkindly conduct, Branton could not find it in his soul to blame her. After all, she was young and attractive—perturbingly attractive, for that matter. Could he conscientiously object merely because she had grown tired of playing Penelope? A husband in jail is not exactly a Ulysses to the mind of a modern woman. Then, too, her early training had to be considered. She had been a performer in a cabaret; which explains how he had managed to introduce himself by lifting the index finger of his right hand at the same moment her smile had shone in his direction. Even a sober man would have surmised that her face and figure were wondrously fair, notwithstanding the decorous covering of rouge on her cheeks; and not even the most hilariously drunk could have applauded her singing with any degree of sincerity. Branton, after a few tender conferences, had classified her as a misplaced bit of loveliness and had led her away from her cabaret position by way of Crown Point, Chicago's Gretna Green.

Their married life had been amazingly happy. Arguments had always ended in her favor, and the arguments, naturally enough, had invariably sprouted from money-matters. He had found satisfaction in seeing money roll in; she had found delight in seeing it roll out. She had developed a weakness for furs that came from orchid-and-champagne-fed ermines. She had insisted on a transcendent automobile, the manufacturer of which charges three thousand dollars extra for autographing the radiator. He, on the other hand, had always treasured visions of a small farm in Michigan, where he could lead an exemplary life surrounded by one wife, approximately two children, one cow, ten chickens, and a few thousand books.

In time his dream would have come true, had he not been unduly gullible. He had actually taken the Chicago papers seriously and had thus acquired the notion that the hold-up game was as safe and lucrative as the plumbing game, for instance. The summer inactivity in his own line had made him eager to try anything once for the sake of excitement. Consequently, one simmering evening, he had thrust a revolver into the face of an affluent gentleman strolling through Lincoln Park. The ensuing events had been both unfortunate and painful, for the gentleman had proved to be a plain clothes man in disguise. Notwithstanding the facile tongue of a notoriously competent criminal lawyer, who had whispered of influence with the administration, the judges and the police, Anthony Branton had received a sentence of five years.

Five years! How long they had sounded in the mouth of the judge! And

how brutally protracted each year had seemed behind prison walls! A parole, the benign angel of criminal law, had restored Branton's liberty at the end of two years. Those two years, however, had robbed him of the only woman he had ever loved——

"Well," said Anthony Branton to himself, "I suppose I might as well get back to work."

He walked toward the lake and then turned south on Michigan Boulevard. After walking as far as the I. C. station, he started back, continued along Michigan for several blocks, and then turned west until he came to State Street. A block or two north brought him to the dreary headquarters of the International Loan Bank.

Two years had not removed the suitcases from the walk nor brought the misfit suits down from their hangers. The loan bank—a euphemism, of course—was still repulsive, still depressing, both inside and out. The show-cases were still cluttered with miscellanea: cameras, rings, picolos, binoculars, dice, fountain pens. The proprietor, unriveting his attention from a recalcitrant customer, spied Anthony Branton.

"Where you been?" demanded Mr. Harris, with a sincere note of welcome in his voice and a strenuous cordiality in his hand-clasp. "Golly, I missed you!"

"I've been out of the city," responded Branton with absolute truth. "Say, Harris, have you seen my wife?"

"Nope. Why? You lost her?"

"Looks that way. Fix me up my regular outfit. I'm broke, but you can trust me." He had only a hundred dollars or so, carefully preserved by the warden, and he needed that for current expenses.

"Sure! You don't need no money here. But say, styles is changed. They don't use no Tiffany no more; everything it's white gold or platinum with fency mountings."

"Well, fix me up an outfit. I'll be back to-morrow."

"Where you playing?"

"I'm not. I'm going to stick to my little game for a year and then buy that farm in Michigan. Good-bye. I'll see you to-morrow."

Branton then continued north on State Street, his dejection at the loss of Mabel waning before the exciting prospect of congenial work. He stopped en route to purchase some necessities of civilized life, such as a dozen collars, a few scarfs, a handbag, a package of needles and a spool of thread, and then registered at a grandiose hostelry—with rates higher, of course, than a good hotel.

The next afternoon Branton trudged through blustering, half-melted snow to the International Loan Bank. The proprietor, always prompt, reliable and discreet, had ready for delivery a small, carefully wrapped parcel, which Branton eagerly accepted and thrust into his hand-bag.

"Going east again?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"No. Going west. We played the East out, and I'd better try some new territory. I'll be back in a few days."

"Lots o' luck!" was the parting greeting.

A five-hour ride in a day-coach, for a man out of practice, was enough to produce tedium and fatigue. Hence Anthony Branton was decidedly thankful, as he stepped from the train, that he had not selected for his efforts a city more distant from Chicago. With that mystical perception of the experienced traveler, he walked directly to the leading hotel, engaged a room and then started out to inspect the city. In less than an hour he knew that the Shell Jewelry Shop was preeminent in its highly profitable field.

After eating sparingly of dinner, Branton returned to his room, locked the door and pulled down the shades. From his hand-bag he drew forth the parcel received from Mr. Harris of the International Loan Bank, Chicago. Nervously, carefully, he opened it. He found twenty-four rings, all solitaires, all of different designs. They were all set with synthetic white sapphires — inexpensive baubles that glittered most obligingly. On the writing desk he divided the rings into two lots, each containing twelve rings; and each lot he arranged into three rows of four rings each. Then he studied each ring assiduously until he had an indelible mental picture of its stone, its design, its location. Thus, in a few hours, he was able to say of a particular ring that it

was in the left group, third row from the top and second ring from the front. The next thing he did was to turn his overcoat pockets inside out. Then, using the needle and thread purchased in Chicago for this express purpose, he fastened the rings to the lining of the pockets, so that each ring occupied relatively the same position it had occupied on the writing desk. This accomplished, he turned the pockets back, hung the coat away with consummate tenderness, and then prepared for bed. . . .

At noon the next day Anthony Branton entered the Shell Jewelry Shop.

"I'd like to see your engagement rings," he said, feigning the customary prudish hesitation.

A middle-aged man, apparently Mr. Shell himself, promptly took from the show-case a tray of rings. Although five or six of the rings were entirely satisfactory, Branton determined on a white-gold fancy four-prong mounting set with an excellent one-carat stone. He slipped his hand into his right overcoat pocket and jerked from its moorings the proper ring. Then he picked up for critical examination the favored ring from the tray.

"I like this one," said Branton. "How much is it?"

"Six hundred dollars," came the reply.

"Six hundred dollars!" Two years ago the same stone would have been worth a thousand or more. "Is this a special bargain?"

"Diamonds have come down, you know."

"That's certainly cheap enough. Wait about five minutes while I get the young lady. I promised I'd let her see it before I bought. I have to step over to the bank, too."

He returned a ring to the tray—the ring from his pocket, of course—and dropped into his pocket the ring from the tray. He started to walk out, disappointed at the decline in diamond values, but highly pleased that his fingers had not lost their cunning in two years of inactivity.

"Stand still, or I'll shoot!"

Anthony Branton swung around to find himself addressed by Mr. Shell. Branton disliked the tone of his voice as well as the revolver in his hand; both seemed needlessly devoid of humor.

"What's this?" demanded Branton. "A hold-up?"

"Get the police," commanded Mr. Shell, but a clerk had already darted for the door.

It would be exceedingly embarrassing to be arrested. He had in his possession the genuine diamond and the twenty-three rings with fake diamonds. An arrest meant a search, and a search meant some more years in the service of the state. On the other hand, an attempt at flight would doubtless invite a bullet. Branton decided, after a moment or two, that it was safer to argue.

"I've only got about fifty," he said. "Want that?"

"Keep your money," growled the jeweler. "I want my ring."

"Your ring? I didn't buy your ring."

"I know you didn't! You just switched a piece of glass on me."

A policeman, puffing like the winner of a fat women's race, came rushing in. "What's the trouble?" he wheezed.

"He's holding me up," explained Branton, as he placed his hands in his pockets and edged near the show-case.

"He tried that same swindle on me," fumed Mr. Shell. "He switched rings."

"He's insane! I looked at this ring"—he picked up a ring from the tray—"and put it back. I was going to buy it but I wouldn't have it now as a gift. Take it! I don't want it," he sneered, as he passed a ring to the officer.

"Is this the one?" demanded the policeman, the boisterous plaint gone from his breath.

"That's it," affirmed the proprietor. "He switched on me."

The plump servant of the law passed the ring to Mr. Shell, who examined it casually—and then closely.

"I guess I made a mistake," finally admitted the jeweler. "This is my ring—no question about that."

"I kind o' thought they wouldn't be pulling the same one twice in the same place," grumbled the policeman, as he waddled out of the shop.

Mr. Shell, very red and very uncomfortable, turned to his customer. "I really beg your pardon. I guess I haven't got over that loss of yesterday. I've been nervous ever since."

"What happened?" asked Branton. In all the years he had been working

the game, this was the first time he had been detected, and he was curious to know what untoward happening had placed this particular prospective victim on guard.

"Well, a couple was in here looking at rings, and they went and switched a fake in place of the best one-carat stone I had in the house. It wasn't covered by insurance, either. Since then, I've been mighty careful with strangers."

"A couple, you say? What did they look like?"

"The woman was very pretty. I don't remember about the man."

"It wasn't on a Saturday or Wednesday, was it."

"It was only yesterday—that's right, Wednesday—and about this time, too."

"Thank you. Good day."

Once outside the store Branton took renewed interest in the experience called life. He was conscious of some cold perspiration where his hat hugged his forehead and he noticed a peculiar trembling of his hands. He had gazed into the cankerous eyes of trouble at too close a range for genuine comfort. It was merely an accident, he realized, that had kept him from dining *table de prison* for another few years. True, the stupidity of the policeman was not an accident; but the opportunity for retrieving the spurious ring from the tray, and by a simple sleight of hand substituting the genuine, was nothing short of a jail-saving accident.

On the previous evening, in his wanderings about the city, he had learned the location of the vaudeville theater and he now hastened toward that haven for the easily amused.

"Were there any magicians on the bill the first half of the week?" he asked at the box-office.

"Yes—the Great Osward," replied the ticket-seller.

"Have an assistant?"

"A young lady."

"How were their faces on the stage?"

"Had them painted white."

"And did the young lady wear short skirts and black silk stockings? And did the stockings look rather good?"

"That's the company, all right!"

"Know where they went?"

"No, I don't. You might go back and ask the propertyman, though."

"Thanks."

Branton went around to the stage door and soon learned that the Great Osward and Company had jumped to Flinton, Iowa. Whereupon he returned to his hotel, checked out, and ascertained from the porter the speediest way of getting to Flinton.

Branton reached Flinton about eight-thirty in the evening and reached his destination just as the first-show crowd was surging out. He joined the line at the box-office and then was briskly shoved along to his seat.

He soon discovered that the Great Osward was on the bill—E. The lights dimmed. The orchestra raced furiously for a second or two—Act A,—and the overture was over! For B interesting events in all parts of the world happened again, to music, before the eyes of the audience. A comediar who nazalized sentimental songs and indestructible jokes—that was C. D labeled two young women who quiveringly though persistently displayed their exuberant figures—performers who stretched their meager musical talents to cover everything from the piano and violin down to the ukulele and saxophone. Finally E flared on either side of the stage. The orchestra blared in loud but futile protest as the curtain rose, after which the musicians sneaked silently away.

The Great Osward, white-faced and buffoon-garbed as Harlequin, stood posed with a deck of cards in his hands. A moment later from the wings tripped his assistant with face painted white; but she was not attired as Columbine, because—well, probably because Columbine could not decently exhibit long black silk stockings. Branton did not know Osward, but the assistant he recognized instantly as Mabel, the prodigal wife! As he gazed at her, Branton heard his heart thump so violently that he feared the ushers would eject him for disturbing his neighbors. What desolating joy it was to find her! It was happiness clad in mourning.

Her image grew dim in a mist of tears. Branton tried to shut his eyes, but he was weak and powerless, like a man vainly striving to awake from a hideous nightmare. Her presence meant enchantment. She was the eternal feminine mystery, fascinating as clandestine adventure, loyal only to whims and fancies, immutable as a delicate

cloud—and every fault endeared her all the more.

Faintly at first, and then with bitter intensity, he became aware of the Great Osward. There was a startling familiarity about the feats of legerdemain and tricks of magic. Over Branton crept the disquieting feeling that he was watching a performance of his own ghost. Osward not only performed the same beguilements that Branton had for years employed to divert and mystify vaudeville audiences, but performed them in the same order and same manner that Branton had. The gags and patter remained unchanged and they were uttered in the high-pitched voice of mimicry. The make-up was the same, and so, too, the costume. Osward perpetrated the chameleon water trick, transformed a handkerchief into shavings, dematerialized a glass of water, worked the diminishing eggs, caused his assistant to vanish from the sealed cabinet. Even the paraphernalia—first adjunct to magic—were unmistakably Branton's property!

The act ended. Branton remained in the audience, but not as a spectator. His vision turned inward to the sacred precincts of memory. What joyous exultation had swept over him in the wake of the one Big Idea of his career! He had been transforming watches into doves, handkerchiefs into American Beauties, and for such alchemy had received a modest salary; why not transform glass into diamonds and reap the profits worthy of the effort? Indeed, why not? Mabel had seen not the slightest objection.

Forthwith he had introduced certain necessary changes in their act—Harlequin garb, painted faces, mimic voices—to avoid recognition. There had been other details, such as the acquisition of business relations with the International Loan Bank, for instance. And then—the initial test! It had worked, the Big Idea, had worked smoothly, perfectly, profitably. Thereafter on the day of, or day before their last performance in any town, they had donned especially inconspicuous clothes, visited some jeweler, and before his unseeing eyes transformed their sparkling glass into genuine diamonds. And the proceeds had given Mabel the furs, the cars, the extravagances of her ardent worship.

Anthony Branton emerged from his reverie to find a troupe of jugglers disporting on the stage. Naturally, though impolitely, he walked out. In the lobby he found a stray usher.

"Where do the actors usually stay?" he asked.

"Most o' them hang out at the Central House," came the reply, along with clouds of violently cheap cigarette smoke.

"Is that near here?"

"Couple blocks down the street."

Branton found the Central House without further inquiries. He walked up to the desk and looked at the register. Leering at him, with wanton profligacy, stood the entry:

"Osward & Wf. 411–413"

After the stupefying effects of the shock had worn off Branton walked unsteadily from the hotel and then trudged aimlessly around the city. He suffered no pains; his wound was too grievous for that. He had offered honest worship at the feet of a beautiful idol—and received as reward a faith-destroying kick on his jaw.

His love for Mabel turned into a rancid memory. She was unworthy of hate. It was fortunate that she was a pretty woman instead of a dog; for some men think it emphatically proper to kill a dog that lacks all sense of loyalty. She was a thief, a cheat, an ingrate. She had doubtlessly subjected Osward by her smiles and held him a slave by her whimsical tyrannies, an absurdly happy victim, such as Branton had been. To Osward she had given herself, her husband's stage equipment, her husband's Big Idea. That's what galled—to think that she had given away even the Big Idea, which meant an easy profit of hundreds of dollars in every town the magician played! And to think that because of her perfidy Branton had almost been arrested while playing his own game in the Shell Jewelry Shop.

A method for complete revenge suddenly occurred to Anthony Branton. His sluggish wanderings turned into a resolute tramp to the railroad station. When he learned that a fast train for Chicago was due at midnight a smile of satisfaction crept over his face. The fates were at last assisting the avenging angels!

"When it comes to jewelry stores, this burg might as well jump off the map." The Great Osward made this observation in regard to the city of Flinton on Friday afternoon, as he and Mabel were sauntering from hotel to theater.

"You can't expect to find a place like Shell's in every town," replied Mabel.

"Right you are, dear!" agreed Osward. "That sure was a swell place for a hick town. But I wish you'd get wise to them stones, Mabel. You're always picking out the one that ain't the best."

"Guess I'll never learn. All diamonds look alike to me. But what's the difference? You're doing very well with the game, aren't you?"

"Say, it's the swellest game I ever struck. When I get knocked off I'm going to tell your hubby that he's some there when it comes to brains." He hesitated a moment before following the natural course of the conversation into forbidden regions. "Say, that guy's been dead about two years. Don't you think you might kinda lay off that mourning stuff long enough to marry me?"

"Please don't talk marriage to me again!" She disliked the subject almost as much as she disliked stewed turnips or cotton stockings. "Once in a lifetime is more than enough for any woman with brains. Oh, there's some gorgeous jewelry!" She gazed wistfully into a window.

One glance, however, was more than enough to enable Osward to say, "Junk! Ain't worth wasting our time on."

"Don't say *ain't*. You'll forget yourself sometime when we're working."

"You let my grammar alone. I pull the right stuff when we're working, and that's all you gotta worry about."

"That's right—start to quarrel again. You're always growling. You'd think I hadn't done a single thing for you."

"Now, Mabel, you know you've been the making of me."

Osward spoke with a certain amount of truth. Before he had met Mabel, his chief interest in life had been a Chicago political club, which had met more or less irregularly in a West Side billiard hall. Membership in the club had entitled one to a reasonable number of first offenses and indiscretions, such as stealing an automobile, for instance, or using a revolver to exact toll from pedestrians who insisted on using dark streets. Members of the club had always managed, somehow or other, to have money without the inconvenience of working. One evening, however, he had spotted Mabel in the feminine crowd along the sidelines of a public dance floor and their delectable struggling to a jazz-orchestra had taken them but half-way around the hall before he had left this earth for the ethereal asylum of the infatuated.

Not so many days thereafter, while sitting in a restaurant wherein ten dollar bills mysteriously vanish without the aid of a prestidigitator, Osward had displayed his skill in making a quarter disappear.

By way of appreciation, Mabel had asked, "Do you know anything about diamonds?" Partly as a result of his political affiliations, he had learned to appraise these precious stones with considerable accuracy. The subsequent developments had been natural, swift, pleasant. The necessary equipment, doleful reminders of a departed husband, had made Osward a magician; and Mabel, acting as assistant, had secured engagements in the outlying houses of Chicago and then on the regular vaudeville circuit.

Mabel walked along silently, gloomily. Then, all of a sudden, she smiled and said, "Don't be cranky, Big Boy! I like you even if you don't use the King's English like the Prince of Wales."

At the theater Osward was handed a letter addressed in incorrigible script.

Osward, the Great,
% Calliope Theater,
Flinton, Iowa.

He tore open the envelope and drew forth this letter:

INTERNATIONAL LOAN BANK
CHICAGO

Dec. 24, 1924.

Dear Branton:

I just found out you are putting on your act under the name of Osward, the Great. Found out from the booking agent.

I got to have a bunch of good stones right away. Will pay cash. But must have at once. Maybe you are sore at me or something, so am coming to see you right away.

Be careful. Some one else is working the game. Regards to wife.

Your friend,
INTERNATIONAL LOAN BANK,
Harris, Prop.

"Say, here's a rich one!" exclaimed Osward, as he passed the letter to Mabel. "This guy thinks I'm a dead one!"

She read slowly, painfully, valiantly struggling with the turbulence of the handwriting. Then, after some moments of consideration, she asked in a whisper, "How many diamonds have we now?"

"Twenty-five or twenty-six," he whispered, lest the thin walls of the dressing-room develop ears.

"We ought to sell. It's dangerous to carry that many around."

"I'm with you, kid! But we're booked solid, and there ain't no chance of me getting to Chi."

"Why not deal with Harris?"

"I don't know that fence."

"He always paid my husband good prices—much better than you get. I think your friend cheats you."

"Naw, he don't cheat me. Prices are down and he can't help that."

"I wish you'd try Harris anyhow. You'll see him, won't you?"

"Anything you say," agreed Osward, "but—wait a minute! He thinks I'm Branton."

"That's perfectly simple. I've met him two or three times and I'll see him myself," explained Mabel.

Mabel's words, as usual, ended the discussion. Nothing more was said on the subject until late that night. On returning to the hotel, after the second show, Osward found this note:

> Call at room 329 at 11:00 to-morrow morning. H.

At exactly eleven o'clock the next morning, Mabel tapped on the door of Room Number 329. She had determined to go alone, because she was loathe to explain a substitution of husbands. The door opened and she stepped quickly into the room. Before her stood a man with full beard, mustache, skull-cap, black glasses and clothes that had survived into senility without cleaning or pressing. She had not seen the proprietor of the International Loan Bank for two years, and hence she was uncertain whether this was Harris or not.

"You're Mr. Harris?" she asked, after the man had closed and locked the door.

He shook his head, tried to talk, but a violent coughing spell interfered. In desperation he led her to the writing-desk and then wrote with his left hand: "Cannot talk. Bad cold."

"Oh, that's too bad," she sympathized.

He tried to talk again, and ended up by resorting to the pencil again.

"Harris could not come. Sent me to buy."

"Well, I brought them with me," she said. She took from her purse a small package, carefully unwrapped it and revealed a dazzling collection of diamonds. "What will you give for them?"

He took the diamonds and placed them on the desk. With maddening deliberation he examined them one by one, moving them from one precious pile to another. When he had handled each stone at least three or four times, he finally wrote: "$2,000 for the lot."

"Two thousand dollars!" exclaimed Mabel. She had heard Osward appraise them at fifteen thousand. "You must be crazy!"

He wrapped the diamonds up, handed them back to her, and shrugged his shoulders. Then he unlocked and opened the door.

She strode out of the room, too indignant to say another word, and then she ran up the stairs to her own room. Osward was waiting.

"Make a deal?" he asked.

"The dirty thief offered five thousand for the lot!" she fumed, distorting the offer a bit. "I'd like to kill him! That dirty thief! He must think I'm a plain fool. I'd like to show him."

"He can't get away with that stuff," said Osward. "They're worth fifteen thousand if they're worth a cent. Ought to bring twenty thousand!" He opened the package with infinite tenderness. "They're the real classy babies every last one of them."

Suddenly his eyes bulged wildly out of his head, and his jaw dropped.

"What's the trouble?" cried Mabel.

"Glass!" he shrieked.

"What!"

"The crook switched the whole lot on you!" He pulled on his coat and then pawed frantically in his suit-case for a revolver. "I'll get that guy!"

Mabel, regaining the ability to move, knelt down to pick up the false diamonds. Her glance alighted on a piece

of folded paper on which was written: "Don't call the police!"

She unfolded it and read:

Dear Mabel:

Don't call the police! They are looking for you in too many places.

"Wait a minute!" she called to Osward, who was dashing for the door.

"He'll skip unless——"

"I told you to wait!"

Osward waited while she continued her reading:

I don't mind you stealing my furniture or my money; nor do I mind your playing lost, strayed or stolen; nor do I mind your running off with a poor fool; but when you steal my Big Idea — my "game," in other words — that's more than a devoted husband will stand. I was nearly arrested because you played the game on a jeweler just one day before I tried him.

I'm hoping that the stones that you and the Great Osward have been collecting for me will enable me to buy my farm in Michigan. At any rate, I'm through with the game! You may keep it along with your Osward. He'll need it, for he couldn't make a living on the stage without it.

Your husband,
ANTHONY BRANTON.

As soon as Mabel had deserted the room in volcanic wrath, Anthony Branton removed his skull-cap, his wig, his beard, his mustache, his black-glassed spectacles. He washed the make-up from his face and then exchanged the disreputable second-hand suit for his own clean neatly-pressed garments. He did not hurry, nor did he lock the door; for he felt certain that his note would prevent any unpleasantness in case Osward or Mabel discovered the swindle.

Branton was indeed happy. He was in the proper mood for offering a twenty-five cent cigar to the judge who had given him the five-year sentence. He was insanely happy, that is to say. He had earned his happiness, however. Since leaving Flinton on that midnight sleeper, he had been frantically active procuring International Loan Bank stationary, disguise, fake diamonds. A thousand little details had entered into his scheme. He had been beset by the fear that Mabel might not answer the summons to his room. And what if Osward had but few diamonds!

But worries had proved delightfully groundless. Mabel had come—had come with twenty-five precious bits of transparent carbon, each one worth a panegyric and at least five hundred dollars. His Big Idea had indeed worked while he served, his time in prison had not been profitless.

But in his moment of exultation and triumph, Anthony Branton did not forget a certain Mr. Shell who dealt in jewelry. He looked over his resplendent collection of diamonds, picked out a two-carat stone fit for the crown of an emperor—with or without empire—and wrapped it separately. He decided to defer the mailing until he reached Chicago. Then he stuffed his belongings into his hand-bag, took the elevator down to the hotel lobby, paid his bill at the desk, and blithely walked out into the joyous, fascinating world.

On the 27th day of December a man entered the Shell Jewelry Shop.

"Did you have a merry Christmas?" he asked the proprietor.

"Rotten!" growled Mr. Shell. "I guess you read in the papers about some thieves stealing a thousand dollar diamond ring from me."

"That's right. Ever find any trace of them?"

"No hope at all. I'm out—and might as well forget it. But that stolen diamond killed my profit this year."

Just then the mailman breezed in with winter blasts and morning mail. Notwithstanding the customer Mr. Shell read the letters and glanced profanely at the circulars. Then he opened a small pasteboard box postmarked "Chicago," but with no other distinguishing mark. He found first a card which contained only one word, "Complimentary"; in the heart of successive layers of tissue-paper he finally discovered a diamond of astounding beauty.

"I don't understand this," mused the merchant, entranced by the untiring brilliancy of the gift. "Here's some unknown friend presenting me with a perfect gem—about two carats, I judge."

"How large was the one they stole?" asked the young man.

"Only one carat."

"Lose a one-carat diamond and get a two-carat stone in return! That's what I call luck. Ordinarily the loser loses."

"That's the rule, all right," admitted Mr. Henry J. Shell, "but I guess I'm the exception. Darn it, I wonder how it happened!"

THE FIRST CONTRIBUTION
OF
THE CHILDRENS FOUNDATION

TO know that some children in the republic are born kings and queens in their promise of service to the world and in their value as national assets, only whets the desire of democracy to make the most of every child. In addition to the tragedy of blindness to the promise of the superior child, who is one in a hundred, there is the tragedy of not making the most of the ninety and nine.

The Childrens Foundation, therefore, and its survey, *The Child; His Nature and His Needs,* are welcome. To this survey Professor Hollingworth has contributed the report on *The Superior Child* which suggested her article in this number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. Sixteen specialists have contributed these reports, all written in the language "understanded of the people."

"My husband and I have read some of these chapters five times," said a New Jersey mother to us the other day, "because we are watching our Ethel grow and are so interested in what her little body and mind should be able to do at her age, and the Childrens Foundation book tells us." This mother referred to three reports, one by Professor Whitley of Columbia, another by Professor Dearborn of Harvard, and another by Professor Emerson of Tufts Medical College, Boston. These reports show the relation of play and nutrition to growth of body and mind, and how far a child should have progressed at certain ages. That dull children are shorter and lighter in weight than average children, that successful pupils are taller than the unsuccessful, and their rate of growth quicker, is news to many mothers and fathers.

This survey by the Childrens Foundation was published last May, and saw its second printing in October. So many thousands of copies are now in use everywhere that other fathers and mothers are doubtless reading other reports in the survey seeking light on the peculiar problems of their own children.

Fathers and mothers, for instance, grappling with the troublesome teens, or endeavoring to avoid the grapple, would read *The Adolescent Period,* by Professor Winfield Scott Hall of Northwestern University. Parents, as well as juvenile court workers and teachers, puzzled by children inclined to break laws and social conventions, will read Director William Healy, of the Judge Baker Foundation at Boston, on *The Treatment and Prevention of Delinquency.* Those who are inclined to lie awake nights over a nervous or a handicapped son or daughter are reading chapters by Dr. Winslow or Professor Gesell of Yale or Dr. White of Georgetown and George Washington Universities. Hundreds of Boy Scout, Sunday School, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Boys and Girls Club and Playground workers are marking the margins of the chapters by Professor Frederick E. Bolton of the University of Washington on social traits in children, and Henry Neumann of the Ethical Culture School in New York on moral equipment and development.

Women's Club workers, Parents and Teachers Association members, hundreds of normal and college students, members of school boards, principals and teachers everywhere are reading the chapters on bridging the gap between what we know and what we do by Professor Baldwin of the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, Professor Goddard of Ohio State University and U. S. Commissioner of Education Tigert. Then there are the reports on why the older subjects of study, older aims of mental discipline, and older methods of teaching in American schools are giving way to emphasis on newer subjects, newer aims of preparation for life, and

to newer methods, whereby the school becomes a child's world in which the teacher is only a helper. These last chapters are written by Professor O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin, chief of the contributing specialists.

One reason why these reports are already so widely used is that so many leaders in great organizations and movements, from Kiwanis to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, have commended them to their associates and fellow members. The National Congress of Parents and Teachers Associations advises the study of the survey by all its branches during 1925 and is providing monthly study outlines in its official organ, *The Child's Welfare Magazine.*

Another reason for the already widespread study of this survey is that The Childrens Foundation, being a corporation not for profit, is sending this volume de luxe, with its many illustrations and over five hundred pages, without further charge to any one who makes even a merely nominal contribution of one dollar to its publication fund. This method of distribution has been made possible by the initial gift to the Childrens Foundation by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers of Valparaiso, Indiana, whereby funds were made available for the preliminary program and for this first study. Further studies are planned.

Mr. Lorne W. Barclay, formerly Director of Education of the Boy Scouts of America, is Vice President of the Childrens Foundation, which has headquarters at 250 Park Avenue, New York, and at Valparaiso, Indiana.

INTELLECTUALLY SUPERIOR CHILDREN

By LETA S. HOLLINGWORTH

Associate Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University

Individual Differences

IN NEARLY every age, and among nearly every people, the existence of persons exceptionally well endowed by nature has been recognized in public policies. Our age and country offer an interesting exception to this rule. Certain idealistic statements made by those who founded our republic have induced in the people of the United States a unique attitude of mind, leading to disproportionate expenditure of money and effort in favor of the stupid and the vicious. We have what has been ironically called an "aristocracy of the unfit." The word "philanthropy," which literally signifies "love of man," has degenerated in America, until it now means "love of feeble-minded, weak and criminal man." For instance, one of the great American foundations, established to promote human welfare, being petitioned for funds to study and to teach a group of intellectually gifted children, replied that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to arrange for such a grant, because "the view-point of our board is philanthropic."

There are thinkers, however, who struggle to prevent this corruption of a once beautiful word; who maintain that "philanthropy" includes love of gifted, strong and competent man. In the field of education this latter view has spread noticeably in recent years. This fact is apparent in the studies of gifted children, which have been carried out since about 1918, in this country, and which culminated in the publication in 1924 of a Year Book on the subject by the The National Society for the Study of Education.

Beginning about 1885, with the efforts of Francis Galton in England, psychologists have been devising means for the

measurement of mental capacities. Especially within the latest decade, much new knowledge has accumulated, showing how greatly human beings differ in mentality. The measurements collected show, also, that these differences exist in childhood, and can be determined with a high degree of reliability, even by present imperfect methods, as early as the sixth year.

How Individuals in a Large Group are Distributed

It is easiest to think of the facts about individual differences at first in terms of physique. Every one can see for himself that a thousand ten-year-olds in a city school system vary greatly among themselves in height. Furthermore, if these could be grouped along a street according to their height, beginning with the shortest and ending with the tallest, it would be easy to see that the differences follow certain laws. By far the greatest number of the children would be clustered at the center of the group. These would be very much like each other—neither very tall nor very short, but medium in height. As the children, in the order of arrangement, became shorter, they would also be fewer; and the same thing would hold, at the opposite extreme, for the tall. We should see what experts in measurement call a curve or a surface of distribution, with a great many individuals falling near a central—median—point, and yet with a few children deviating from the central group toward two opposite extremes.

These facts of distribution hold throughout organic nature, and the study of them is called the study of individual differences. When the traits involved are mental, we speak of the psychology of individual differences. It is a marvelous principle of biological nature that human beings are endlessly diversified in mental endowment. A mental ability is distributed in the same form in which height is distributed, though the range is greater in the case of mental traits. For instance, no child is two hundred times as tall as any other child of his age, in terms of any unit; but some children are two hundred times as keen in certain mental performances as others are, in terms of the units of measurement employed.

Figure 2 shows the form which is approximated when a great many children of the same age are measured in mental capacity. In order to clarify its meaning, we may recall what was said of the distribution of height, and we may also look at Figure 1, which shows a familiar instance of this phenomenon. Birds distribute themselves against the sky in the familiar form, when they undergo the test of flight. We wish to discuss here that part of the distribution which is approximately indicated by the mark drawn across Figure 2, the best one to two per cent—in this instance, as respects intellectual power. These individuals, in whom we are now interested, are, therefore, as far above the average as the feeble-minded are below.

History of the Study of Ability

The major part of our discussion will be devoted to the generally competent—those who, as we say, are of very superior general intelligence. Psychologists have learned that there is a coherence of capacities in persons, so that one who is above average in one performance is able to surpass the average in most other performances, also. It is this fact of human nature which gives rise to the term, general intelligence.

The history of the study of superior as contrasted with average individuals is very interesting. It dates back into the nineteenth century. As there were

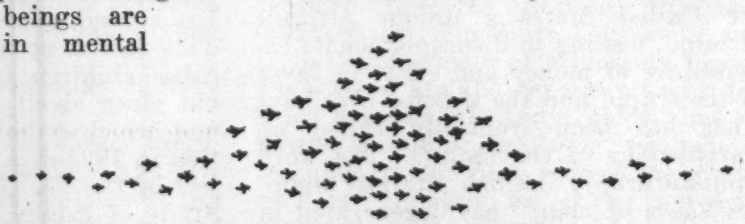

Fig. 1. *Birds subjected to the test of flight. Compare with Figure* 2.

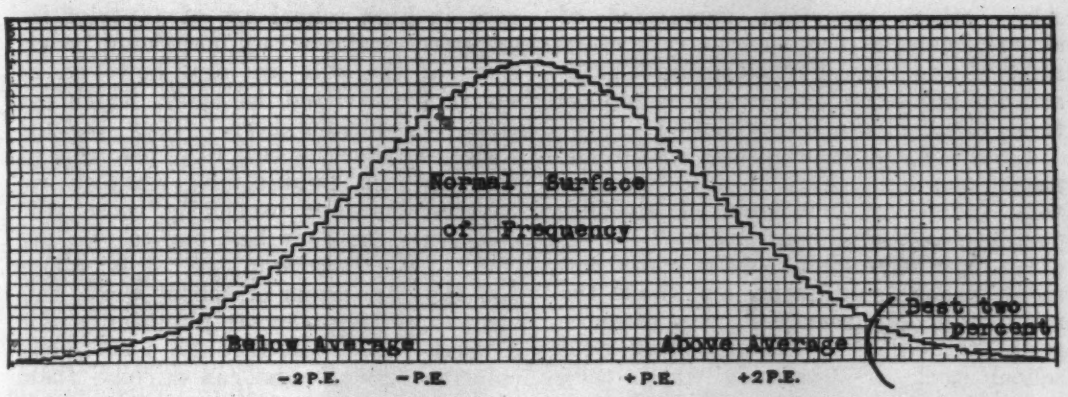

Fig. 2. The form approximated when a great many unselected individuals are arranged in order of magnitude in a given mental or physical trait by test.

then no quantitative methods of measuring intelligence, the approach was through the study of notable achievement in the world's work. This, of course, limited the study to adults, so that the early accounts have little to say about childhood. It was ascertained that eminent adults constitute a definite, small percentage of the population; that they are most often born in cities or on the estates of nobles, in long settled countries; that they have many more distinguished relatives than people ordinarily have; and that they originate usually in families of superior social-economic status.

Although little of importance has been reported concerning the childhood of eminent persons, still one student has made this his theme. In 1894, Yoder published a study of the boyhood of great men. Fifty individuals are included in this survey, concerning whom it appeared that they were, as children, healthy and interested in play; that they had been born over a very wide range of years in the reproductive life of parents; that many of them were "only" sons; and that a decided majority were derived from well-to-do families.

The Modern Approach

The methods of mental measurement now make possible the identification of superior intelligence, during childhood. We can approach the study of competency more directly, and at an age when education is doing its work. General intelligence in children is classified in various terms. Most often, perhaps, this is at present done in terms of IQ —intelligence quotient—which is the ratio of birthday age to "mental age." That a child scores at an IQ of 100 means that intellectual development is that of the average child of the given birthday age. An IQ of 100 represents "par," as regards intelligence. A ratio of less than 100 means some degree of inferiority to the average, while a ratio above 100 means some degree of superiority. The best one per cent of children, as respects intelligence, test at or above 130 IQ, approximately. It is in such children that the interest of this article centers. It is not known just how widely intelligence can vary in terms of IQ. The most intelligent children reported up to this time test between 180 and 190 IQ, and are, of course, very infrequent. Persons who have no organized knowledge about children, nevertheless, use typical phraseology in speaking of the gifted. When we hear repeatedly, from various people, that a given child is "old for his age," "so reliable," "very old-fashioned," "quick to see a joke," "youngest in his class," or that he has "an old head on young shoulders," or "such a long memory," we usually find him to be highly intelligent, by test. The phrases used do not necessarily indicate any actual appreciation of the child's quality, but are employed merely to describe present performances. That the child who is "old for his age" stands, and will continue throughout life to stand, among the highly intelligent of his generation, is not usually in the thought of those using the phrase.

Also, other important symptoms of superior intelligence, such as very early interest and success in learning to read, are not popularly recognized as indications of a life-long superiority.

Even teachers, who are no doubt among the best judges of children, have very indefinite knowledge of the important symptoms of intelligence. Very often they fail to think of the traits just mentioned as significant, and make the mistake of judging as "most intelligent" the children who are doing good school work in the grade where they happen to be placed. In this way teachers not uncommonly may judge as "most intelligent" very dull, over-age children, doing good work in the lower grades. Thus, for instance, they may not realize that being "youngest in the class" is an important symptom of superior ability. Teachers, of course, differ very widely among themselves in the reliability of their judgments. It has been shown that they are more accurate in their judgments of the stupid than in their judgments of the bright.

Unintentional Segregation of the Able

The methods of mental measurement have demonstrated that in this country and abroad certain schools have long been segregating bright children, for instruction, without explicit recognition of the fact. In England, Burt has shown that boys attending a famous preparatory school are intellectually gifted above the average of the juvenile population. In the United States, children attending private schools, where tuition is paid, are rather highly selected for mental endowment. Mental tests show that in many such schools the pupils have a median IQ of near 120, instead of a median at par—100 IQ. These are surprising, rather than expected, findings, as it had been inferred that private schools might be hospitable to the stupid, in consideration of tuition fees. It seems clear that parents who are able to pay substantial tuition have few dull children to present for schooling; so that wherever tuition is paid, a selected group is obtained.

These facts were unrealized by educators until very recent years, as was also the fact that pupils who succeed in high school are of superior intelligence. These unintentional selections of the able are not, however, as severely restricted as those which we wish to consider here. They include children from the best fifty per cent of the juvenile population; whereas we wish to consider especially those who constitute the very best one to two per cent, i. e., those who test at or above 130 IQ. In terms of school work, this means children who are potentially able to pass with credit through a first-class college; and all who can surpass them in achievement, including those capable of winning highest honors in college and in the professions—it is now recognized that to perform college work with credit requires superior intelligence.

Character and Temperament

How do very bright children compare with unselected children, in disposition? Terman has given us the most reliable evidence at present available on this point. He obtained independent ratings by parents and by teachers, of the character traits of bright children in California. The rating scale used was in five degrees, so that a rating of 3 would be just average, 1 being the highest rating possible. Consensus of parents' opinions gave a rating of about 2, while teachers gave an average rating slightly higher for the bright children. Thus the intellectually able are judged by parents and by teachers to be above average in character. The children thus rated were those designated by Dr. Terman to be judged for character, after they had been selected as superior intellectually, by test. They were not selected as bright by teachers' or parents' ratings—though such ratings subsequently made showed that teachers and parents judged them to be above the average in intellect, also.

It is of incidental interest that teachers rate bright children higher in all respects so far reported than their parents do. This is because teachers know a great variety of children, including the incompetent; whereas parents know well only their own children and those of their own friends, constituting usually a very restricted range of competency. A

parent of a superior child, asked to rate the child in any respect, will very often give a rating of "average." When asked why he thinks the child is average, the typical reply is, "Because he is just about like the rest of of the family."

On the whole, present evidence indicates that superior intelligence is accompanied by superior temperament in children, and by superior stability and stamina of character.

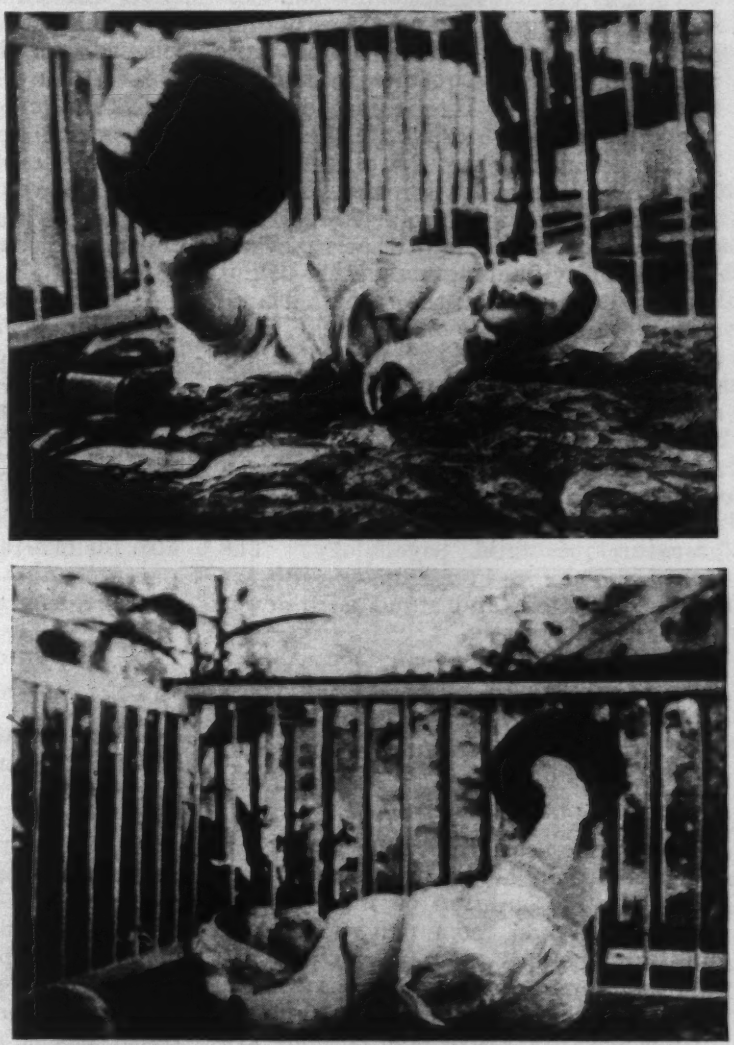

Fig. 3 These photographs show the power to use and coordinate muscles of an eleven months old child who, when old enough to be tested, scored an IQ of 187.

Size and Strength

For about twenty years it has been clear that children who do well in school work are larger and stronger than those who do poor school work, age for age. This fact is susceptible to more than one interpretation. From it we might infer that superior physique is a determinant of school standing. Or we might infer that the intellectually gifted are large and strong, as a group.

Very recently by the method of mental tests it has been established that children of superior intelligence are commonly large and strong for their age. Baldwin measured children in private schools some years ago, and found that they exceeded the norms formerly secured for children in general. Since that time it has been demonstrated that pupils in the schools studied by Baldwin are of distinctly superior intelligence. Also, superior children in the public schools have been shown to be larger and stronger than their schoolmates of equal age.

In New York City, in 1923, forty-five children, all testing in the highest group for intellect, were compared with an equal number of children from the middle fifty per cent, and likewise with an equal number from the lowest group. Age, race, and sex were kept constant in all groups. The medians for the three groups ran as follows:

	Very bright	Of ordinary intelligence	Very dull
	Av. Med. Dev.	Av. Med. Dev.	Av. Med. Dev.
Height (inches)	52.9±1.6	51.2±1.2	49.6±2.1
Weight (lbs.)	74.0±9.4	63.9±5.2	59.5±6.5
Wt.-Ht. Coeff. $\frac{(Wt.)}{(Ht.)}$	1.31±.13	1.19±.10	1.14±.12

As regards the two extreme groups,

the bright are 3.3 inches taller than the stupid, as a group, and 14.5 pounds heavier. It should be added that there is nothing in such results to indicate that the degree of intelligence depends upon the physique, or that either could be altered by altering the other. Also, it must be especially stressed that the figures pertain to the mid-point of the group, in each case, and that there are several individuals among the bright who are smaller than the median stupid child. These facts of physical overlapping between the groups preclude the feasibility of judging intellect from size, in an individual case.

The present writer has made measurements of physical size on five children who test above 180 IQ and are among the most gifted ever reported in the literature of child psychology. The measurements are in agreement with the trend just cited, and stand as follows:

	Age Yrs. Mo.	Height (In.)	(Norm.)*	Weight (Lbs.)	(Norm.)*
Child I..	8–8	52.0	(50.1)	64.7	(55.9)
Child II..	9–4	55.3	(52.0)	102.0	(61.5)
Child III..	9–7	53.2	(52.2)	56.5	(62.1)
Child IV..	10–2	64.0	(57.7)	76.0	(82.8)
Child V..	13–4	63.5	(58.2)	162.0	(89.5)

* Baldwin's norm, to the nearest half year.

These five children aggregate 17.8 inches more in height than would five representative children of their respective ages, chosen from private schools, and 109.4 pounds more in weight.

Measurements of power to grip with the hand show that the bright children involved in the above comparisons are as strong in the left hand as children of ordinary intelligence, and stronger in the right hand; and that they are stronger in both hands than the stupid.

Figure 3 illustrates the power to coordinate and use muscles of Child I, described above, in infancy. At the age of 11 months, this child (IQ 187) would amuse himself by balancing large, soft balls on his feet and on his hands, as he lay in his crib. The physical sturdiness of the child, which is typical of the bright, his physical appearance and his play interests are illustrated in Figure 5. Such children commonly learn to walk and to talk at a conspicuously early age.

Although children of superior intelligence are usually superior in motor ability as well, teachers often rate them as "below average" in this respect. This illusion is due to the fact that the very bright, being youngest in their classes, are thus contrasted with older children in motor performances. Since coördination, speed and accuracy in movement depend much more closely on physical development than they do on mental development, the young child appears awkward in contrast with his less gifted, but physically more mature, classmates. A seven-year-old who stands in the top quarter of seven-year-olds in muscular control, will nevertheless stand relatively low among eight or nine-year-olds in penmanship, industrial arts, or athletic games.

As regards health, Terman again furnishes us with the most extensive evidence. The bright children, rated at his request for character, were rated also for health, with the result that both parents and teachers rated them above average, as a group.

Do Superior Children Become Superior Adults?

Does a child who scores high in intellect in the early years of life continue to score high as he grows up? There has been a wide-spread superstition that gifted children become dullards as they mature, or at most end as mediocre men and women.

Psychologists have now re-tested many children of all degrees of mental ability, over periods in some cases as long as ten years. The outcome of these researches is that individuals maintain very nearly the same relative positions during mental development, and at maturity. The dull remain dull, the average continue to be average, and the gifted maintain their superior status.

Figure 4 shows mental growth curves for superior children, as contrasted with average children. These curves result from repeated annual tests made by the Bureau of Child Welfare Research, at the University of Iowa.

It is possible, even by present imperfect methods, to identify at the age of six years those who as adolescents will stand in the highest quarter of their group for general intelligence. There is every indication that superior children grow up to be superior adults. It is the dull children who become dullards.

There is a combination of circumstances, incident to selection during

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school life, which creates an illusion of decreasing brightness in superior children as they grow older. In the primary grades the whole range of school children of an age is present, and the bright seem very bright in contrast. As children go on up through the grades, however, the dullest are constantly "left back"; so that by the time high school is reached all of the extremely dull children have been eliminated from the comparison. A child of 130 IQ is a very bright member of his group in kindergarten; a rather bright member of his group in high school; and but an average member of his group in a first-rate college. His intellectual quality does not change, but his group of competitors becomes more and more highly selected, creating the illusion of retrogression on his part.

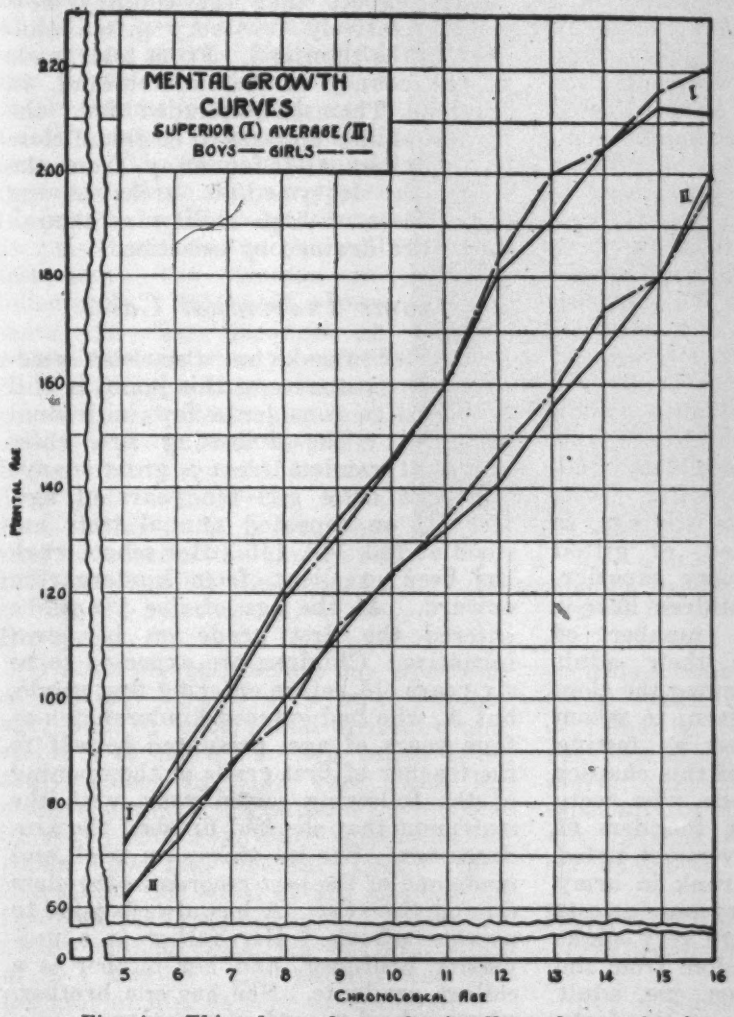


Fig. 4. This chart shows the intellectual growth of superior children, in comparison with average children.
Courtesy of Dr. B. T. Baldwin and Dr. Lorle I. Stecher.

Ancestry of Gifted Children

It becomes increasingly evident that many popular notions concerning gifted children are contrary to scientific fact. The psychologist finds often the very opposite condition from that popularly supposed to exist. This is partly because those who have no exact knowledge of a subject always tend to found their beliefs on wishes, and partly because popular belief is always subject to illusions, like that described in the preceding paragraph.

Thus, it is the popular belief that the children of poor and obscure parents, of manual toilers, and of "the lowly" are those in whom great gifts are likely to be found. If asked where to search for the most gifted child in this country, persons in general would doubtless suggest that one should look among the offspring of the humble, and especially of farmers in the country, sprung from poverty. The American idea that the children of the humble, and especially of farmers, are likely to become eminent, has its origin in the early history of this country. From two to three hundred years ago, nearly all children in America— including the gifted—were born of farmers, and in humble surroundings. The reason for this was that there were as yet no cities with concentrated wealth

to exercise a selective influence. Nearly all inhabitants lived perforce "in the country." This was true even down to a hundred years ago.

Prolonged studies of the origin of very gifted children in this country, born since 1900, have been confined largely to cities. They have shown repeatedly that the great majority of these children originate in families where the father is a professional man, an owner or executive in business, or a clerical worker. Only a small minority of children testing in the highest group for intellect originate among the manual workers in cities, in the United States—where the social-economic competition is relatively free for all. There are various possible interpretations of this fact, but the inference most favored by all subsidiary facts is that the very intelligent are those who rise in the world by competition, and who are also able to produce children like themselves.

In fact, it has been proved again and again that ability "runs in families." There is a marked resemblance among brothers and sisters in mental tests, and a still more marked resemblance between those who are twins. The brothers and sisters or the siblings, as they are sometimes called, of gifted children are themselves very superior.

Furthermore, gifted children have a disproportionately large number of eminent persons among their adult relatives. For instance, among the close relatives of the five children, to whom we have already referred as testing above 180 IQ, the writer of this chapter has counted forty persons who were writers, judges, inventors, founders of institutions, financiers, governors, noted scholars, officers of high rank in army or navy, distinguished surgeons, priests or rabbis. The chances are very slight that a child picked at random from the population will have even one adult relative of the distinction of the forty attached to the family trees of these very gifted children.

It remains to be added that the parents of superior children produce very small families. Apparently the extremely able will not choose the biological and economic burdens of repeated reproduction. This is a fact which is interesting for the national future.

It has been stated that the census of the gifted has so far been confined largely to centers of population. We do not know to what extent children in the top quarter of intellect are to be found on farms in this generation. We do know, however, that where rural children have been tested at random, in this country, they yield a somewhat lower average intelligence than city children yield. From this fact we should expect that the country now yields relatively few very gifted children to the thousand. From tests made in the county of Northumberland, in England, Thomson concluded that "the highest ability appears to be found close to the cities and far away from the cities, the intermediate areas having fewer cases of high ability, as though they were drained by selection."

Some Individual Cases

In order to make our discussion somewhat more concrete at this point, it will be useful to consider a few individual examples. The following are cases chosen at random from a great many:

A is a little girl ten years of age. Her IQ on repeated annual tests has stood at 140, 148, 145. Her school work has been excellent, from kindergarten onward. At the age of five years she entered the first grade on her own initiative. Children are expected to be six years old before entering first grade, but A, who had entered kindergarten at four years of age, presented herself to the teacher of first grade at the opening of the following school year, with the statement that she had finished the kindergarten. She was taken on trial, and made one of the best records in the class during the year. A has always gone to private schools. Her father is a university professor, and her mother is a college graduate. She has one brother, whose school record is superior.

B is an eight-year-old boy. He has a serious defect of the eyes, as a result of which he has never had more than a small fraction of normal vision. Parents and teachers wondered how he could learn so much when he could see so little, and brought him for examination. His IQ was found to be 156. Both the mother and the father of B are college graduates. His brothers have school

records which indicate that they are of superior intelligence. But none of them has shown the "mental grasp" which characterizes B, despite his visual handicap.

C is a girl ten years of age, first recognized as bright when a survey was being made in a certain school district to discover children of exceptional intelligence. Her IQ has stood at 164 on two tests made several years apart. Neither of her parents is educated, the father being employed in a tailor's shop. They are immigrants. C's home surroundings are those of a typical tenement in the city slums. Her sister and two brothers all test above the average intellectually. This case represents the few instances in which an extremely gifted child is found with uneducated parents, in a poor home. Such children prove that the intellectual ability revealed by tests does not come from home surroundings. It is not possible to observe the family in this case beyond the parents, as other relatives live in Europe.

Fig. 5. Here is shown the child of Figure 3 at twenty-two months. Note the eager, interested face and fine physique.

D is an eleven-year-old boy who tests at 167 IQ. He is very large for his age, and of exceptional firmness and stability of character. His father is an army officer of high rank, and his mother is a college graduate. He is one of seven children, only one other of whom has had mental tests. This sister's IQ has stood at 189 and 188 on two tests made a year apart. There are many eminent relatives on both sides of D's family. His parents had not thought of him as very exceptional.

These cases serve to represent the group of gifted children in our schools. Since about one in every 250 children is as bright as Child A here described, it is evident that among millions of school children there are many of this caliber to be found. The higher the intelligence, the rarer the child, of course, as may be recalled by glancing back at Figure 2. Of the cases described, A, B, and D are typical of the bright, as regards occupation of parents, and other social conditions. Child C is very exceptional in this respect. Child B is exceptional in having a severe visual defect, and has been mentioned here especially to show that intelligence does not depend upon perfection of the special senses.

Experimental Education of Gifted Children in the United States

For a considerable number of years there have been consciously attempted selections of the most capable children in our schools, for purposes of education. In 1919 Freeman sent a questionnaire to all cities in this country of 25,000 population or over, inquiring as to special provision for the gifted. He learned that a considerable number of school administrators recognized the existence of gifted children, and attemped to provide for their special

needs, usually by establishing special classes for rapid advancement. In several instances the work was on a sufficiently modern basis, so that mental tests were used to select the children.

Among the first of the classes to be chosen by mental tests was that reported by Race in 1918, from Louisville, Kentucky. Here several young children with a median IQ of 137 were segregated, and made very rapid progress, covering the prescribed curriculum of the elementary school at about twice the ordinary rate, without more than ordinary effort. Race found them to be healthy, well-balanced, and capable of work much beyond the average.

In the years following 1918, several detailed reports of similar work appeared, among which those of Shipple, of Specht, and of Coy are of particular interest. All of these class-room experiments showed that children selected as very intelligent by mental tests are capable of much greater progress in school than is possible for them under ordinary conditions. The influence of such studies is already felt to some extent in educational administration. For instance, at the Conference on Educational Research and Guidance, held at San Jose, California, in 1922, Dickson stated that during the year just passed about 11 per cent of children in the elementary schools of Berkeley and Oakland had been given special opportunity suited to their superior endowment.

Experimental Education of the Gifted Abroad

Class-room experimentation with highly endowed children has been reported since 1916 in Germany from Berlin, Hamburg, Breslau, Mannheim, Leipsic, Frankfort, Charlottenburg and Göttingen particularly. In Germany, as in this country, this work has gone forward in cities, because it is only in centers of population that a sufficient number of the very gifted can be found conveniently located to form special classes. The desirability of identifying the gifted who live in rural communities has been discussed with urgency in Germany, where the need to foster that nation's mental power is now very great. No way to do this has yet been found.

After the World War republican Germany abandoned the policy of educating children according to the social-economic status of their parents. To find and to train the gifted, wherever existing, was seen to be a primary condition of national rehabilitation. As there are many educational psychologists in Germany, the work of selecting the *Hofnungskinder* (children of promise) has proceeded rapidly and systematically. It is probable that to-day Germany is giving more official administrative recognition to special education on the basis of innate mental endowment than any other country.

In the majority of reports it appears that the selection of pupils is made by mental tests, supplemented by teachers' judgments as to strength of character and physical stamina. Germany cannot afford special education for those strong in intellect only. The child must be strong in every way to warrant the investment. Children annually or semi-annually selected thus from the *Volksschulen* are given a special course of study in the last years of the elementary school, to articulate with the higher schools. Both boys and girls participate in these special advantages, but in some cities only half as many girls as boys are permitted to be chosen. The psychologists, Peter and Stern, have pointed out that in the tests used for selection, the girls equal the boys in performance, and that this raises questions of policy concerning the education of girls, which are, perhaps, especially distressing in view of German traditions of education.

Countries abroad other than Germany seem to be doing little or no class-room experimentation to find the best education for the gifted. At any rate, such experiments are not reported.

Present Problems in the Education of the Gifted

The most conspicuous problem of those interested in rational education for exceptionally intelligent children is now, perhaps, that of the curriculum. What should they be taught? By whom? With what goals in view? The problem is no longer one of selection primarily, but of instruction. Should all children who test very high as regards intellect be educated for science, for the professions, and for the direc-

tion of industry? Should society induce some of them to join the manual trades, as hand workers? Should unskilled labor be drained by explicit educational policy, more thoroughly than it now is drained by competition, of all first-rate intelligence? These are disturbing questions which affect the educator.

Questions somewhat more immediate, and less necessarily speculative in nature, concern the relative claims of rapid advancement as against enrichment of curriculum for the gifted. These questions are in some of their aspects susceptible to experimentation, but they have seldom been so approached as yet. Educational speculation seems, on the whole, to favor enrichment of the curriculum, but there is no agreement as to what the additional subject matter should be. In 1923 a report appeared of the selection of a class of young children, organized for the purpose of experimenting in the classroom with curricular material adapted for the needs of the very intelligent. This class is being continued at the present time.

The objection is sometimes raised that special education for the bright is not suitable in a democracy, where all are equal. The obvious reply to this is that all are not equal in capacity. The biological truth is that all are unequal. Schools cannot equalize children; schools can only equalize opportunity. It may well be thought to be highly undemocratic to provide full opportunity for the exercise of their capacities to some, while to others the same offering means only partial exercise of their greater powers. It is hard for a psychologist to define democracy, but perhaps one acceptable definition might be that it is a condition of affairs in which every human being has opportunity to live and work in accordance with inborn capacity for achievement.

Summary

For convenience we may now recapitulate briefly the important facts which have been established during the past twenty years, concerning intellectually gifted children. Mental tests, given to large numbers of unselected children, yield always a few who consistently attain superior rank. In various localities studies have been made of those ranking in the highest percentile, that is, of "the one child in a hundred," by test. These studies show that such children are usually youngest in their classes, though still much below the point where they could readily function, in the ordinary graded school. They learn very rapidly, and progress more than twice as fast as average children can when they are segregated in special classes. They are large and strong for their age, as a group, and are with few exceptions superior in character and temperament. They maintain their superior status, as they develop, and do not tend to become mediocre, as has been popularly supposed. The majority of them originate — in America, where social-economic competition is relatively free for all — in families where the fathers are professional men, clerical workers, or business executives, and they have more distinguished persons among their relatives than chance would allow.

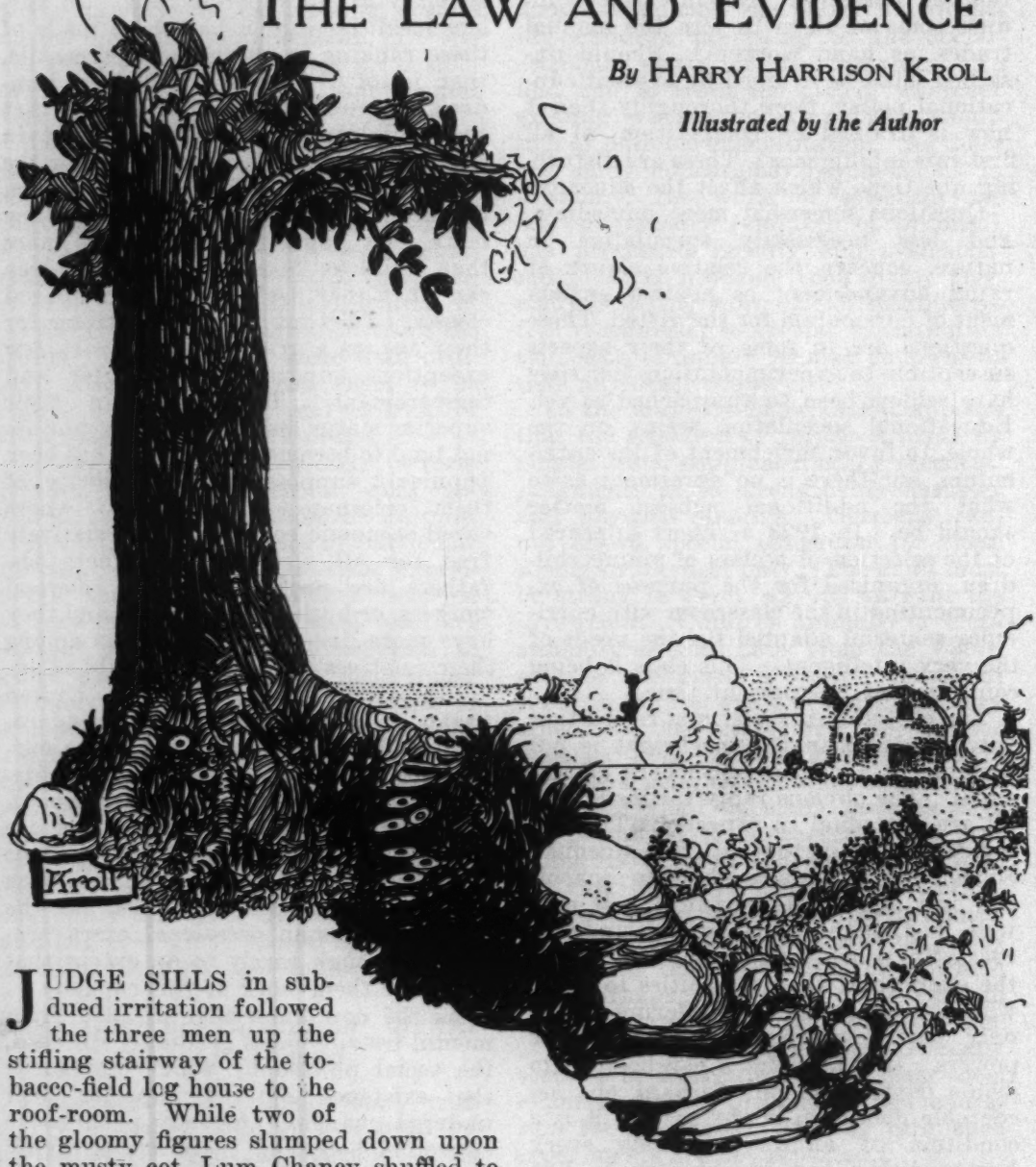
Educational policy in the United States at present gives scant consideration to these children, because the current social philosophy of the people denies the existence of innate, permanent, hereditary superiority. To them are assigned, in general, the same tasks as are assigned to average children; with the result that they manage, on the whole, to win an occasional extra promotion, though rarely to an extent that would let them work at full capacity.

As the new knowledge gleaned from mental tests becomes gradually diffused, the social philosophy which disregards the existence of the superior will undergo changes. Already progressive educators here and there are applying the new knowledge in educational administration. They are experimenting with new methods of teaching the gifted, and are trying to formulate additional studies for them—trying to provide genuine opportunity for these children. As a result of such psychological and educational research, we shall soon have as much accumulated knowledge about the gifted as we have about the deficient, and shall be able to do justice to the competent as well as to the incompetent.

THE LAW AND EVIDENCE

By HARRY HARRISON KROLL

Illustrated by the Author



JUDGE SILLS in subdued irritation followed the three men up the stifling stairway of the tobacco-field log house to the roof-room. While two of the gloomy figures slumped down upon the musty cot, Lum Chaney shuffled to the single square window and cautiously drew the blind before lighting the grimy lamp. He then placed chairs at the table, settling down in his without waiting for the precedence of the distinguished guest.

"You never can tell whar eyes air prying," he said. "Now, Jim," addressing himself to the judge in a familiar and yet entirely respectful tone, "we wanted to talk to you about this here case. We wanted you to know that Slade Jones and Treborn Hale, thar, didn't scrape nobody's terbacker bed, ner burn nobody's terbacker barn. We knowed hit wouldn't be right fur you to set on the case tomorr' without knowing the truth about things. Your pappy used to live on Lard Sloss's place—you recolleck how Lard used to nigh about work you to death in the terbacker patch, and how you almost had to fit him to let you off to go to school when you tuck a notion to git a iddication. You know the lying, dirty, thieving scoundrel he air!"

Judge Sills moved in uneasy recollection.

"I remember all that very well, Lum," he said slowly, after a moment. "But you boys ought to have better sense and judgment than to get me off this way to remind me of anything. I am the trial judge, and as such am honor bound to keep an unbiased mind. I can be guided by just two things—the law and evidence. You know that yourselves, boys. And suppose it should come out that upon the eve of the trial I conferred with you regarding the case? It would go mighty hard with all of us."

He turned in the murky red illumination to the bed, where the two dim shadows hung in mesmerized attention upon his every word. Judge Sills, with no notion of disparagement, was reminded of two screech owls upon a hickory limb, watching a horned owl crawl into a hole in a hollow tree.

The Sloss farm

"We thought of that," agreed Slade Jones, shifting his position under the Judge's direct eyes. "I told Treborn, thar, that hit wa'n't apt to be according to the law books, and war a resky thing to do. But, Jim, we wanted you to know, Lard Sloss got it in fur us when we fit him about the terbacker pool, and whenst his beds war scraped and his barn burnt, he laid it on us. So we wanted you to know that we didn't have nothing to do with it. We wanted you to consider justice along side of the law and evidence."

"Lard Sloss went and put our terbacker in the pool." It was Treborn's dreary, fumbling drawl. "He give us thirty-five per cent of our terbacker check and stuck the rest in his pockits. He still owes me and Slade, thar, more'n half of year before last's crop, and nigh about two-thirds of last year's crop. He thinks now if he can git us put in the pen, he won't have to pay that thar money. You know him, Jim. He skinned yur pappy out of ever'thing he made the same way. You used to say yourself that you war going to git a iddication so's Lard Sloss and his kind couldn't cheat you outen whut you made; and if you lived you war going to pertect the rights of pore renters and tenants and sheercrappers."

Judge Sills frowned.

"Where's your tobacco now?" he asked.

"On the warehouse floor, I reckin—I dunno," replied Treborn sadly.

"You don't know?"

"How should we know? Hain't the supreme co't said the landlord's got hull control of the crap, and didn't Sloss come and haul our terbacker off?"

"We don't know nothing and we hain't got nothing," interjected Jones in hopeless philosophy.

"Lard Sloss's got everything," pointed out Lum, in eager partisanship.

"He's got all the money and he's got all the evidence. He hired him a mealy-mouthed lawyer to work with the state attorney, and he's hired him a gang of liars to lie for him—them he couldn't bulldoze into lying free of charge. The onliest chanct we had in the world, Jim, war to git to you first and alone."

"What kind of defense are you able to support?" finally asked the judge.

"What kind of defense!" echoed Lum bitterly. "How kin we support a defense of any sort, when we cain't support our women and chillen? Besides that, if we tried to git out of it, or prove anything on Lard Sloss, he'd jail us for selling likker. Fur me and Treborn, thar, to help out expenses a little till we could git some of our terbacker money out of Sloss,

done a little bootlegging on the side and Sloss ketched up with us. He's got that to fall back on if we sneak out of this hole."

"We air in a fierce fix!" groaned Treborn.

"That was the reason all of us riz as a man and voted fur you whenst you run for circuit jedge. Whilst you hadn't been in these parts fur fifteen-odd year, you announced, we knowned you was a man who would give the pore man a chanct against the overbearing ways of powerful landlords."

It was a barbed compliment, Judge Sills reflected secretly. But he dared, by no word or action, to imply a rejection of it.

"I will do my best, boys," he answered finally. "But I have to be guided by the law and evidence. I don't want you to rely too much upon what I may seem able, by virtue of my official position and antecedents, to do for you. For I go into this trial chained by all the machinery of jurisprudence, and by the undeveloped facts which can be considered only by the law and evidence."

The following morning he availed himself of the advantage of a day-light breakfast to get away from the tenant's home to the county seat two miles away, where the autumn term of circuit court was to convene that day. He did not like to think of his night with Lum Chaney, although Lum had been one of his closest friends years ago, when he himself was the son of a tobacco tenant. This thing of conferring with accused persons had its perils. Right now he was unwilling to assume risks.

He set forth through the woods by an old familiar short cut, the first flood of morning sunshine enveloping him at the top of the ridge overlooking Lard Sloss's farm. In the glorious pageantry of new day he stopped, his admiration revived, his memories quickened. There mouldered the same little log house, with clay chinking, where he used to live. Right back of it stood the same log stable, surrounded by pokeberry bushes and jimpson weeds, behind which he used to dig fish bait. The same fields round and about the settlement, browned in tobacco. The plantation itself seemed less vast, viewed through critical adult eyes, instead of the extravagant sight of boyhood, but for all that it was magnificent enough. The Sloss home, of red brick, with an imposing barn attached to it, had lost little of its pristine grandeur. The whole estate was pretentious and beautiful. Everywhere lay the touch of wealth. Lard Sloss had never known the embittering task of counting the pennies.

For a long time Judge Sills viewed the picture. The slant sunshine straightened to cut vertically down into the pool where, in the old days, he was wont to fish. A shabby tenant boy, a replica of himself, came out of the barnlot behind a herd of blooded cattle, driving them to pasture just as he used to do. He was reminded by the startling contrast of the mean, bony brat with the sleek animals, that often enough a pure-bred cow is more valuable than the tenant offspring that is called upon to herd it. A hot wave of anger for his own baffled childhood years suffocated him. The greed and inhumanity of Lard Sloss had stolen at least ten years out of his life by driving him long hours in the tobacco field, stunting him mentally and physically for a useless weed.

Avoiding the route which would have taken him across the farm, he cut off down through the woods and entered, without undue exhibition of himself, the confines of the dusty little Kentucky county seat. In a few moments he was safely lodged in a room at the hotel, and none, so far as he could determine, was the wiser for the indiscretion of a night spent with Lum Chaney.

Already, he noted, the country people were coming into town in anticipation of the trial. That it should attract widespread attention did not particularly surprise him. Lard Sloss was a prominent man in the region; in many respects the planter was a power in the whole congressional district. He was, moreover, widely connected with the aristocratic remnant which still lorded things in the blue-grass. And the tenant element feared him, and their fear taught them a deadly hatred of the man, which Sloss only sneered at and scorned. Slade Jones and Treborn Hale, on the other hand, were likewise well known, by virtue of their kinship with the poor white trash tenantry of the county. They had a reputation for petty thievery which catalogued them in the opinion

of landowners two or three degrees below negroes. The Hales had always pilfered and stolen, and many suspected the Joneses of scraping tobacco beds. The trial was to be a fight between these two economic forces, and his court was to be the battle ground.

He stood at the window watching the dusty crowd. They were a big-boned, snuff-brown race. The hot sun of the tobacco patch had burnt them with the indelible brand of shiftlessness and poverty. Their shambling movements, or gawky inactivity and bashfulness, betokened an habitual acceptance of defeat. One by one he recognized faces he had known in his youth. Each time he was shocked, half horrified. Old Groundhog Sills, a remote kinsman, came ambling along. The old man was seventy now. But with his bent back, baffled face, and flowing beard stained with tobacco juice to a dirty lemon, he looked like some relic out of King Tut's tomb suddenly invested with life and overalled with the mean garb of tobacco tenantry. A buggy, its tires wired on, rattled by, carrying a man and woman. A babe, its weak eyes squinted against the hot glare of the sun, suckled at the undraped breast of its mother. A youth shambled along the sidewalk, mouth agape, peering into the windows of the houses and undisturbed when some one drew a shade.

These people were taking time from the tobacco field to be present at the trial of the seed-bed scrapers and barn-burners. Upon the issue hung weighty import. If Jones and Hale were sent to the penitentiary, and in a court presided over by a man who himself had been a tobacco tenant, the situation of the poor white farmer would be hopeless indeed.

How many that walked the street below as freemen to-day were guilty of this crime of retaliation against landlords who had placed their tobacco in the pool, or cheated the tenant out of his year's labor outright, Judge Sills did not permit himself to estimate. Certainly there were many. The past year no fewer than a dozen barns had been burnt within the immediate jurisdiction of his court. What amounted almost to civil strife had broken out in the "black patch" the previous year, when many landowners joined the pool while still much of the previous year's tobacco crop hung in the barns.

But he put these speculations aside as unbecoming the trial judge. He was bound only by the law and evidence. If the hard years of tobacco tenantry had taught him nothing else, they had ingrained in him an austerity and rectitude that would vindicate his official oath.

A knock at the door interrupted his train of thought.

"Come!" he called, with a half-guilty start.

Lard Sloss entered. The planter came forward with effusive cordiality.

"I just heard you arrived, Judge Sills," he said.

The pronouncing of his official title in Sloss's fawning manner made him wince, but he covered his displeasure and shook the meaty hand of his former landlord with such warmth as he could simulate.

"Court convenes at ten," went on Sloss. "I took the liberty of intruding, for the sake of old acquaintance."

He sat down, and Judge Sills had opportunity to observe how wealth and ease tide youth far over past middle life. When he was a boy, the judge mused almost unconsciously, men were old at forty. But Sloss was ten years past that mark, and still was young.

Sloss was reflecting in his own way.

"You have fought up from a humble start," he said. He intended it, Judge Sills presumed, as a compliment.

"It *has* been a fight," the judge admitted.

A silence ensued. Then Sloss looked at him with level eyes.

"Judge Sills," he began, "I did not come here this morning to presume to dictate your course of action in this trial. I should be outraging your intelligence and integrity were I to do that. But I do feel it my duty to indicate to you certain conditions and remind you of the pitfalls into which you may easily stumble. In the first place, it is well-known among the friends of these men who are to be tried for burning my barn that you were once a tenant on my farm, and they are expecting you to be inclined in their favor. I have reason to believe that a man who has worked as hard as you to rise out of his native element,

particularly when that element is a shiftless poor white-trash tenantry, has too much good sense to permit prejudice to influence him in the least. That is to say, such a man would be guided only by the law and evidence."

Sloss's gaze remained steady and significant. Judge Sills bowed almost imperceptibly.

"I shall be guided only by the law and evidence," he conceded, almost coldly.

Sloss, his mission ended, withdrew. The judge stepped to the window. He watched the man go out into the street and disappear in the shifting sands of backlanders that ebbed and flowed in the public square.

At the stroke of ten Judge Sills crossed over to the court house and entered the court room. The place was packed to the windows. He felt a thousand mute eyes follow him furtively, but by some uncanny shifting when he would have met them, they were looking in another direction. Many faces vaguely familiar to him were puckered and mummified and lined beyond almost all hope of recognition. That many were blood kin to him he knew, and vaguely felt ashamed of himself that they had passed out of his life—out of his thoughts, his economic stratum, his social caste. The education he had labored so hard for and the political preferment he had obtained only at a terrific cost of labor and energy of ambition had reared, steadily, silently, but none the less effectively, a stone wall between him and his own which no miracle of atavism could ever demolish. He was no longer of them. Their shifting eyes told him they realized it as well as he.

Then, as the suave, well-dressed, urbane group of legal retainers rose in the august presence of a backlander trial judge, he mounted the dais and took his seat.

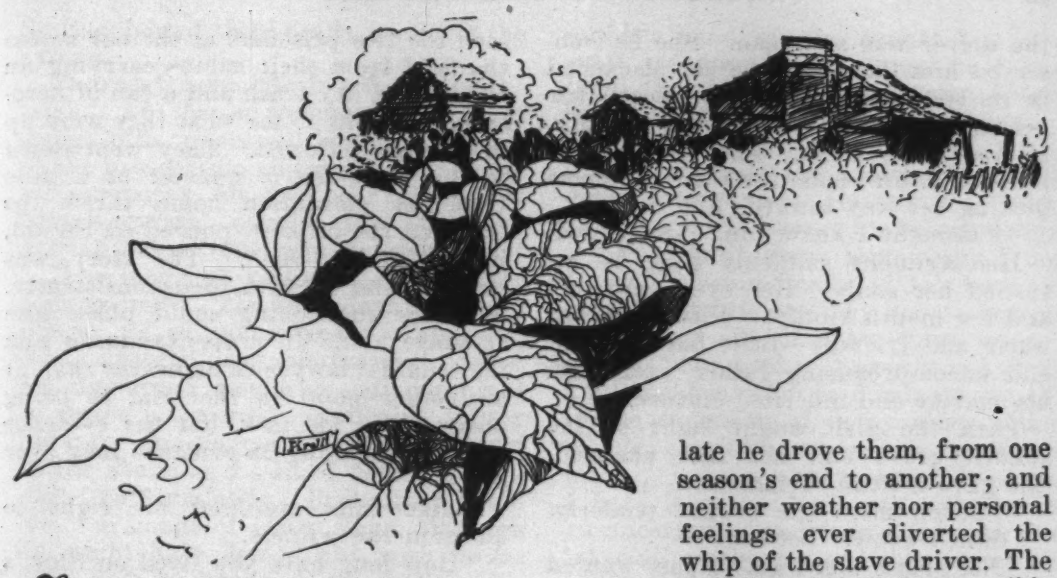
The work of impaneling the jury commenced. Judge Sills found relief from the vexatious tedium in trying to place the many faces he dimly recalled. His eyes roved over the room. Suddenly his vagrant gaze focused to a sharp image.

Fifteen years, during which a man has fought every handicap of poverty and ignorance, does, reflected the judge, make a man forget. Yet a woman is a hard thing to forget. He felt himself warm with the first sensation of pleasure he had known during the past thirty-six hours when he looked into the smiling and friendly eyes of Daisy Sloss.

She was older now. Perhaps she was thirty. Yes, she was all of that. How long had it been since he carried her books to school? Let's see. Well, it did not matter. It was equally inconsequential that it had been she who had taught him his letters and to read, while he was still a hulking tobacco field hard-ankle. They used to sit on an old butternut log back of the garden, under the seedling peaches, and study. A sudden tender memory of her brown curls and sweet body recurred to him in a faint odor of perfume. Those charms had interfered mightily with his learning his lessons; but he had stumbled on and eventually mastered the primer, then the first reader, and finally the second. That year his schooling stopped. His father died, and Sloss did not like to have widows with children upon his place. He left the farm without the formality of bidding her good-bye. The fact of the matter was that he did not know how. And he never afterwards wrote to her, or returned to the neighborhood in the hope of seeing her. Not even when he made his campaign for the judgeship did he presume to revive the acquaintance. In fact, he had forgotten—as well as a man can forget the things of his youth.

Now she was thirty. And she was beautiful, with a certain settled maturity that set her off. Her curls were gone, and along with them some of the callow charm which had so greatly intrigued him; but the sight of her now, smiling up at him and openly trying to catch his eye, sent his blood faster and sweetened the bitter he had endured ever since he had come to town.

The hot afternoon dragged to adjournment. It had never occurred to him in any of his quickenings of ambition that the reality should be as trying as this. In all of the lawyers' moves and counter-moves the element of justice had scant place. The game was to see which side could put something over on the other side past the judge. Fagged and irritable, he slipped away



"The same fields round and about browned in tobacco—"

from the court-house by way of one of the exits of the jury room. Once clear of the town and the cramp limbered from his muscles by walking, he began to feel better.

The way led to the west, where the gullies of the red tobacco lands, creeping towards town, stretched forth as dewberry wastes and broom sedge patches almost out of Sloss's plantation. It was here as a boy that he used to hunt patridge nests in the spring of the year. Through the memory-haunted fields he made his way, coming finally to the spot which he had vaguely expected to visit—his father's grave.

The palings of the enclosure had fallen down, and the dull chrome of sedge grass had caught up the grave and folded it to a drab bosom. The mound was sunken, mutely eloquent of neglect; while the road dust thick upon the rusty brambles and jaded alders added its red testimony to man's mortality. Judge Sills found his memories wrestling bitterly with him again. His hatred flared hotly up. The landlord lived on, youthful even in his elderliness, smug, well-fed, untroubled. But his father slept under the dusty briars these long years, closing a fitful hard life long before his time.

Sloss had killed him. The planter had killed more men than his father. The landlord's appetite for labor from his tenants was never sated. Early and late he drove them, from one season's end to another; and neither weather nor personal feelings ever diverted the whip of the slave driver. The memory of those last terrible days came back to Judge Sills now with cruel vividness.

It had rained all the day that his father died. "I'm roint! I'm roint!" his mother had moaned, wringing her hands. There was no money and little crop. Sloss deftly took what he could lay his hands upon. A month later his mother died.

They slept in separate beds, did the man and woman who gave him life. His mother was a Wheatley, the blood line to which Lum Chaney belonged, and she was laid to rest over in the hills, in the stronghold of the clan. Another tenant came to live in the log cabin and kill himself for Sloss, while old Bill Sills and his woman and boy were forgotten.

"Now it's these poor devils of Slade Jones and Treborn Hale that Sloss is robbing," thought the judge harshly. "He got their tobacco, and now he would kick them off his place and be rid of them by prosecuting them for burning his tobacco barn. It's a worthy way to pay human beings for their service, and he has the effrontery to come to me and remind me of law and evidence! I would to God that I could set aside law and evidence once, for God and justice! Likely as not Jones and Hale burnt that barn; all the same I ought to turn them loose."

His musing was broken by the low purr of a high-powered car along the nearby road. He turned. Through the network of briars and vines he saw that

the driver was a woman. She had observed him there, for the car slackened in its speed, and he could discern her peering at him to establish his identity. It was Daisy Sloss. She ran the car into the drain beside the road and came picking her way towards him.

"I thought I knew you," she smiled.

His acrimony suddenly gone, he returned her smile. Her eyes were soft and her mouth kindly. Withal she was warm and friendly—little like her cold and uncompromising father, even with his suavity and inherited culture.

Then the girl caught sight of the sunken grave and her face changed. She gave a little exclamation.

"Pardon me," she begged tenderly. "I didn't know. Let me——"

"No, please don't go. I just wanted to be with him a moment. I was lonesome. I feel old to-day. It's been a long time since I saw him."

"And the years have been filled with hard work and struggling ambitions, and you have come back to revive half-forgotten things." She came and put her hand upon his arm in sympathy. "Don't you wish that he could be with you now to know what you have achieved?"

He turned his face away and her hand found his.

"This whole unfortunate affair is most trying," she went on softly. "I know that you are meeting a very real and great crisis. Still, that's the way I sometimes think our souls are tempered. Life isn't often good. I should hate to think, though, that we can't be friends."

"We shan't be enemies, if I have my will."

"We shan't be enemies, then," she pronounced.

Together they went up out of the old field. Turning about, she drove him back to town.

The trial dragged through the next days. Sloss and the State had the advantage at every turn. With a wily lawyer working in conjunction with the prosecuting attorney, Judge Sills saw that the fate of Slade Jones and Treborn Hale was practically sealed from the beginning. The principal witness for the prosecution was a tenant, named Sneed Borden. He testified that upon the night of the barn-burning he had seen the two prisoners at the bar across the field from their cabins carrying an armload of dry trash and a can of kerosene. Curious to see what they were up to, he had followed. They went down to the big barn, a quarter of a mile from the plantation home, threw the trash on the off side, poured on the oil, lighted it and fled. The story was straight and he held to it consistently. No cross questioning could phase him or shake him. In cross-examining him the tenants' lawyer came nearer than at any other point in the trial to being adequate to his task, but the evidence stood as damning as evidence may ever be.

Judge Sills exercised his right to question the witness.

"How long have you lived on Sloss's farm?" he asked.

"Ten year," replied Borden.

"Ever been in trouble of any sort?"

"I war 'rested onct fur stealing corn."

"How did you come out of it?"

"Mr. Sloss got me out."

"Do you owe him anything now above your rent for this year?"

"Right smartly—about five hundred dollars, I reckon."

"That's all," concluded Judge Sills.

He had watched the landlord covertly during this examination, and he felt Sloss shift his position. Whether the jurors read the story between the lines he could not say. But to him it was as clear as if shouted from the housetops. Borden had said the words which Sloss put into his mouth.

The bootlegging operations carried on by the prisoners hampered them seriously in their defense, so it was pitifully weak and wavering. They were reconciled to being sent to the penitentiary. Tobacco tenants, mused Judge Sills, were reconciled to anything—illiteracy, disease, starvation, death. The old Anglo-Saxon trait of accepting the yoke, a servility for which the Normans a thousand years ago held them in supremest contempt, cropped out in this good year of grace, 1924, in the tobacco patch, unmuted by these centuries. On the other hand, were they to be "pulled" for selling bootleg, they would be dealing with an outraged Federal government; and God only knew how they might end up in such a contingency.

So they bowed their heads, awaiting the axman.

Thursday came, the fourth day of the trial. At the adjournment of court Judge Sills, depressed by the acrimony of the prosecution and weighed down by his sympathy for the poor victims of Sloss's wrath, sought to escape by getting out of town and walking.

How long had seemed the time since coming here! The four days had been almost as so many years. The hot, dusty autumn days, his frazzled nerves, his disjointed memories—all conspired to upset his mental equilibrim, to try his spirit and temper. Once out of town in the abandoned gullied fields he wandered half aimlessly. Back in his brain was the image of Daisy Sloss, although he might have denied any wish to see her, had he stopped to analyze his desires. Presently he entered the deeper woods skirting the Sloss plantation. His undirected steps brought him finally, without plan or premeditation, to the school house where he had first known the light of book-learning.

The place was ancient and gone to seed. The school had been moved to town several years ago, when the wave of consolidation spread down into the South.

A sound, which was more of a movement, arrested his attention. The undergrowth parted and Daisy Sloss came towards him.

In his gladness to see her he did not trouble to wonder why she should be here at the precise time that he had arrived. He moved over to one end of the upper step; Daisy, removing her hat, which she threw carelessly upon the ground, shook back her hair with a little laugh and a fragment of heightened color upon either cheek and accepted the lower step. It all seemed natural; that was the way they had sometimes done it long years ago, when she was a child and he was a hard-ankle. They were silent then; that seemed best. He found himself tracing the gentle intaglio of her cheek against the sifted afternoon sunshine upon the ground; and his old love for her, far back in those young days, surged over him. The emotion, infinitely sweet, unsteadied his hand, but he laid it upon her hair. His own temerity frightened him, for he had never been one to make love. When she put her hand up and caught his, in a swift response to his caress, he felt a thrill that he had never known before in his hard, emotionless existence.

The moments drifted. The sifted sunshine faded; the western light reddened into sunset. He talked at intervals, his mind busy with retrospection.

"You don't know how weary I am, Daisy," he said finally. "It's been the grimmest battle one may know—beating up to this out of those days when I carried your books. Sometimes I think I allowed ambition to dominate my life to the exclusion of many other things which I don't know now and won't ever learn. I have always wanted power. I have it now. And with it has come an uncertainty and fear of mistake that takes all of the joy of achievement out of things. I have felt mighty desperate at times during these last few days."

"I know it, dear," she said, pressing his hand in quick sympathy. "You are thinking about justice, and I doubt if we humans can see it when it stands before us. But why should we bother now? What you are trying to do must always remain a relative matter; and justice is more often dollars and cents and power than rights. Now we have each other, and let's not spoil these moments with troubles that nobody can settle to the satisfaction of everybody involved. Sufficient unto the day."

It was the wisest bit of philosophy the controversy had evolved. Her lips were waiting, and her eyes gave him invitation; he bent his head and kissed her. So dusk fell, while at intervals they talked of the past.

Back in his room at the hotel, however, when he was alone and the brisk evening walk had dissipated the spell he had been under with the girl in his arms, he returned again to the burden he had shed with such glib alacrity. With the girl's body soft and warm against him, it was easy enough to forget the worn faces of the two tobacco tenants, and to minimize the importance of the outcome of the trial. Jones and Hale were just poor white trash, that was all. The girl whose lips he had kissed was something, by comparison, infinitely full and beautiful. Placed beside her, how trivial did these two barn-burners become! The utter absence of similitude shocked him.

Was he in the act of aligning himself with the aristocracy and abandoning his own origin? His life had been dedicated to defending the rights of his abused, defeated kind. Often too inert to defend themselves, and always too sad and inefficient and ignorant to defend such scant rights as were accorded to them, they needed a champion if ever a people did. Back of his ambition, back of all his labors, was a recognition of their terrible desperation, and his ideal was to deliver them from their bondage, an ideal burnt into his soul by the branding mark of the tobacco field. Now for a pretty woman's kiss he might seem to be selling the only nobleness such a cloddish beginning as his could possibly seed and nurture.

He walked the floor. Under the circumstances it lay within his power to terminate the trial as he might decree. His rights in the premises were landmarked with the precedents of a long established jurisprudence. He could accept the evidence as it was manifestly developed and charge the jury to return a verdict in favor of the State. Or he could rule that the evidence was from intimidated sources, and direct a verdict in favor of the defendants. It was totally up to him.

A knock at the door broke the stillness. The Judge called "Come," and Sloss entered through the gloom. He sat down without invitation.

"Sills!" he said in a surcharge voice.

"Well?"

"Daisy has told me. I did not come expressly to congratulate you, although I shall do so now. I came to remind you of your integrity. You understand what I mean."

"I presume I do," replied the jurist dryly, without show of anger at the implication.

"Your trump card, now more than ever before, is the law and evidence," pronounced Sloss sharply. "Play your game according to the accepted rules. You have everything in your hands—power, wealth, and—and——"

"And Daisy!" concluded Judge Sills.

"And Daisy!" echoed Sloss significantly.

"And suppose," said the judge, after a heavy interval, "that I should tell you that I have no price—not even that?"

"Why," went on the same bland but barbed voice, "I should only have to produce proof that you spent Sunday night with Lum Chaney, and that you held a conference with him and Slade Jones and Treborn Hale, in which it was understood that you would use the powers of your office to save their criminal hides! And you know that I can produce such proof, for you cannot deny that you were there, that you three met upstairs, and your talk was solely about the trial opening upon the morrow. Do you admit it?"

"What about the conferences with you—this one, for example?"

He saw Sloss shrug his shoulder in the darkness.

"Have I ever mentioned anything but the law and evidence and your integrity?" His low voice broke out in mocking, goading laughter. "And more than that," he went on, "you will have a caller to-night. He'll be along about midnight, and will come through your window by way of the Virginia creeper—for barn-burners know better than to walk through open doors by the light of day. He'll be begging for mercy—any judicial alms that the trial judge's largess may let fall. Don't ever doubt that I shall have ears to hear. It's my business to hear. White trash? We were better off when we had nigger slavery, for the niggers had the virtue of obedience to a superior mind, while the present field labor, with its rusty white skin, thinks it's as good as any other white skin. You have nothing to give to beggars, do you understand? And you are still a young man, Sills. You are, in contradistinction to the rest of your sort, a brilliant man. Almost everything a man could ask for lies virtually at your hand—public leadership, the respect of the rest of men, power, money—everything. The group that you will serve by inclining yourself towards the patent law and evidence is the one into which you are about to enter socially by your marriage with my daughter. Whereas if you should choose to set everything aside for the mere matter of sentiment—because you had a notion that the tenant class is downtrodden and held in virtual slavery—you have nothing whatever to gain, for they have nothing whatever to give you. They would forget you in a week. It's the way they think and live. What

appreciation can lie in the heart of a tobacco tenant?"

"None!" said the judge bitterly. "You might as well expect honey to flow from a rock that has never known anything but the sledge of adversity!"

Sloss shrugged again.

"All you need to do is to abide by the law and evidence," he repeated and was gone. The judge was alone.

He sat down upon the bed, his mind blank. He considered retiring, and untied his shoes. Then he retied them. The room seemed to be suffocating. He went to the window and tried to hoist the sash. Outside the trivial night life of the one-horse burg crept in through the screen along with the fine red dust of the dirt street. He felt a sudden nausea. To dispel it, he poured a glass of ice water, but scarcely touched the fluid. Still in troubled abstraction, he sought rest in a chair, where he merely sat, counting the spots of the wall paper between the door and the cracked pitcher. Finally, without removing his clothing, he lay down across the bed.

He must have dozed off in spite of his troubled mind, for he came to suddenly to find himself upright in the bed. He waited. The dusty screen at the window moved. A hand pushed it upward and a form darkened the rectangle. A gaunt hand was raised for silence—a wasted caution, for the judge instantly recognized Lum Chaney.

"My God, Lum!" the judge protested, almost petulantly. "Why did you come here to-night? Can't you see that there is nothing I can do about this matter at this time? Besides, Sloss was here late this evening, and he knew you were planning to come. He told me you would be here at midnight, and when you came, he would have ears to hear. Don't you realize what an impossible position you are placing me in?"

"I had to come, Jim. I jist *had* to!" Chaney's dull voice was almost a groan. "I had to talk to you face to face and alone, if I died for it. Will the trial end tomorr'?"

"Yes, I am quite sure it will."

"Hit's going ag'in us, haint it?"

"All of the evidence points that way," admitted the judge drearily.

"And that means the pen for them pore boys?"

"I suppose so."

"Jedge!"

"Well, Lum?"

"Jim, Treborn Hale's wife is going to have a baby in a few days. Hit's her seventh. The oldest is twelve. Hit's a gal. They're all gals. Treborn's wife ain't never give him nothing but gals, and in the terbaccer field they's pore help. I don't reckon they've had anything to eat at their house this year but sowbelly meat and so'ghams and ponebread. You ain't a family man, but I want to ast you what will come of that woman and all them little no-account gals if Treborn goes to the pen? Then thar's Slade Jones. He ain't no better off. He's got five. Ain't but one old enough to go to the terbacker field. Slade's a-trying to send him to school—keep him out of the terbacker patch. If Slade goes to the pen, will that thar boy go on to school?"

"God only knows!" confessed Sills with a genuine groan.

"You know he won't!" After a moment Lum spoke again. "Jedge!"

"Well, Lum?"

"Wa'n't you and that thar Sloss gal spooning down thar in the bresh at the old school house?"

The dreary silence of the room was sufficient answer.

"You kissed her," Lum went on, in a passionless voice. "I war standing out thar in the woods and I seen you. You set thar on the steps of the old school house, you at the top and her at the bottom, and she had her head in your lap and you war akissing of her. I hain't got nothing to say about a man akissing of a gal. Hit's in human nature. But she could well afford to let you, Jim. You hain't a bad looking feller, fur all that you air the son of a pore white trash and used to snatch worms in the terbacker field along with the worst of 'em. And a gal don't mind kissing of a good looking man. But that air the least of it. The ways of juries air turribly oncertain. A kiss mout—who knows?—help the trial jedge to make up his mind, seeing that trial jedges have something to say about the way a trial comes out, particularly when the evidence has a leak in hit's water bucket. Jim, air you going to sell out them pore wimmin and chillens of Slade Jones's and Treborn Hale's fur a kiss?

Air you going to do that, Jim Sills?"

"I shall be guided by the law and evidence," repeated Sills dully.

"To hell with the law and evidence!" Then, realizing that he had made a break, Lum reverted again to his hopeless begging. His voice was almost a whine. "Jim, don't you go fooling around with no law and evidence. You be guided by God and justice. Them boys didn't burn Sloss's barn. I ain't saying they hain't done some things they ort not to have done. But they didn't have nothing to do with burning that barn. I don't know how come Sloss is so bent on sending them over the road, working like a fool with the prosecuting attorney; but he is, and he's got some reason behind it that nobody—leastaways none of us—knows anything about. When Sneed said he follered them boys down and seed 'em set fire to the barn, he was lying—Sloss made him lie. You know he was lying, and I know he was lying. How come I know? Didn't me and Hale and Jones sell sixty dollars' worth of bootleg likker the very night the barn burnt? And I want to tell you, Jim, if you send them boys up, hit'll be on your soul. Hit'll be on your soul, Jim!" he repeated tragically, in forlorn accusation.

The next moment he backed out of the window and his bulk was swallowed up in the brooding night.

Judge Sills made no further effort to sleep. He lay down upon the bed, looking up at the undefined ceiling. His mind worked with malarial distortion. There was no use to argue the relative merits of the case — the lawyers were doing a thriftier job of that than he could. Nor was there any use to palliate the guilt of Jones and Hale. If they were not criminals in one sense, they were in another — and he would have been one of the last to say that bootlegging was the lesser of the evils. On the other hand, he could not deny that his own future lay forever divergent from the interests of this abandoned economic group. They did not have even votes to give him, for most of them never paid their poll tax — they did not stay in one place long enough to be driven to it, and they never paid unless they were driven. They were simply the scum of the human pond — floaters, cattle.

On the other hand, the group to which Sloss and Daisy belonged was the one which had everything to give him, and would give abundantly and willingly if he demonstrated his worthiness according to their code. And that code he knew well. It was ingrained in him from the very moment that he took up his primer, a dirty-faced tenant brat of fifteen, to learn to read. It was in his higher learning, basic in everything intellectual which came to hand. That group paid for its education, and that education was fashioned for the group's purposes. He would not have said that it transcended its rights. An individual, or a number of individuals, may purchase a legitimate commodity and use it for his or their benefit, without let or hindrance — the basic law, as old as the Mosaic tablets, up out of which has grown the common-law doctrine of property ownership. And his affiliation with that culture meant Daisy—the most coveted prize which had ever come within his grasp. Yes, Sloss was right. The planter need not have implied impeachment, dishonor, in case he did not act in harmony with the landlord's wishes. Sloss belonged to a type that would fight him to the last ditch, and ruin him, if he could.

After ages the gray dawn broke in the dusty east. At nine o'clock court convened. He found himself taking his place mechanically, without even the comfort of a bite of breakfast. The mill of justice began to grind. In a few moments it became apparent that the case was about ready to go to the jury. While the last of the legal skirmish lines were being brought in, Judge Sills looked over the packed gathering in the court room.

For the most part they were tenant farmers—row after row of vacant-faced, passive men and women. They looked like just so many withered cowpeas in a dried hull. No individuality, no personality—just ox-bow human forms, differing from one another in the minor elements of age and sex. The grind of hard times, the stoop of the tobacco patch, the gauntness of unvarying food, the fright of the law, and the utter hopelessness of life in its entirety — Judge Sills read nothing but tragedy in the unshaven faces of the men, the ashen visages of the women, and the owl-like vacancy of the children. Just outside

of the railing sat the wives of Jones and Hale, drawing as close to their men in this hour of extremity as they might. The two women merely sat, staring straight ahead, their only movement an occasional plucking of their cheap dresses. They nearly drove Judge Sills wild in their misery and futility. He wanted to tell them, to tell all of these spineless tenants, to buck up, to show fight, to be men and women or to die trying. That was the way the human race won its emancipation; but it had to realize first that it was in bondage. These people read no lesson, sought for no hope, in the sombre movement of his court. Dull and witless, they took their scourging like oxen. He hated them.

The whole thing rasped him to the very quick. The last few days had been, now that he looked back over them, interminable, and as intolerable as they were endless. Now at last they were about to reach consummation, and it was well for him, as for the accused, that the end was in sight.

While the prosecuting attorney concluded some remarks to the jury, his handsome face in a sneer of triumph that he was about to add another scalp to his professional collection, Judge Sills could barely refrain from going on a rampage. He hated himself, the lawyers, the whole gallery of poor white trash. He hated even the girl he loved. But most of all he hated himself.

The written charge to the jury lay before him. As he picked it up to read, the room became as silent as the judgment hall of death. But his voice, when he read, was steady and clear.

"The court, by virtue of the fact that the evidence for the State was patently false, and the chief witness intimidated by his economic situation, directs the jury to return a verdict in favor of the defendants: Not guilty!"

The wave of movement which crossed the room was like the rising up of a sick man when told that he will get well. The vacant wall of faces was momentarily animated as by some great spiritual light. They neither understood their deliverance, nor questioned whence or why it came. Like oxen again, when life is given to them in form of ration in their manger, they returned to their munching. They settled back to await the formalities of adjournment.

Judge Sills, with the last official rap of the gavel, stood at the dais looking down. Sloss, livid with fury, was ready to meet him. The planter's fist was clenched, and his words came from between his teeth.

"By heaven, Sills!" he cried, "you remember what I told you! I'll kick you out of the judgeship, if it's the last thing I do in life, and if it costs me my last dollar! I'll show an upstart tenant judge how to spit in white folks' faces! If you are not impeached for malfeasance this time to-morrow, it'll be because I'm not able to lodge charges against you!"

Judge Sills laughed contemptuously.

The old Sills cabin

For a moment it seemed to him that all these years of labor, of ambition, sometimes of hunger, were compensated for by Sloss's wild anger. He met the landlord's infuriated eyes without fear.

"You're going to do nothing, Sloss," he said. "Your bluffing doesn't scare me a bit. You aren't man enough to put up a real fight, even if you had a real issue, and I dare you to lodge any sort of charges, or start up anything."

For a long moment Judge Sills met the landlord's eyes. Presently the fall of the planter's lids answered the call of his bluff. Sloss turned away. The last the judge saw of him was his portly form going out of the court room.

A few moments later the judge was alone in the jury room with Daisy.

"I suppose it's good-bye," he found himself saying, without meeting her gaze. "I realized it meant that when I wrote my charge to the jury."

"Do you call that settling the case by the law and evidence?"

"I settled the case by God and justice, as I saw it. Perhaps my judgment will never be vindicated." Then he added slowly, "I shall lose you. It will hurt."

A great silence filled the high-ceiled room. The movements of the loiterers in the court room, and the voices of the tenants down in the courthouse yard came to his ears, without, however, actually impressing him with conscious sense of sound. He was far away from himself; far away from a great many things he had at one time held to be the most worthwhile in life. Finally he looked at Daisy. Her eyes were out-of-doors, upon the drifting sands of poor white trash below. But there was something about her which held him, and when he looked closer he saw she was weeping. And yet her eyes, when they looked at him, were starry. She moved a step towards him, and then he understood.

"If God and justice are not law and evidence," she said, "I am glad you decided by the thing you could be sure of. Kiss me."

Her lips were the fundamentals of a larger jurisprudence; a woman's admiration for her man, who stood true to his convictions and fought the good fight to a finish. Than this there can be nothing greater on earth.

THREE COLTS EXERCISING IN A SIX-ACRE

From the Mountainy Singer

Three colts exercising in a six-acre,
A hilly sweep of unfenced grass over the road.

What a picture they make against the skyline!
Necks stretched, hocks moving royally, tails flying;
Farm-lads up, and they crouching low on their withers.

I have a journey to go—
A lawyer to see, and a paper to sign in the Tontine—
But I slacken my pace to watch them.

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

A hitherto unpublished photograph of Theodore Roosevelt guarding river thieves.

TALES OF THE ROOSEVELT COUNTRY

By WILLIAM THOMPSON DANTZ

THE West has always insisted that Roosevelt's years in the Bad Lands were the turning point in the life of the cowboy-soldier-president. The author was his close ranch neighbor and almost daily companion during those turbulent times. Later our paths diverged. Roosevelt's vastly wider horizon and expanding career soon absorbed his personality, but I remained intimate with the unique characters who had been his Western friends and comrades.

So I, Bill Dantz, "singer of songs and teller of tales," youthful boss of the Quarter Circle Diamond outfit that adjoined the Maltese Cross, am inspired to tell of those heroes and their days before it is too late, for I know that the end of the long, long trail is near. Before me I now discern the blue horizon of the Great Divide; behind me, a long chain of graves. For men of the pioneer West die early; it is the law. A bare handful of us are left.

In all, I spent fifteen years in the Northwest, and while not always within the confines of the cattle-desolated Bad Lands, if not there I was hovering near. I could not break away. The whole west Missouri country had a stange fascination I could not shake off. I would sit on the bluff on the Bismarck side of the Big Missouri, and gaze off into the dim blue haze of the rolling breaks of Heart River opposite; they beckoned and called ceaselessly. Huddled under them before me still stood the ruins of Fort Lincoln, whence Custer and his gallant Seventh Cavalry marched forth to their death. Beyond that dim blue haze called the spirits of great and mighty men, white and red: Lewis and Clarke, Custer, Crook, Keogh, Forsythe, Sitting Bull, Iron Tail, Rain in the Face and, later, Roosevelt, the Marquis de Mores, Howard Eaton—scores of intrepid pathfinders and trailmakers.

To-day, I cannot read one of the Cus-

ter books without laying it down to ease that heartache of longing; I know those trails are but the ashes of yesterday. Yet I have ridden them all. There is always that indefinable longing to seek the open places and touch shoulders with men who are not mere automatons but, unafraid, have braved and tamed the savagery of nature primeval. I think Roosevelt in his later disquieted periods experienced this, and that it was the secret of a restlessness which led him into far countries and to a premature death. Such is the way of the born pioneer and trailmaker, his eyes are ever fixed upon the Far Divide, beyond which lies the truly Great Adventure.

WHEN HEARTS WENT BROKE

In order to act wisely we must first see clearly. There is no place among us for the mere pessimist; no man who looks at life with a vision that sees all things black or gray, can do ought healthful in molding the destiny of a mighty and vigorous people.

The Strenuous Life

Christmas was coming on, and the outlook for a fitting celebration at Little Missouri was gloomy. To be sure Big Mouth Bob's glittering Blue Goose saloon, with its white-jacketed bartenders, its alluring click of poker chips and whir of roulette wheel, its air of comfort and warmth, had lost none of its grateful lure; nor had the festive joys of Tom Stack's oriental dance-hall near-by or its popular sirens, Calamity Jane, Glendive Nell and Bismark Kate, lost in popularity. But Christmas was at hand, and all felt the honor of the town was at stake to provide prospective merrymakers with entertainment.

Even the more sensitive was local pride by reason of the disastrous results of the previous Christmas program. All the way from the Rosebud on the west, to Bismarck on the east; from the Cheyenne to Fort Buford and the Canadian line; from north, south, east and west pilgrims had come then, riding their buffalo and squaw ponies, to witness the widely heralded fight between a huge, half tamed silver tip, or grizzly bear, and a Missouri razor-back sow, stolen from a nester. It was after infinite labor and much blasphemy, when both had been hoisted into an empty box car and the roof torn off so the audience might get a good view, that the town had been shamed; the contestants absolutely refused to fight—at least in those cramped quarters. It was imperative that the memory of that humiliation should, this Christmas, be wiped out.

"Them H. T. boys got in a fresh bunch o' American (stable bred) mares to-day"—this from Hell Roaring Bill. "I helped unload 'em over at the corral chutes. Come from southern Minnesota.

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

"Little Misery" as it appeared in Roosevelt's time.

Mighty smooth bunch I'm admirin' to say. Sixty head all told an' a stallion. If I was induced to express a remark, I would say, as a plain hombre, that that hoss is the slickest animile wearin' hoss ha'r this side o' the Chicago river. He's a thoroughbred race hoss right outen Kentucky. Got a pedigree reachin' beyond the golden calf o' the Israelites; so the maverick as tends him said. My aunt, but he's all hoss! Took four o' us to lead him outen the car an' down the chute."

Moody, the level-eyed, smooth-faced professional gambler, looked up with interest from the faro layout.

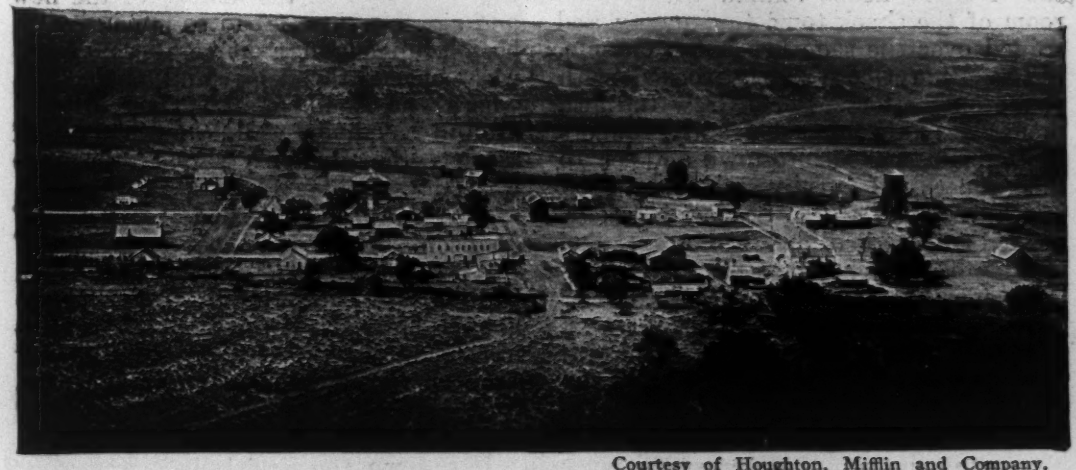
"Wonder if they would make a match against Gopher, say for $500 a side, to be run off Christmas day?"

Instantly every ear was on the alert. There was not a ranchman, cowboy, buffalo hunter, trapper or gambler, between Fargo and Helena, who had not heard of Gopher the unbeatable—the magnificent, half-breed, Oregon-bred race horse that had met and defeated everything from the Pacific coast to St. Paul. The horse was a wizard, and he and his owner were inseparable. He literally ate up the crack Crow Indian running ponies and made the officer's thoroughbreds of Fort Custer, Fort Keogh and Fort Meade look like selling platers. The pick and cream of the then thinly settled Northwest, scoured with a needle brush, were summoned, only to go down in humiliating defeat before this matchless mountain-bred gelding.

"Them H. T. fellers is mighty good sports"—this from Paddock the town plutocrat. "They've got the hoss, the money an' the nerve. Feller behind the ranch is a Johnny Rock millionaire. I'll ride up termorrer an' see 'em."

Even in the early days of the Northwest frontier, with only scanty pony and mail communication, news traveled fast. So, when the word was sent broadcast that the H. T. ranch had accepted the gambler's challenge, and would match their new thoroughbred Kentucky running stallion against the unbeaten Gopher on Christmas day, there was a mighty scrambling together of cash, beaver skins, buffalo hides, spare ponies, elk tusks, blankets—anything that would pass current as worldly wealth. The word, carried by messengers, stage drivers and Indian scouts, reached as far south as Deadwood, far up the headwaters of the Powder and Tongue rivers, up and down the Little Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, and as far north as Fort Berthold and the Gros Ventre Indian reservation.

Both horses were in the pink of condition. Gopher, the unbeaten champion of the Northwest, was a brilliant bay, weighing about 1,050 pounds. He was a trifle stocky, but displayed his thoroughbred strain in his clean fine head and intelligent eye, marvelous lung development and, so far, matchless speed. He was a trained cow horse as well, an adept at fancy roping and like arts, and a past master of the tricks of the racing course.



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

The same town—now called Medora—as it looks today.

Proudly wearing his magnificent silver-mounted saddle, with heavily embossed tapideros sweeping the ground, he was a pure type of the horse aristocrat of those flaming days. He could climb stairs, easily enter and circulate about saloons and dance halls, and comport himself like the gentleman he was.

Gray Wolf, the Kentucky stallion, was just as sharply defined a type of his state and his blue blooded ancestors. In every line and muscle he mirrored his centuries of breeding. He was steel gray in color, five years old, and brought from his native state to become head of a remuda of high grade dams. He had the lean head, the deep shoulder, the tucked up loin, the long line between hock and point of hip that spell only racing speed. He had cost a small fortune and, for his nervous high strung breed, was reasonably gentle.

Long before Christmas dawned the rival clans began to assemble at the squalid little shack town in the heart of the Bad Lands, Little Missouri. Betting was at fever heat. The ranchmen, the cowboys and those familiar with race horses and racing strains bet up to their eyes on the gray stallion. When the last skin and the last dollar was up, a roaring delegation, made up of riders from Custer Trail, Maltese Cross—later Roosevelt's outfit—Hashknife and Quarter Circle Diamond, swept down the river loaded with wealth, and backed the gamblers, the buffalo hunters, mule skinners and tradesmen against the wall. Dollar for dollar, blanket for blanket, skin for skin, they fought back and forth until the treasure heaps stuffed the storage room of the shack town to capacity and spilled over the sage brush flat outside.

The Blue Goose fairly rocked with clamorous betters. Some Crow Indians, themselves fair horsemen and gamblers to the bone, moved into town and set up their tepees. Naturally their choice fell on the native horse. Scarlet blankets, beaded robes, brilliant headgear piled high, were matched against silver dollars, slabs of cut plug tobacco, sacks of coffee and sugar.

Then it snowed! Horror on horrors! For two days and nights the flakes sped down unceasingly and, when Christmas dawned, there was two feet of level snow blanketing the wide flat across the river where the race was to be run, making it impossible for the fliers to flounder through. A happy thought however; why not scrape two parallel paths on the smooth surface of the ice-locked river?

The principals agreed, and a home-made, V-shaped drag was pulled for a measured half-mile over the surface of the snow-covered ice of the river, that wound its way tortuously through a canyon of precipitous walls of scoria and lava. The finish line was at the foot of the bluff, where stood the squalid little town. The parallel tracks, although scraped fairly clean, were very narrow, and this to the Gray Wolf shouters looked dubious. Gopher, the unbeaten, knew snow as he knew all the wisdom of the frozen north. But would his rival from the southland hold true?

At ten o'clock, the time set for the race, the crowd, betting down to its socks and undershirts, tumbled noisily to the river, yelling defiance to respective rivals. Roars of approval heralded the appearance of the gambler's horse, Gopher, ridden by a naked Indian boy who was lashed tight to his withers with rawhide thongs. Equal shouts of approval greeted the Kentucky thoroughbred, Gray Wolf, as he stepped daintily, but uneasily, to his snow-cleared path. His rider, Jim Harmon, lightest of the H. T. cowboys, with knees tucked under a light surcingle, had some difficulty in holding his mount in the narrow course.

A small knot of enthusiasts followed the starter a half mile up the river, but by far the greater number clustered about the finish line at the railroad bridge. The suspense was heart-breaking, for never in the history of the new and raw Northwest had so much wealth been plunged on a horse race. There was some little delay and then, just where the bend of the river dipped around a canyon wall, came a flash of scarlet—the starter's signal—the race was on!

"My aunt!" shrieked Liver-Eatin' Johnson. "The bay hoss be leadin'."

"Yo' be a liar!"—this from Jack Bullion, the half-breed. "Dat grasshopper hoss, she be in front an' a runnin' lake h'al! Sacre de mio! all my shirt an' my sock she come back to me. Run you hoppergrass an' I be beeg rich man!"

Far down the half mile and coming swiftly, apparently neck and neck in

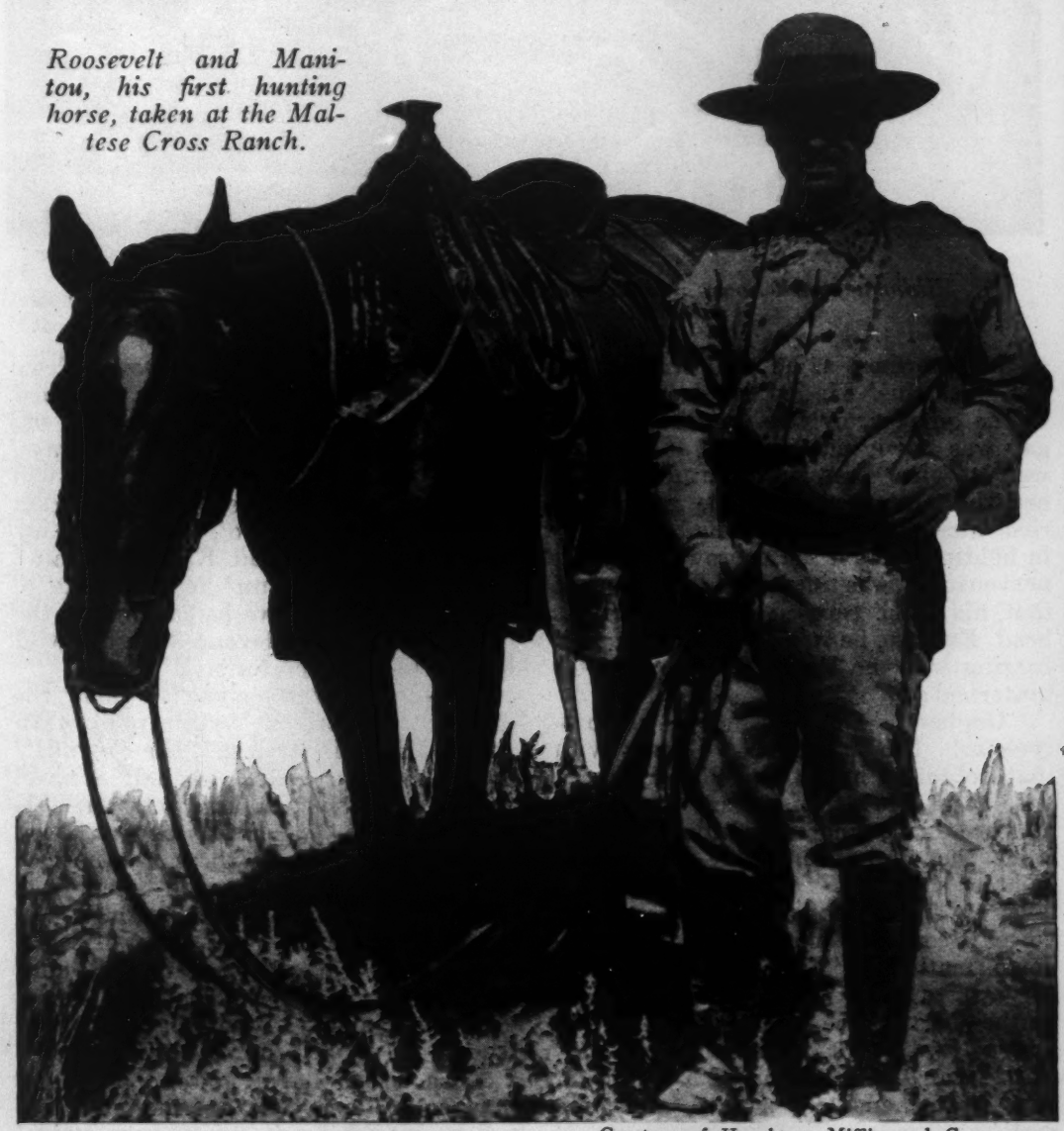
their parallel snow pathways, the two magnificent race horses came straining on, their sharply-shod hoofs hurling a cloud of snowy spume behind. They were fairly burning up the course.

"Gopher! Gopher! Gopher! Oh, you Oregon cayuse, come a foggin' home!" —from the Blue Goose crowd frantically "Eat 'em up! Chaw 'em up! Claw 'em up! Ee-yah! Ee-yah! Eee-yah! Come a rompin' home, come a ramblin' home, come a humpin' home with my turkey, my l'il ole poke, an' my twenty-seven dollars. Oh you Gopher hoss, ramble home!"

"Gray Wolf! Gray Wolf!" screamed the cowboys. "Oh, yo' bobtailed wolf, run! Run, yo' cradle rockin' son o' a parlor parent! Run! yo' son-of-a-gun, or my Lulu gal wears nothin' but grain sacks henceforth. Run yo' long legged Mormon, fer I'm plum pinin' to see yo' ramble in. Oh, she-bears an' bobcats, Mr. Rabbit-Tail hoss, won't yo' please make haste an' arrive prompt? Fan 'em! Fog 'em! or I perish in my nakedness!"

By this time the relative positions of the straining horses and their action could be seen plainly. The gambler's horse was leading, running as true and straight in his snow track as a plumb line, his powerful limbs working with the precision of steel pistons. Every muscle of his speedy frame was strained

Roosevelt and Manitou, his first hunting horse, taken at the Maltese Cross Ranch.



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Elkhorn ranch-house from a photograph taken by Theodore Roosevelt.

to the uttermost as he sped straight for the finish line. He led the gray stallion at the quarter, by two lengths, but the gap was slowly closing up. It could be seen at once that the Kentucky horse had the most speed, but the going worried him and his rider had difficulty in holding him on the narrow track. His nervousness was increased by the fact that his rider refused to give him his head. Even so, he was slowly, but surely, forging into the lead. The crowd grew hysterical:

"Gopher! Gopher! Yo' son-of-a cyclone! I'm a prayin' yo' part with that bobtailed hyena an' come home to yore pap! He's a bitin' an' a gnawin' at yore hamstrings this minit!"—this from the now thoroughly frightened gambler's friends. "Git up on yore hind laigs an' paw the dust! We asks that yo' part company immejit with that low-down, featherbed Mormon with the badger tail. Oh my hat! I'm a tremblin' at the dore o' the pore house, an' the hongry wolves are a campin' on my trail! Run yo' offspring of a mountain rain or its hence the squaw camps fer me!"

"Ole Black Bull Come Down From the Mountains!"—this from frenzied cowboys—"come down an' pray fer us! We swears to forsake our evil ways, Mister Rabbit-Tail hoss, ef yo' will please to saunter past that mountain goat that's leadin' yo', and bring my Lulu gal back her gold. Keep a climbin', keep a comin'! Run! fer the sake o' perishing souls, or we be cast out in the wilderness, an' be devoured by the wild beasts that hunger for us!"

"Eh-yah ee-yah ee-yah!" came the chant of the Crows, "white pony neap run! Hi! Hi! Hi-yah! E-e-e-e-yah!"

"A head he gains! A half a hoss! Oh, Mr. Rabbit-Tail hoss, my name is huge wealth ef yo' don't stagger. Look out fer that gamblin' hoss, fer he's as full o' tricks as a renegade breed. A length he has an' a comin' strong. My Lulu gal is hence hung with priceless jools. Two lengths ahead an' only ten to go! Glory be! The Lord shears the tender lamb! O-wee! O-wee! What the——?"

A shout of horror swept over the snow-covered river. Leading by two full lengths and gaining at every stride,

the superb gray thoroughbred, facing the finish line, suddenly lost his head, shied, lost his stride and in an instant was plunging and floundering in the belly-deep snow wall that lined his track. Running swift and true as a steel bullet, the gambler's bay shot up and passed his distressed rival and, amid a thunderous chorus of shrieks, yells, Indian war whoops and six-gun volleys, crossed the finish line before the gray could recover his fatal mis-step.

It took the better part of the next year for the cattle ranges and hunting camps to recover from the widespread financial tragedy that was the result.

THE MAN KILLER

"It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life, we get nothing save by effort."

He was sullen and evil-eyed, with that menacing streak of white above the iris that spells at once a "bad horse." He came with a bunch of sixty head of wild and half-wild bronchos, or open range-bred horses, that Roosevelt himself secured from the Laurel Leaf or Remington ranch on Pumpkin creek. Remington, the painter and illustrator, was chief owner of this ranch which was situated far up toward the head of Powder River in Montana.

Roosevelt, locally dubbed the "four-eyed tenderfoot," had recently taken possession of a hunter's ranch shack in the heart of the North Dakota Bad Lands, eight miles south of the lawless shack town where the partly-completed Northern Pacific Railroad crossed the sullen, treacherous Little Missouri. Here the winding canyon of the river, usually hemmed in by towering cliffs of scoria and lava, had broadened out to a two-mile sweep of valley, heavily overgrown with sage brush, ash, alder, and the incessantly quivering cottonwoods, making thickets that were the favorite cover for countless white-tailed deer.

Merrified, his senior manager, had accompanied young Roosevelt on the five day's trip to the upper Powder country and together they brought home the rollicking remuda, using the old Custer trail. The Bad Lands, up to then the haven of bad Indians and

"Lame Eagle," a young Sioux brave of the Roosevelt period.

worse white men, were slowly being taken up with cattle and the big, sturdy half-breeds were obtained for cowboy mounts.

Already 3,000 head of grade shorthorn mixed cattle, bearing on their shining sides the Maltese cross, or eight-pointed cross of St. George—the Roosevelt brand—had been turned loose to roam and feed at will. The horses with their cowboy riders were to cover the range, to hold within control and protect the growing herds. The greater part of the following summer was taken up in breaking and "gentling" the remuda, and in time all became broken and tractable—even expert—except Ben Butler. This name was given by Roosevelt to the sullen, Roman-nosed, bay broncho, because a curious deformity, a sinister droop in the nostrils, gave the animal a ridiculous resemblance to the doughty Civil War general and politician.

He viciously fought bit and saddle and was at times violent and dangerous enough to win the title of the "killer." Both ranch managers, and even the cowboys, begged permission to take the horse out and shoot him as an outlaw. Roosevelt not only refused, but claimed the horse for his own string.

"That hoss will shore kill you, boss," they pleaded. "He's a plum outlaw an' they're never safe. They kinda git locoed an' bust out at any time. Sooner or later they all kill."

Roosevelt, then about twenty-seven, thin-flanked, virile and hard as nails from a year of riding and hunting, laughed.

"If I can up-end a four year old bull, I guess I can rawhide a 1,000 pound horse," he said. "Anyhow, he's the best outside circle and long distance horse in the outfit. I'll keep him for myself and ride him his fair share, with Manitou, Nine Pipes and the other six."

What he said of the outlaw was true; he had an endurance, a bulldog tenacity, that gave him incredible ability to cover long distances. When the best of the others fagged from punishing rides and came in with drooping heads and spineless tails, Ben plugged sullenly along, with no sign of weariness, wearing always his ridiculous, saturnine grin.

Two years passed, crowned with stirring and exciting incident and at their end Roosevelt was at the head of the Little Missouri Stock Association. This was an organization of ranch owners, combined to attack forces of outlawry and evil which fought back, inch by inch, with equal bitterness. The four-eyed tenderfoot had quickly developed into a cool, level-headed man, swift in decision, quick to act in emergency. Already his fame as a fighter was far flung, reaching to the New York canyon walls and the gleaming domes of Washington. He was winning his way and, all unconsciously, his future.

Meanwhile Ben Butler gave and took the day's work, always sullen and defiant, but with no open outbreak. He became more docile and in time almost cheerful, but was never free from suspicion. He took his share with the others of Roosevelt's string, excused from the fancy tricks of roping and cutting because he was always chosen for the long and killing rides. He helped make Roosevelt's Northwest reputation for "never being set afoot," this where a rider, ill-judging his mount's endurance, may find himself with an exhausted horse miles from camp, and must walk in—a humiliating spectacle.

It was the last round-up of the season. A ferocious winter was at hand and the prospect was not reassuring. An exceptionally dry summer had parched the bluejoint and buffalo grass and it had never recovered. Already in some of the best feeding canyons and arroyos it was gnawed down to the roots. The only salvation lay in a short and mild winter, for which all ranchmen devoutly prayed.

To save at least the costly bulls, the pedigreed heads of the herds, and move them to a better range, an early November round-up was called. There came a day when the round-up was camped at the mouth of Deep Creek, about twenty miles south of the Maltese Cross. At nightfall winter broke with savage fury, paralyzing in its swiftness. The mercury fell to near zero and a bitter blizzard threatened. Morning dawned on an ill-prepared camp, stiff with aching cold, and a knot of wretched night herders struggling with the day herd, which were all half frozen and refused to be quieted.

The night wrangler brought up the remuda, looking like frosted camels with their shaggy coats and backs humped high with the intense cold. All were in

a vicious humor, and, as invariably happens under such circumstances, every rider was doomed to a furious bucking. With frozen saddles cinched tightly around tender and chilled barrels, there was a spectacular display and much "choking" of leather with frosted fingers, for all pride in "riding 'em clean" had long disappeared.

Roosevelt dropped his rawhide lariat on evil-eyed Ben, slipped on the heavy, silver-mounted bridle with its half-breed bit, and with his free arm swung on the sixty pound, heavily-embossed Denver saddle. It was at once apparent that the horse was in a dangerous humor. His white-rimmed eyes gleamed wickedly and his drooping nose took on an even more menacing grin. He was bent on killing. All the viciousness of his nature, spurred to savagery by the bitter cold and discomfort, was ripe for murder.

The older and wiser cowboys clustered about and begged the young owner to give up the horse for the day; better still, have him shot at once. Roosevelt had now reached the position of a commanding leader and harm to him would hurt his companions. But he would not listen.

"Very kind, boys, and I thank you, but this is Ben's turn to-day. This is a man's game and we must not flinch."

A knot of the best riders gathered about them with lariats free, ready to lasso and throw the horse at the first savage outbreak. With saddle tightly double-cinched and hackamor, lariat and latigo straps neatly stowed, Roosevelt gathered up the reins, swung into the saddle and braced himself far back for the inevitable crashing shock of the vicious bucker.

To the astonishment of all Ben walked off as meek as a gentle cow. Even with cinches cutting deep, with heart and lungs bound in gasping and cruel bonds and suffering from the biting cold, he refused to buck or fight. It was a miracle. It was uncanny.

Gradually the suspense was relieved. Perhaps Ben was only bluffing and this was not really his bad day; for the average cow horse works off his ill-humor in his early morning buck and is well behaved the rest of the day, with eased cinches and steady work at hand. Told to take a half dozen riders and drive the creek to the head, as far as Chalk Buttes, Roosevelt led off on a smart trot up the narrow valley.

A half mile from camp a sheer bluff forced the faint trail close to the lip of a gaping, cavernous washout that gashed the heart of the valley at this point. Just as this ledge was reached the man-killer, with the roar of a branded maverick, leaped into the air. Caught unaware, Roosevelt swerved heavily in the saddle but quickly righted. Down came the outlaw with the writhe of a confirmed bucker, head between front legs, reins flying loose—for he had gotten his head —crashing to the frozen ground with a

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

A herd of Maltese Cross cattle being "thrown in" to the round-up.

shock that shook the valley. Again he leaped with that savage bawl and squirming writhe only known to outlaws. The treachery of Ben was seen. His aim was to hurl his rider into the bottomless washout and kill him.

As yet Roosevelt had not lost his seat. It was all so swift and suddenly violent that there was not time to give him assistance. Again the horse went into the air—this time with the trick that no rider can forestall. At the apex of his leap he suddenly switched ends and "sunfished"—came down on a side angle so acute that it dashed one of the stirrups against the ground.

Roosevelt was thrown heavily but, swiftly grasping some tough sage brush at the rim of the washout as he fell, saved himself from being hurled into its deadly depths. Although three of his ribs were cracked, he insisted on remounting Ben and finishing the long, killing day's ride of more than seventy miles. Weak and faint from pain and exhaustion, with white lips and sweating brows, he rode a gruelling pace, dropping rider after rider, until he and only one other had circled Chalk Buttes in a single ride—the record to this day. It was a meek and docile Ben Butler that returned to camp that night. His treachery had been overcome, his savage temper humbled, his regeneration was complete. Only once again did he make an attempt to kill.

Roosevelt kept the killer by him during his entire career on the ranch and between them there grew a strange sort of affection. In his sullen, saturnine way, Ben served his master loyally, never giving sign of open revolt, although savagely fighting back at any cowboy taking liberties. As Roosevelt was called to New York or Washington more and more frequently, Ben idled the hours away among the shimmering cottonwoods or grazed with fellows of his kind on the rich buffalo and bluejoint that grew high up on the plateaus. Roosevelt, on returning, would hunt up Ben and they would go off on long trips together in their curious sort of intimacy. The master was fascinated by the very audacity and brute courage of the horse, and the horse respected the master who had tamed his ungovernable temper.

More years passed. Through a curious chain of circumstances the writer has been able to trace the later and final career of the man-killer. At the winding up of the affairs of the Maltese Cross he was caught up with a drift of saddle horses and sent East to be sold. He fell into the hands of a member of one of eastern Pennsylvania's organized fox hunting clubs, who trained him for a hunter. He was never content and fretted much for his old free life on the open range, for the rollicking cowboys, the dust-begrimed and milling herds of half wild cattle, the twilight hours along the river front, where he and his fellows came to drink and spend hours nuzzling each other in intimate companionship.

One day he escaped from his rider, who had stopped for a few cheering stirrup cups at a rural inn in one of the rocky Pennsylvania valleys that flow into the Delaware river. When found, he was lying at the bottom of a steep cliff, completely saddled, but cold in death. He had broken his own chains and had gone west.

In the June Number Mr. Dantz will tell of Theodore Roosevelt's reply to the challenge of the Marquis de Mores.

PETER INTERVENES

By EDGAR JEPSON

PETER was a thoughtful boy, but he deceived the eye. His air of solemnity accorded ill with an essential lightness of spirit not far removed from flippancy; his parsimony in the matter of words gave him not unfrequently an appearance of dullness which accorded ill with an acumen in practical matters which left nothing to be desired except by those who suffered from it. His leisureliness of movement gave him an appearance of slowness that accorded ill with his catlike quickness when such quickness was plainly demanded by circumstances he had frequently brought about, but over which he had no control. Policemen in London and gamekeepers in the country had observed it with admiration not unmingled with disgust.

His form master—it was a low form—at the Hampstead Grammar School, one of Alfred the Great's happiest foundations, had an even poorer opinion of his industry than of his intelligence. But then he never called on him to apply himself to anything that stirred his interest. Peter was not one of those Admirable Crichtons who airily sop up the paradigms of the irregular Greek verbs, the dates of the English sovereigns, and the names of the Kings of Israel and Judah. But he did know the weight of heroes, of Jimmy Wilde, of Dempsey, of Carpentier, and of Firpo. Also that form master deplored Peter's obdurate disregard of that sacred institution cricket. Peter shirked it if he could.

This came from his abhorrence of waste, of waste of time and good energy. At cricket so very little happened in such a long time. This was not so in football, lawn tennis, golf, boxing and running. In these sports something was always doing; and though but twelve summers had passed over his fair young head, he promised to become expert in them. He had the eye and the head. He had indeed already collected cups for the school under-fourteen quarter-mile and half-mile handicaps, and though he was not yet of a size to collect the cup for the under-fourteen boxing, he could easily out-point any boy of his age in the school. There was a mercenary streak in Peter. He had a preference for sports which rewarded the right expenditure of energies with cups.

But he came of a hard-headed stock. The Stixwoulds are one of those Lincolnshire families who came from Denmark in the tenth century and were found waiting for William the Conqueror with maces and battle-axes and bills and bows, and carved and clubbed and shot and drowned more of the Norman chivalry than did any other section of the English-speaking races of that day. They are kin of the Wakes and Swains and Swatons and have the arched, broad-bridged Lincolnshire noses—the distinguishing characteristic of most of the officers of the closely-cropped cavalry of the Eastern Counties Association with which Oliver Cromwell kept England on the right path for so many years. That nose generally has a good forehead above it. Peter's had.

His father, a doctor, had come to London with visions of becoming a specialist in Harley Street. He was still a good two and a half miles from his goal, a general practitioner at 120 Adelaide Road, South Hampstead. It was not so fashionable as Harley Street, but it had its points. On still nights you could hear the lions roaring in the Zoo.

On that chill and misty March evening, as Peter came along the bottom of Primrose Hill on his way home to supper, he became aware, dimly, of light footsteps coming along at a run on the path behind him. Then out of the dusk appeared a dark figure which became a running girl who panted as she ran. He saw that she was pale and scared and pretty, with large dark eyes.

A London boy, he always took an interest in his fellow creatures. As she passed he fell into a trot beside her.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"They're after me—they're—just behind," said the panting girl.

Peter listened and heard, some way down the path behind them, the sound of heavier footsteps coming along at a good pace.

"Who are?" he asked.

"Zimmy and Long Jake," she said.

To Peter these sounded pleasing names of a certain promise, but they told him nothing.

"What do they want?" he said.

The girl held up a small brown-paper packet in her left hand and said nothing. She was wasting none of the little breath she had left.

They ran on another twenty steps and the steps of the pursuers grew ominously louder. It might be a stern chase, but it was not going to be a long one. An idea came to Peter.

"Give it to me," he said quickly, "I'll cut on and meet you somewhere later and give it back to you. They won't catch *me*."

The girl ran on another five or six steps, frowning in perplexity. The louder sound of her pursuers' feet made up her mind for her. She handed him the packet and dropped into a walk.

"Chalk Farm Station at nine o'clock to-morrow night. Hop it!"

From her last words and the naturalness with which they came from her he gathered that she was not a lady. As he was gathering it he vanished in the dusk ahead of her.

As he came out of the gate into King Henry's Road he nearly ran into Police Constable Robinson, a friendly policeman. He loved Martha Jennings, the Stixwould cook. Peter slackened his pace and cried:

"There are a couple of hooligans annoying a lady on the lower path!"

A shrill cry from the hill confirmed the statement. Police Constable Robinson left like the wind.

Peter had intended to run straight up Eton Place. But he changed his mind and ran to the end of King Henry's Road, turned the corner into Primrose Hill Road, and walked quietly into the Adelaide Road. As he did so he stuck the little packet into his jacket pocket out of sight. Then he walked up to the top of Eton Place and peeped round the corner. Eton Place was empty. He crossed the Adelaide Road to 120. Though he had his latchkey, he did not go up the steps to the front door. They were lighted brightly by the street lamp and he would be visible from the bottom of Eton Place. He went to the back door in the basement, hidden by the garden hedge. The paradigms of the irregular Greek verbs might have found no place in his memory; he could have gained nearly full marks in a paper on all the detective stories he had ever read. In answer to his somewhat imperative knock, Martha opened the door.

"Now why do you come disturbing me when all you've got to do is to walk up the steps and let yourself in, Master Peter?" she said with that curiosity which to Peter seemed the outstanding and frequently the most vexatious womanly characteristic.

"Dick Robinson is on duty to-night. I thought you'd like to know," he said evasively.

Martha blushed, but she said loftily, "And what odds does it make to me?"

Since Peter had seen Police Constable Robinson kiss Martha in that very passage he was not deceived. But he did not tell her so. He went lightly up to his bedroom on the second floor, took the packet out of his pocket, and examined it. He could easily have untied the knot and opened it. But he supposed that since it had been entrusted to him he ought not to do so. He did not. But he felt it carefully. He found that there was a softer wrapping under the brown paper and under that small lumps. His detective instinct at work, he perceived at once that it must contain diamonds. He put it at the back of the bottom drawer of his chest of drawers, and came down to supper.

He awoke next morning to a bright world, though the London sky was of the most dismal grey. His first act was to take the packet from the drawer to feast his eyes on it. It occurred to him that probably he ought to consult the police about it. He did not let the thought trouble him. The police were always there—often when they were not wanted. Crooks were much rarer. He was not going to sever a pleasing con-

nection with crooks by any foolish step of that kind.

The day passed slowly. Peter's form master found him even more distrait than usual. Even his thick-witted young companions perceived that he was not quite himself.

He missed opportunities. At dinner his sister Sarah Ann, a very superior young girl of thirteen, one of the most promising of the younger pupils of the Hampstead High School for Girls, was permitted to give herself airs unreproved by him. It was strange and she suggested that he was ill and had better have a dose of castor oil. Peter had often remarked on the morbidity of her mind. On this occasion he was too preoccupied to tell her what he thought of the suggestion.

But at last the evening came and he went quietly out of the house at ten minutes to nine. He walked briskly down the road to Chalk Farm Station, which stands on the corner at the bottom, and round it and a little way up Haverstock Hill. He had decided to arrive at the tryst punctually, not to hang about the station. At the first stroke of nine from a neighboring church clock he started down the hill and entered the station on the seventh stroke.

The pretty girl stood by the book-stall close to the lift. An anxious frown was on her face. The sight of Peter swept it right away. She took a step toward him with the beginning of a smile on her face. Of a sudden she frowned again, or rather she scowled, at something over Peter's head, and sprang through the closing gate of the lift with precious little to spare.

Peter's eyes turned into the lift in a stare of astonishment, and turned again to follow a tall, slim, narrow-faced hook-nosed, black-eyed man, who dashed past him to the stairs to the platform and went fairly leaping down them. Peter's eyes turned again to the disappearing lift to catch a glimpse of the pretty girl listening with a rather scornful air to the protests of the excited liftman.

Peter walked out of the station slightly dazed. The unexpected had happened so quickly.

What was he to do? He did not know the name or the address of the girl. She did not know his name or address. How was she going to find it out and get the packet back?

He walked up the hill pondering the matter. The first conclusion he came to was that he might as well, in these circumstances, know what it was that the pretty girl had entrusted to him. On reaching home therefore he went up to his bedroom, untied the string and opened the packet. He had been wrong. The stones were not diamonds; they were rubies, Burmese rubies, thirty-six of them in a necklace, perfectly graduated from the center stone which was of the size and shape of a sparrow's egg to the two stones at the end which were as large as marrowfat peas.

Peter liked it very much. He gazed at it with shining eyes for quite a long while. Then he tried it on. The effect was not satisfactory—girlish. But if the girl never did find him and it became his property, it meant wealth—wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Then his shrewdness reasserted itself. It never would become his. It was certainly not the pretty girl's. No one who said "Hop it!" could be the possessor of a necklace like that. His knowledge of musical comedy extended only to what he saw and heard from the front of the house. He was not of an age to know that when a young aristocrat feels that the family stock would be better for the infusion of a little fresh blood he knows where to find the wife who will supply it and how to make a favorable impression on her.

He was quite aware that the necklace was not only a pleasure but a danger. He had gathered from many stirring tales a clear knowledge of the preternatural intellectuality of the crook. Sooner or later the gang adorned by Zimmy and Long Jake, who must be the tall, dark gentleman with the hook nose who had passed him so swiftly in Chalk Farm Station, would get on the track of it. Probably they would extract from the pretty girl, by torture, the fact that she had entrusted it to a boy; they would also extract from her an accurate description of that boy. The thing to do was to get rid of it before they performed these extractions.

Also there should be money in it, money in quantity if only he could hit on the right way of getting rid of it. He had splendid visions of a motor car,

a four-seater that went seventy miles an hour; also of a small, useful aeroplane, at any rate of a wireless set finer than any in South Hampstead. He realized however that these were dreams. Money in quantity could never come a boy's way without his parents getting wind of it and putting it in the Savings Bank till he was grown up when, of course, it would be practically useless. He decided to content himself with getting enough money out of it to make a really good wireless set—always supposing that he did not find the girl.

He did not find the girl. Police Constable Robinson could throw no light on her. He had rushed, as Peter had seen, to her rescue; he had caught one of the men who had been molesting her, the shorter one. But when he had returned with him to the spot on which they had left her, she had gone. He said this in a gloomy tone and added:

"There was nothing to be done. So I cautioned 'im and 'elped 'im a bit of the way down the 'ill—with my foot."

"Well that was better than nothing," said Peter in a judicial tone.

"What I wanted was a conviction," said Police Constable Robinson in a discontented voice. At the moment promotion was very dear to him. He desired to become a blushing bridegroom at an early date.

That removed the girl further than ever and left Peter still freer to get that wireless set out of the necklace. But he could not discover any way of doing so. Obviously he could not take it to a jeweller and sell it by ordinary process. He did not for a moment dream of taking it to the police and letting them find the owner. It was his experience that in this world a boy gets very little justice and that a police station is one of the very worst places in which to look for it.

He became a reader of newspapers; not of much of them, only of the personal and advertising columns. In vain. No one advertised a reward for a ruby necklace. It almost began to prey upon his spirit. There it was, eating its head off so to speak, and no way of making half a crown out of it. It was disheartening.

Then his Uncle George came to London and lightened his gloom. As uncles go, he was young—only twenty-eight—and uncommonly friendly. He it was who looked to Peter's lawn tennis and golf and had him spend his holidays at Stixwould Manor, from which he farmed a thousand acres. Peter had thoughts of taking him into his confidence. But he hesitated. Friendly as his uncle was, if there was money in quantity in the necklace, into the Savings Bank it would go.

Then his uncle led him to the girl.

He took him to dine at the Olympian Club. After dinner the champions of the divisions of the London Police would box for a cup offered by the club. Peter went in the unstained Eton suit and white waistcoat of the young English gentleman, feeling remarkably *it*.

They had finished their soup when there came to a table a little way from them—the best table in the big room, directly above the ring—a lady and a man. The lady was the girl of the necklace.

Peter recognized her at once and his heart jumped in him. Sitting sideways to him, she did not see him. She talked to the man with her, a vigorous, heavily-built man of fifty. Peter studied him. He observed that his heavy face was impassive and expressionless, that his thin lips hardly moved as he talked, that his sunken brown eyes were piercing under his jutting brow, and that his complexion was of a curious brownish-gray—evidently a master criminal.

The girl turned to look around the room and saw him. Her eyes slowly opened wide in an astonished stare of recognition. Then she smiled at him and nodded. Peter nodded gravely in return.

Peter had thought her smile a nice smile. His uncle George thought it ravishing and he said quickly, in a tone of considerable interest: "Who's your charming friend?"

Not knowing who his charming friend was. Peter hesitated, then he said: "It's a girl I met on Primrose Hill—I don't know her name."

"Then you can't introduce me to her," said his uncle in a tone of regret.

"I might get the chance," said Peter cautiously.

The girl spoke to her companion and he looked at Peter with interest.

George Stixwould seemed to be in a state of lively curiosity. He questioned

Peter about his meeting with the girl. Peter was in a secretive vein. He omitted the stirring incidents which had distinguished that meeting. He conveyed to his uncle the impression that he and the girl had but talked casually —ships that pass in the night.

He wondered all the while what she was going to do. This was not the meeting he had expected. He had always seen them meeting alone. He noticed that she kept glancing at him with little thoughful frowns, as if she had not hit upon the right course to take. He left it to her. Thought would take too much of his attention from his excellent dinner. Then at the end of it, just as he had heaved his second deep sigh of satisfaction she rose and came to the table and held out her hand. Peter rose and took it, and his uncle rose, too.

"You've forgotten me—Jenny Helston—I thought you were coming to tea with me at 71 Endsleigh Gardens," she said, giving Peter the fullest possible information.

"Oh, no, I haven't forgotten you at all," said Peter, and there came a gentle, suggestive kick on the back of his leg from his uncle. He responded to it on the instant and added, "Let me introduce my Uncle George—Mr. Stixwould, Miss Helston."

That was what Jenny Helston had desired. She smiled upon George Stixwould a smile quite as ravishing as that she had bestowed upon Peter and said, "Won't you come and drink your coffee with us? You'll get a much better view of the boxing from our table."

George accepted the invitation with manifest briskness. They went to the other table, and she introduced them to her companion, her father. He welcomed them with a heavy urbanity, ordered coffee and liqueurs, and gave George a large and excellent cigar. They talked, at least George and Miss Helston talked, about the topics of the hour, dancing, lawn tennis and musical comedy. Then the boxing began. They drew their chairs nearer the balustrade of the balcony. Jenny contrived to get George on her right, Peter on her left. Two large policemen began to punch one another with enthusiasm.

In the middle of the second round Jenny Helston squeezed Peter's arm and whispered, "Don't look around. Have you still got my parcel?"

Peter nodded.

"Does anybody know about it?"

Peter shook his head.

"You *are* a clever boy!" she said in a tone of admiration. "Let's see. You musn't bring it to the house. It's watched. I tell you what, can you meet me half-way up Haverstock Hill at nine to-morrow night?"

Peter nodded.

"On the left-hand side. You walk up the hill, and I'll come down it. If anything goes wrong, you know my address, 71 Endsleigh Gardens. Come to tea the day after to-morrow. But don't bring the parcel there."

Peter nodded. She squeezed his arm gratefully and turned her attention to the boxing.

They spent a pleasant and profitable evening observing the strenuous efforts of those worthy men.

Between the bouts Peter observed that his Uncle George and Jenny Helston grew more and more friendly. They established an identity of taste in many matters of the greatest importance. Mr. Helston appeared to be of a phlegmatic temperament. He must have had views on these important matters. But he did not divulge them. Peter studied him with extraordinary interest. He might never again in his life come across a master criminal. The curious angle at which the big man's cigar stuck, with apparent precariousness, in the corner of his mouth—the obvious cynical distrust with which he watched the battling policemen—his lapses into profound thought about nefarious enterprises with his eyes half-closed—nothing was lost on him. With an ingenious boy's proneness to hero-worship he would have backed him against Sherlock Holmes for a week's pocket money.

The policemen ceased to battle. The party rose. George and Jenny Helston, still intent on establishing the fulness of their identity of taste, went off to continue the process at Ciro's over a fox trot or two. Mr. Helston murmured something about the R. A. C. and a game of poker. At the door of the club they parted.

Peter took his solitary way home a little depressed by the fact that the owner of the necklace had emerged to

claim it. Yet he was not greatly depressed. Of course his dreams had come to nothing, but he had always felt that the necklace was too good to be true.

His Uncle George was grateful to him for the introduction to Jenny Helston—so grateful that next morning he presented him with five shillings. Peter accepted it a little doubtfully. He could not but wonder whether his Uncle George would have been so pleased to make Jenny Helston's acquaintance if he had known as much about her as he did. He found the situation rather awkward. He felt that he ought to tell his uncle about her activities and acquaintances, but he did not feel justified in divulging her secret. After all he had asked her to entrust him with the packet. He decided to wait and see.

At ten minutes to nine the next night he started to walk up Haverstock Hill. The sky was heavy with dark clouds; it was warm for April, muggy in fact. It was a good dark night for returning the necklace unobserved. A hundred yards south of Belsize Park Station Jenny met him. They greeted one another and he gave her the precious packet.

"Thank you ever so much," she said, slipping it into her vanity bag. Then she paused before closing the bag and asked, "Have you told anybody about it?"

"Rather not," said Peter.

"But how nice of you!" she exclaimed. "And how sensible! You really deserve——"

She took from the vanity bag a gold-mesh purse, and from that purse a note that really crinkled.

"Here, will you buy yourself something nice—something you really want," she said, holding it out to him.

Peter hesitated. There was a conflict. His better nature prevailed. No, you couldn't take money for helping a damsel in distress—and such distress—Long Jake and Zimmy.

"No thank you," he said manfully. "I was—I was—I mean—only too happy to oblige."

"But you must—just for a memento, you know," she said in an extremely persuasive voice and she veritably thrust the note on him.

Peter yielded.

"Thanks awfully," he said and put it into his pocket with a thrill at the feel of it. It indeed was no Bradbury.

Then impulsively she kissed him. Peter blushed to his ears. But, oddly enough, he rather liked it. There *was* a strain of romance in him.

That kiss involved him yet further in the affair; it delayed his parting with Jenny just a few seconds. A big limousine was coming noiselessly and slowly down the hill. The light of its lamps illuminated the embrace. It drew to the curb. A tall, slim man sprang from it and dashed at them.

"I've got you!" he cried triumphantly as he gripped Jenny.

She screamed. He picked her up, and before Peter could act, had bundled her into the car and stepped in after her.

"Tell dad! At once!" she cried from its depths.

Peter bolted down the hill. There was a shout and the car came after him. Seventy yards down the hill it ran a dozen yards past him and stopped in little more than twice its length. The driver threw his legs over the wheel and jumped with a vigor which landed him ten feet away on the pavement and Peter nearly ran into him. He dodged smartly but the man caught his arm, swung him towards the limousine, and thrust him through the door of it.

Long Jake gripped him and jammed him down hard on the seat beside Jenny, saying in a soft, very vicious voice, "Stay quiet, you cub!"

Peter stayed quiet. Jenny gripped his hand and squeezed it in a reassuring fashion.

The car turned and went up the hill.

Long Jake snatched Jenny's vanity bag from her, took the packet from it and fairly tore it open. The rubies gleamed dully in the light of the street lamps.

"Got it at last!" he said in a tone of immense triumph.

"Dad will have a word to say about that. He'll teach you to double-cross him," said Jenny quickly.

"There'll be a nice bit of blue water between me and Sam Helston before he learns that I've got it," said Long Jake and he sneered.

"He'll know you've got it directly I don't come home," she said.

"That'll give me three or four good hours. You weren't taking it straight

back, I know. And my getaway is all ready," he said confidently.

"He'll get you—sooner or later," said Jenny with cold certainty.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Long Jake.

Jenny shut up and for three or four minutes there was silence.

Long Jake broke it. He said in a venomous tone, "As I size it up, it was this young cub who made all the extra trouble for us. You must have passed it on to him that evening on the hill."

"Likely, isn't it? A boy like him," said Jenny in a scoffing tone.

"It is," said Long Jake with conviction. "And I'll lay that he set that copper on us. Ah—well."

Two simple words, but Peter did not like the tone.

"Bats," said Jenny. "Bats——"

Long Jake scorned the reply to the charge. He drew down the blinds to hide from them the country through which they were passing. Peter could feel that the car was not hurrying—about thirty miles an hour—and it was not more than ten minutes later that it came to a stop. Long Jake kept a tight hold on Peter's arm as they stepped out of the car, but he did not take the trouble to hold Jenny. Evidently he thought little of her sprinting capacity.

They had arrived at a small ugly house at the end of a lane. Their captor conducted them down the little garden. Long Jake opened the front door and thrust Peter through it. Jenny followed him.

Jake stopped on the threshold and said to the driver of the car: "Get along to Finkelstein and get to him quick. Tell him if he wants the rubies he's got to come here with the money. I'm not taking any chances at that trap of his. He'll come with it all right if he's allowed to bring Shanks to look after him, and with luck we ought to be on our way to the boat in an hour."

"Right you are," said the driver and he hurried to the car.

Long Jake shut the door and switched on the electric light—plainly they were not far from civilization—displaying a small bare hall.

"Upstairs," he said curtly, and they went up the stairs before him.

On the landing he opened a door into a bedroom on the right, bade Jenny get into it and locked her in. Then he took hold of Peter's arm, led him into a bedroom on the other side of the landing, switched on the electric light, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, dropped the vanity bag on the dressing-table and crossed to the chest of drawers.

So far Peter, though he had looked hard for one, had not had the slightest chance. He realized that Long Jake's precautions were a tribute. He could have done without it.

Jake took from a drawer a ball of thick string and turned to Peter.

"I'm going to tie you up, you young devil," he said in an unpleasant tone and Peter thought that he had one of the most repulsive faces he had ever seen. "I'm not going to take any chance of your making any more trouble." Jake pulled a good length of string from the ball, stuck out that repulsive face towards Peter, and glaring into his eyes added, "And when I have tied you up, I'm going to give you the worst licking you ever had. I'll teach you to go interfering with me!"

All this was very unpleasant hearing. Jake paused to emphasize the threat with a hideous grin. That short delay gave Peter's mind time to work. It flashed on it that he might as well be licked for a sheep as a lamb and there was that chin sticking out at just a nice distance. At once he hit it as hard as he could.

A blow from a boy of Peter's age and weight ought hardly to have staggered the long crook, though Peter had put all his weight behind it. But Jake's pronounced chin must have been sticking out at a most convenient angle, for without even sagging, he dropped in a heap.

It was once more a case of no one being more surprised than the striker. Peter wasted a good three seconds staring at the exceedingly recumbent form, before he got to work. Then he got to work quickly. In half a minute Long Jake was lying face downwards with his hands tied behind his back and Peter was tying his ankles. He made a thorough job of it. There was plenty of string and he used all he wanted. As a final touch he thrust his handkerchief into Long Jake's mouth. It was not a clean handkerchief, but since it was marked only with his initials he thought that he might safely leave it behind him.

Then Peter went through his prisoner

—he knew the right procedure. He acquired two pound notes, two ten-shilling notes, a handful of silver, which he did not pause to count, a very pleasing automatic pistol of medium size, and a bunch of keys—the lawful spoils of war. Also he acquired the key of the bedroom door and the key of the bedroom in which Jenny was prisoner.

He found that the magazine of the automatic was full of cartridges, but he was compelled to hunt for spare ones. What were ten cartridges? At once he found a box of forty in the drawer from which Jake had taken the string. Greatly relieved, he thrust it into his pocket, took Jenny's vanity bag, which still held the necklace, from the dressing-table, let himself out of the room, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, crossed the landing, and unlocked the door of Jenny's prison.

It would not open. It jammed against a chair fixed under the handle.

"You stay where you are, Jake," said Jenny in a cool, determined voice. "Try to come in here, and I'll brain you."

"It's all right," said Peter in a reassuring voice. "It's only me."

There was a sharp exclamation of surprise and she opened the door. In her hand, with the intent to brain, she held the water-jug. She stared at Peter holding out her vanity bag, as if she could not believe her eyes. Then in her impulsive way she dropped the jug, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him. Peter blenched but he did not blush. He was growing used to it.

"Well, of all the boys I ever came across or heard of!" she said in a tone of profund admiration.

And she looked so like kissing him again that he said very sharply, "Come on, hurry up! Let's get out of this!"

She needed no further pressing and they ran down the stairs and bustled out of the house. Peter paused to pick up a handful of fine gravel and pushed quite a lot of it into the keyhole.

"Just to keep them busy a bit," he explained.

"I tell you what, you're wasted on Hampstead," said Jenny thoughtfully and with profound conviction.

As they came down the garden path the hum of an aeroplane broke the country stillness, and above the trees to the south rose a shining machine.

"The Paris Mail—Hendon. We haven't got far from London," said Peter in a tone of satisfaction.

They started to run down the lane, but they had not gone fifty yards when he stopped short.

"Here, this won't do," he said in a tone of decision. "We shall run straight into that car coming back."

Memories of the foolishness of the heroes of his favorite books were guiding him. They always ran into the villain's arms.

He looked up the lane and down it and across the fields. Jenny looked at him anxiously awaiting his decision. He had definitely taken the lead.

"I tell you what, that wood's the place for us," he said, pointing across the field to the south. "They'll never think to look for us there, and if they do they'll never catch us. It's so easy to dodge people in a wood."

"That wood? On a dark night like this?" said Jenny with a little shiver. "I should be frightened out of my life."

"Whatever of?" asked Peter.

"All kinds of things," said Jenny.

Peter was surprised and rather disappointed in her. That a girl who had been so ready to brain Long Jake should be frightened of an ordinary wood seemed to him truly astonishing. He saw that she really was terrified. But the thing for them to do was to get into the wood; and into the wood they were going to get.

"I'll look after you all right," he said confidently, and taking her firmly by the arm, he hurried her to a gate in the hedge and they climbed over it.

He gave her no time to let her fears get the better of her, but hurried her across the field to the side of the wood. An easy gap in the hedge let them into it and they stopped, panting. Of course a pheasant must needs squawk deeper in the wood. Jenny uttered a faint cry, and clutched his arm.

"There they are!" she cried.

A strong suspicion that she must be a beginner, that this was the very first coup in which she had taken part, rose in Peter's mind. He was a trifle disappointed. He would have preferred her to have been the heroine of many coups.

"It's only a pheasant," he said in a reassuring voice. "And that's an owl,"

he added, as she jumped at the long-drawn hoot. Then he made a concession.

"We won't go any deeper into the wood," he said. "We shall be all right here unless it occurs to them to try it."

"I shall never be able to stand it!" Jenny almost wailed.

"Oh yes, you will," he said and she was trembling so that he put a reassuring arm around her, held her tight and told her what harmless birds or animals were making the noises and the rustlings that came from the undergrowth.

He had gotten her calm and considerably reassured when the car came back along the lane and diverted her attention from those fearsome sounds. It stopped at the house and three men got out of it. The house was not more than sixty yards from the edge of the wood, so that Peter and Jenny could see their earnest efforts to get into it, for the lamps of the car illumined them. They watched with great pleasure. At last the men broke into one of the lower rooms through a window. The gravel in the door-lock had done its bit, for it must have been a good half-hour after the arrival of the car before the three of them and Long Jake came through the window. They got into the car and drove off.

Jenny had been too greatly interested in the doings of her enemies to have any attention to spare for the terrors of the wood and now she seemed to have grown immune from them. She raised no objection when Peter suggested that they should work their way down through the wood to Hendon. They went along the edge of it till they came to a broad, turfed and mossy drive, running north and south, and went down it, conversing cheerfully. The moon kept breaking through and lighting up the drive.

But when they came to the end of it they suffered a check. Along its edge ran a broad high road, and on the other side of that road meadows, in which were very little cover, stretched away to the lights of Hendon.

Peter surveyed their expanse gloomily and said sadly, "We're stuck for a bit. It would be all right for me. They'd never catch me. But if they did happen to come back up this road and saw us in those fields, they'd catch you to a dead certainty."

"I certainly don't want to be caught after your knocking out Jake and tying him up," she said quickly. "He's a brute at the best of times, and after that he'll be furious. And whatever you do you mustn't let him get hold of you."

"I won't," said Peter. "After all I've got his pistol and, if I have to, I'll use it on him. Well, we may as well sit down. This bank's quite dry."

He dropped on to it. She sat down beside him and said, "Those pistols are stupid things. Over here there's always such a fuss made about shooting anybody however hard they ask for it and Dad won't let me carry one. It was different in the States, I nearly always carried one there and I've used it, too, more than once."

"Ripping!" said Peter with enthusiasm and he forgot her astonishing, childish fear of this quite ordinary wood. "What a splendidly exciting time you must have had!"

The moon was shining on her charming, vivid face and he saw her frown.

"Oh, exciting?" she said in a tone of extreme discontent. "I'm just fed up with excitement. I've been worrying Dad for a long time to buy a quiet place in the country and settle down and keep chickens and lead a decent life."

"Or have a farm like Uncle George," suggested Peter.

"Yes, he was telling me about that farm the other night," said Jenny. "It sounded a lovely kind of place."

They were silent for a while. Then she asked him questions about his Uncle George. Peter gave him the best of characters, for he had the highest opinion of him, both as an uncle and a sportsman. Jenny seemed to receive it with interest and pleasure. She drew from him the history of his Uncle George's life as far as he knew it.

But then when he came to the end of it she sighed sharply and said, "But what's the good? There's nothing in it."

To Peter the words sounded somewhat cryptic and he said, "Nothing in what?"

She looked at him rather oddly and said, "Something I was thinking about."

Then she turned the conversation to the history of Peter's life.

They sat there for nearly an hour—so cautious was Peter. Then they decided that it should be fairly safe to try to get to Hendon and a taxi.

They crossed the road to the gate of the field opposite. They kept along the hedge which unfortunately was a low one. Peter kept his eyes about him especially in the direction of the road. They came to the further hedge, got through it, and half-way across the second field, when away out on his left, coming from the road at an angle to cut across their course to Hendon, he saw two figures running. The crooks had driven down the road to London, stopped at a point at which they could command a view of the country, and waited quietly for them to make for home.

"Hang!" said Peter. "Here they come!"

They started to run. But it was an exercise to which Jenny was unused and their pace was poor. When they reached the further hedge of the fourth field their pursuers were a third of the way across it, Long Jake leading by twenty yards. As they scrambled through an awkward gap a briar tore Jenny's stocking and drew blood.

It seemed to be the last straw, for she stopped short and said in imperative accents: "Give me the gat!"

Peter had been thinking that the time had come to fall back on the automatic. He had meant to use it himself, but those accents were too imperative to be disobeyed. So he handed it to her reluctantly.

She crouched behind the hedge, her face white with righteous anger, her eyes shining with astonishing brightness, a very dangerous smile playing round her lips. Long Jake uttered a shout of triumph when he saw that they had come to a standstill and he sprinted.

He was not more than twenty yards from the hedge when she cried, "Take that, you Jake!" and fired.

Jake stopped short, spun round with a loud howl, and sat down with his back to them. It was not quite his evening.

His friend turned round and ran much harder than he had been running.

"And that's that," said Jenny handing the pistol to Peter

"Ripping!" said Peter from his heart.

They went a few steps and then he said in a tone of surprise, "Aren't we going to see after his wound?"

"See after Long Jake?" said Jenny in a tone of equal surprise. "You can't kill Long Jake! Besides I only got him in the shoulder and Zimmy will come back and look after him."

Peter could see nothing to be said against the arrangement and they went briskly over the fields to Hendon. There was no longer any need to run. At the corner of Bell Lane they found a motor bus on the point of starting and clambered aboard it thankfully.

"Well, you'll be able to take the necklace where you want to without being interfered with," said Peter in a tone of satisfaction. "You've certainly got rid of those two for the time being."

"Yes, thank goodness," said Jenny with a faint sigh of relief. Then she added thoughtfully: "I tell you what, you ought to have a share of that necklace. I must speak to Dad about it. They'd certainly have got it, if it hadn't been for you. In fact they did get it."

"Oh, no; thank you very much but I couldn't do that," said Peter quickly.

She looked at him with thoughtful eyes, then she said, "No, I don't suppose you could."

At Golders Green they found a taxi and she told the driver to drive to 120 Adelaide Road. Peter talked of the events of the evening. She was thoughtful and monosyllabic.

Then with a manifest effort she said slowly, "I tell you what, you'd better tell your uncle all about—all about the necklace—and how you got to know me—and—and what happened to-night."

"All right," he said doubtfully, astonished by the request.

He pondered it. To a boy as well read as he in the literature of his subject, the solution was not long coming. As the taxi stopped at 120, his heart swelled within him with a noble impulse; he laid his hand on her arm and said in his manliest voice: "Look here, don't you worry about Uncle George. When I grow up I'll marry you myself."

Another adventure of Peter's will appear in the June issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

AFTERWARDS

By IAN MACLARAN

HE RECEIVED the telegram in a garden when he was gazing on a vision of blue, set in the fronds of a palm, and listening to the song of the fishers as it floated across the bay.

"You look so utterly satisfied," said his hostess, in the high, clear voice of Englishwomen, "that I know you are tasting the luxury of a contrast. The Riviera is charming in December; imagine London, and Cannes is paradise."

As he smiled assent in the grateful laziness of a hard-worked man, his mind was stung with the remembrance of a young wife swathed in the dreary fog, who, above all things, loved the open air and the shining of the sun.

Her plea was that Bertie would weary alone, and that she hated traveling; but it came to him quite suddenly that this was always the program of their holidays—some Mediterranean villa full of clever people for him, and the awful dullness of that Bloomsbury street for her; or he went north to a shooting lodge, where he told his best stories in the smoking room, after a long day on the purple heather; and she did her best for Bertie at some watering-place, much frequented on account of its railway facilities and economical lodgings. Letters of invitation had generally a polite reference to his wife —"If Mrs. Trevor can accompany you, I shall be still more delighted"—but it was understood that she would not accept.

"We have quite a grudge against Mrs. Trevor, because she will never come with her husband; there is some beautiful child who monopolizes her," his hostess would explain on his arrival; and Trevor allowed it to be understood that his wife was quite devoted to Bertie, and would be miserable without him.

When he left the room it was explained, "Mrs. Trevor is a hopelessly quiet person, what is called a 'good wife,' you know.

"The only time she dined with us, Tottie Fribbyl—he was a Theosophist then, it's two years ago—was too amusing for words, and told us what incarnation he was going through. Mrs. Trevor, I believe, had never heard of Theosophy, and looked quite horrified at the idea of poor Tottie's incarnation.

"'Isn't it profane to use such words?' she said to me. So I changed to skirt dancing, and would you believe me, she had never seen it? What can you do with a woman like that? Nothing remains but religion and the nursery. Why do clever men marry those impossible women?"

Trevor was gradually given to understand, as by an atmosphere, that he was a brilliant man wedded to a dull wife, and there were hours—his worst hours—when he agreed.

"*Cara mia, cara mia,*" sang the sailors and his wife's face, in its perfect refinement and sweet beauty, suddenly replaced the Mediterranean.

Had he belittled his wife, with her wealth of sacrifice and delicate nature, beside women in spectacles who wrote on the bondage of marriage, and leaders of fashion who could talk of everything, from horse-racing to palmistry?

He had only glanced at her last letter; now he read it carefully:

The flowers were lovely, and it was so mindful of you to send them, just like my husband. Bertie and I amused ourselves arranging and rearranging them in glasses, till we had made our tea-table lovely. But I was just one little bit disappointed not to get a letter—you see how exacting I am, sir. I waited for every post, and Bertie said, "Has father's letter come yet?" When one is on holiday, writing letters is an awful bore; but just a line to Bertie and me. We have a map of the Riviera, and found out all the places you had been at in the yacht and we tried to imagine you sailing on that azure sea, and landing among those silver olives. I am so grateful to every one for being kind to you, and I hope you will enjoy yourself to the

full. Bertie is a little stronger, I'm sure; his cheeks were quite rosy to-day for him. It was his birthday on Wednesday, and I gave him a little treat. The sun was shining brightly in the forenoon, and we had a walk in the Gardens, and made believe that it was Italy! Then we went to Oxford Street, and Bertie chose a regiment of soldiers for his birthday present. He wished some guns so much that I allowed him to have them as a present from you. They only cost one-and-sixpence, and I thought you would like him to have something. Jane and he had a splendid game of hide-and-seek in the evening, and my couch was the den, so you see we have our gayety in Bloomsbury.

Don't look sulky at this long scribble and say, "What nonsense women write!" for it is almost the same as speaking to you, and I shall imagine the letter all the way till you open it in the sunshine.

So smile and kiss my name, for this comes with my heart's love from

Your devoted wife,
MAUD TREVOR.

P. S. Don't be alarmed because I have to rest; the doctor does not think that there is any danger, and I'll take care.

"A telegram." It was the shattering of a dream. "How wicked of some horrid person! Business ought not to be allowed to enter paradise. Let's hope it's pleasure; perhaps some one has won a lot of money at Monte Carlo, and wishes us to celebrate the affair."

"Whom's it for? Oh! Mr. Edward Trevor; then it's a brief by telegraph, I suppose. Some millionaire's will case, and the Attorney-General can't manage it alone. What a man he is, to have briefs in holiday time.

"There it is, but remember, before you open it, that you are bound to remain here over Christmas at any rate, and help us with our theatricals. My husband declares that a successful barrister must be a born actor."

An hour later Trevor was in the Paris express, and for thirty hours he prayed one petition, that she might live till he arrived. He used to have a berth in the Wagon Lit as a matter of course, and had begun to complain about the champagne in the dining-car; but the thought of comfort made him wince on his journey, and he twice changed his carriage, once when an English party would not cease from badinage that mocked his ears, and again because a woman had brown eyes with her expression of dog-like faithfulness. The darkness of the night after that sunlit garden, and the monotonous roar of the train, and the face of smiling France covered with snow, and the yeasty waters of the Channel, and the moaning of the wind, filled his heart with dread.

Will that procession of luggage at Dover never come to an end? A French seaman—a fellow with earrings and a merry face—appears and reappears with maddening regularity, each time with a larger trunk. One had X. Y. on it in big white letters. Why not Z. also? Who could have such a name? That is a lady's box, black and brown, plastered with hotel labels. Some bride, perhaps—they are carrying the luggage over his heart. Have they no mercy?

The last piece is in, and the sailors make a merry group at the top of the gangway. They look like Bretons, and that fellow is laughing again—some story about a little child: he can just hear "*Ma petite.*"

"Guard, is this train never to start? We're half an hour late already."

"Italian mail very heavy, sir; still bringing up bags; so many people at Riviera in winter, writing home to their friends."

How cruel every one is! He had not written for ten days. Something always happened, an engagement of pleasure. There was a half-finished letter; he had left it to join a Monte Carlo party.

"Writing letters—home, of course, to that idolized wife. It's beautiful, and you are an example to us all; but Mrs. Trevor will excuse descriptions of scenery; she knows you are enjoying yourself."

Had she been expecting that letter from post to post, calculating the hour of each delivery, identifying the post man's feet in that quiet street, holding her breath when he rang, stretching her hand for a letter, to let it drop unopened, and bury her face in the pillow? Had she—waiting for a letter that never came?

Those letters that he wrote from the Northern Circuit in that first sweet year, a letter a day, and one day two—it had given him a day's advantage. Careful letters, too, though written between cases, with bits of description and amusing scenes. Some little sameness toward the end, but she never complained of that, and even said those words were the best.

And that trick he played—the thought of the postman must have brought it up—how pleasant it was, and what a success! He would be his own letter one day, and take her by surprise.

"A letter, ma'am," the girl said—quite a homely girl, who shared their little joys and anxieties—and then he showed his face with apologies for intrusion. The flush of love in her face, will it be like that to-night, or—— What can be keeping the train now? Is this a conspiracy to torment a miserable man?

He thrusts his head out of the window in despair, and sees the guard trying to find a compartment for a family that had mistaken their train.

The husband is explaining, with English garrulity, all the station hearing, what an inconvenience it would have been, had they gone in the Holborn Viaduct carriages.

"Half an hour's longer drive, you know, and it's very important we should get home in time; we are expected——"

For what? Dinner, most likely. What did it matter when they got home, to-day or next year? Yet he used to be angry if he were made late for dinner. They come into his compartment, and explain the situation at great length, while he pretends to listen.

A husband and wife returning from a month in Italy, full of their experiences: the Corniche Road, the palaces of Genoa, the pictures in the Pitti, St. Peter's at Rome. Her first visit to the Continent, evidently; it reminded them of a certain tour round the Lakes in '80, and she withdrew her hand from her husband's as the train came out from the tunnel. They were not smart people—very pronounced middle-class—but they were lovers, after fifteen years.

They forgot him, who was staring on the bleak landscape with white, pinched face.

"How kind to take me this trip. I know how much you denied yourself, but it has made me young again." And she said "Edward." Were all these coincidences arranged? Had his purgatorio begun already?

"Have you seen the 'Globe,' sir? Bosworth, M. P. for Pedlington, has been made a judge, and there's to be a keen contest.

"Trevor, I see, is named as the Tory candidate—a clever fellow, I've heard. Do you know about him? He's got on quicker than any man of his years.

"Some say that it's his manner; he's such a good sort, the juries cannot resist him, a man told me—a kind heart goes for something even in a lawyer. Would you like to look——

"Very sorry; would you take a drop of brandy? No? The passage was a little rough, and you don't look quite up to the mark."

Then they left him in peace, and he drank his cup to the dregs.

It was for Pedlington he had been working and saving, for a seat meant society and the bench, perhaps—— What did it matter now?

She was to come and sit within the cage when he made his first speech, and hear all the remarks.

"Of course it will be a success, for you do everything well, and your wifie will be the proudest woman in London. Sir Edward Trevor, M. P. I know it's foolish, but it's the foolishness of love, dear, so don't look cross; you are everything to me, and no one loves you as I do."

What are they slowing for now? There's no station. Did ever train drag like this one?

Off again, thank God—— If she only were conscious, and he could ask her to forgive his selfishness.

At last, and the train glides into Victoria. No, he had nothing to declare; would they let him go, or they might keep his luggage altogether.

Some vision was ever coming up; and now he saw her, kneeling on the floor and packing that portmanteau, the droop of her figure, her thin white hands.

He was so busy that she did these offices for him—tried to buckle the straps even; but he insisted on doing that. It gave him half an hour longer at the Club. What a brute he had always been——

"Do anything you like with my things. I'll come to-morrow—as fast as you can drive."

Huddled in a corner of the hansom so that you might have thought he slept, this man was calculating every foot of the way, gloating over a long stretch of open, glistening asphalt, hating unto murder the immovable

drivers whose huge vans blocked his passage. If they had known, there was no living man but would have made room for him—but he had not known himself—— Only one word to tell her he knew now.

As the hansom turned into the street he bent forward, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of home. Had it been day-time the blinds would have told their tale; now it was the light he watched.

Dark on the upper floors; no sick light burning—have mercy—then the blood came back to his heart with a rush. How could he have forgotten?

Their room was at the back for quietness, and it might still be well. Some one had been watching, for the door was instantly opened, but he could not see the servant's face.

A doctor came forward and beckoned him to go into the study——

It seemed as if his whole nature had been smitten with insensibility, for he knew everything without words, and yet he heard the driver demanding his fare, and noticed that the doctor had been reading the evening paper while he waited; he saw the paragraph about that seat.

What work those doctors have to do sometimes——

"An hour ago—we were amazed that she lived so long; with any other woman it would have been this morning; but she was determined to live till you came home.

"It was not exactly will-power, for she was the gentlest patient I ever had; it was"—the doctor hesitated—a peremptory Scotchman hiding a heart of fire beneath a coating of ice—"it was simply love."

When the doctor had folded up the evening paper, and laid it on a side table, which took some time, he sat down opposite that fixed, haggard face, which had not yet been softened by a tear.

"Yes, I'll tell you everything; perhaps it will relieve your mind; and Mrs. Trevor said you would wish to know, and I must be here to receive you. Her patience and thoughtfulness were marvelous.

"I attend many very clever and charming women, but I tell you, Mr. Trevor, not one has so impressed me as your wife. Her self-forgetfulness passed words; she thought of every one except herself. Why, one of the last things she did was to give directions about your room; she was afraid you might feel the change from the Riviera. But that is by the way, and these things are not my business.

"From the beginning I was alarmed, and urged that you be sent for; but she pledged me not to write; you needed your holiday, she said, and it must not be darkened with anxiety. She spoke every day about your devotion and unselfishness; how you wished her to go with you, but she had to stay with the boy——

"The turn for the worse? It was yesterday morning, and I had Sir Reginald at once. We agreed that recovery was hopeless, and I telegraphed to you without delay.

"We also consulted whether she ought to be told, and Sir Reginald said, 'Certainly; that woman has no fear, for she never thinks of herself, and she will want to leave messages.'

"'If we can only keep her alive till to-morrow afternoon,' he said; and you will like to remember that everything known to the best man in London was done. Sir Reginald came back himself unasked to-day, because he remembered a restorative that might sustain the failing strength. She thanked him so sweetly that he was quite shaken; the fact is, that both of us would soon have played the fool. But I ought not to trouble you with these trifles at this time, only as you wanted to know everything——

"Yes, she understood what we thought before I spoke, and only asked when you would arrive. 'I want to say good-bye, and then I will be ready'; but perhaps——

"'Tell you everything?' That is what I am trying to do, and I was here nearly all day, for I had hoped to fulfill her wish.

"No, she did not speak much, for we enjoined silence and rest as the only chance; but she had your photograph on her pillow, and some flowers you had sent. They were withered, and the nurse removed them when she was sleeping; but she missed them, and we had to put them in her hands. 'My husband was so thoughtful.'

"This is too much for you, I see; it is simply torture. We'll wait until to-morrow——

"Well, if you insist. Expecting a letter—yes—let me recollect—— No, I am not hiding anything, but you must not let this get upon your mind.

"We would have deceived her, but she knew the hour of the Continental mails, and could detect the postman's ring. Once a letter came, and she insisted upon seeing it in case of any mistake. But it was only an invitation to you, I think, to some country house.

"It can't be helped now, and you ought not to vex yourself; but I believe a letter would have done more for her than—— What am I saying now?

"As she grew weaker she counted the hours, and I left her at four full of hope. 'Two hours more and he'll be here,' and by that time she had your telegram in her hand.

"When I came back the change had come, and she said, 'It's not God's will; bring Bertie.'

"So she kissed him, and said something to him, but we did not listen. After the nurse had carried him out—for he was weeping bitterly, poor little chap—she whispered to me to get a sheet of paper and sit down by her bedside—— I think it would be better—very well, I will tell you all.

"I wrote what she dictated with her last breath, and I promised you would receive it from her own hand, and so you will. She turned her face to the door and lay quite still till about six, when I heard her say your name very softly, and a minute afterwards she was gone, without pain or struggle."

She lay as she had died, waiting for his coming, and the smile with which she had said his name was still on her face. It was the first time she did not color with joy at his coming, that her hand was cold to his touch. He kissed her, but his heart was numbed, and he could not weep.

Then he took her letter and read it beside that silence.

Dearest: They tell me now that I shall not live to see you come in and to cast my arms once more around your neck before we part. Be kind to Bertie, and remember that he is delicate and shy. He will miss me, and you will be patient with him for my sake. Give him my watch, and do not let him forget me. My locket with your likeness I would like left on my heart. You will never know how much I have loved you, for I could never speak. You have been very good to me, and I want you to know that I am grateful, but it is better perhaps that I should die, for I might hinder you in your future life. Forgive me because I came short of what your wife should have been. None can ever love you better. You will take these poor words from a dead hand, but I shall see you, and I shall never cease to love you, to follow your life, to pray for you—my first, my only love.

The fountains within him were broken, and he flung himself down by the bedside in an agony of repentance.

"Oh, if I had known before; but now it is too late, too late!"

For we sin against our dearest not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine.

NOS IDEM MORTALES

From Aldebaran

When grief is fresh they come and say,
"Cheer up! you're young as yet:
'Twill come to be a memory—
Then, one day, you'll forget."

"Your life is all before you still,
You're young, and hale, and fit:
You'll talk of this, unmoved, in time"—
Ay, there's the sting of it.

M. St. Clare Byrne.

Courtesy of Williams and Norgate.

The colossal statue of the Serbian national hero, Marko Kraljecic.

IVAN MESTROVIC'

By ELIZABETH GERTRUDE STERN

MEETING Ivan Mestrovic' twenty years ago, the great French sculptor Rodin said of the shepherd who had just stepped from an unknown mountain village into the center of the world of art, "This young man is the greatest phenomenon among sculptors of the world."

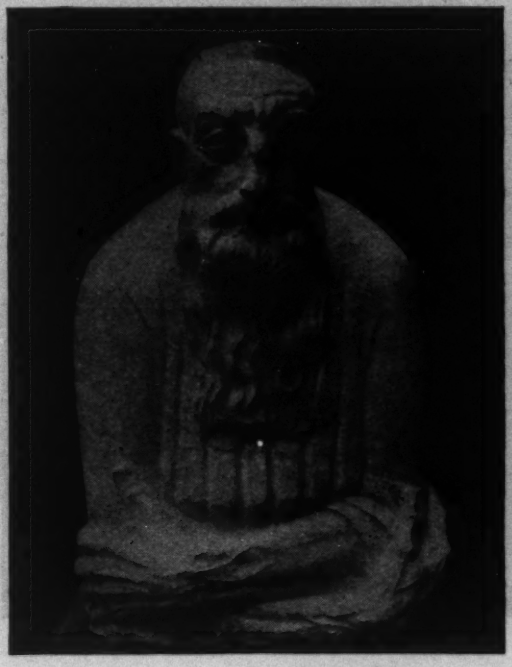
Ivan Mestrovic' is now forty-two years old. He has already almost four hundred works completed, most of them statues in the grand style characteristic of him. They are in bronze, in stone, in wood and in plaster. It was he who made the peace medal recently awarded by the Wilson Foundation to Lord Robert Cecil of Great Britain. At the time of the Peace Conference Mr. Charles Crane had hoped to arrange to have Mestrovic' come to America to make a bust of the President, but the serious illness of Mr. Wilson postponed the

plan, and so it was not until this year that the sculptor could finally come. He is now here, and exhibitions of his work are being held in cities all over the country.

Mestrovic' has created a new school. In stone and marble he has told not only the story of his own developing genius but also the history and spirit, the suffering and the courage of his native race. Since first he began his career he has been the spokesman of his people and his country, Jugo-Slavia. He has immortalized his nation's history, and at times — as during the period just preceding the World War — he has, through his art, foreshadowed it. Long before the coming of the war he had prophesied its coming in his sculptures and, while the nations of the world were still in bitter conflict with one another, he had already begun to speak in stone and bronze of hallowed peace.

I saw him in his New York studio. The room had an almost monastic austerity, the walls were gray, and no paintings, no drawings, marred its serenity. In the center stood a swathed mass on a pedestal, splendidly set, even under its wrappings. That was the bust of Woodrow Wilson, just begun. When I entered, the room was filled with a perfect stillness, as if the noisy street and the roaring elevated train from which I had just stepped were miles away. A man with a shy and sensitive face, brown-eyed, so quiet that he seemed to step out of one's own thought, came forward. Before he spoke I knew him to be Ivan Mestrovic'. Like many of his countrymen he is dark and bearded. He speaks little. He listens, as it were, with his eyes. One cannot but feel a remarkable power, and a real nobility, a sense of absolute truth, in his presence.

He has often been compared to Giotto, the Italian master, for both were sons of shepherds and peasants, and in each an imperative genius directed the whole trend of life. Mestrovic' is a Croatian, born in 1883, in the former Austrian province on the Adriatic littoral — Dalmatia—which is now in the northern part of Jugo-Slavia. Until he was fifteen years old he had never left the tiny village, high in the Dinaric Alps, where he was born. That village is Otavice. At one time his country had been famous as the summer resort of the Roman emperors, and it was to Dalmatia too that the emperor Diocletian retired. Later it was the dreaded haunt of pirates whom navigators all over the Adriatic were to fear even to the past century.



Courtesy of Williams and Norgate.

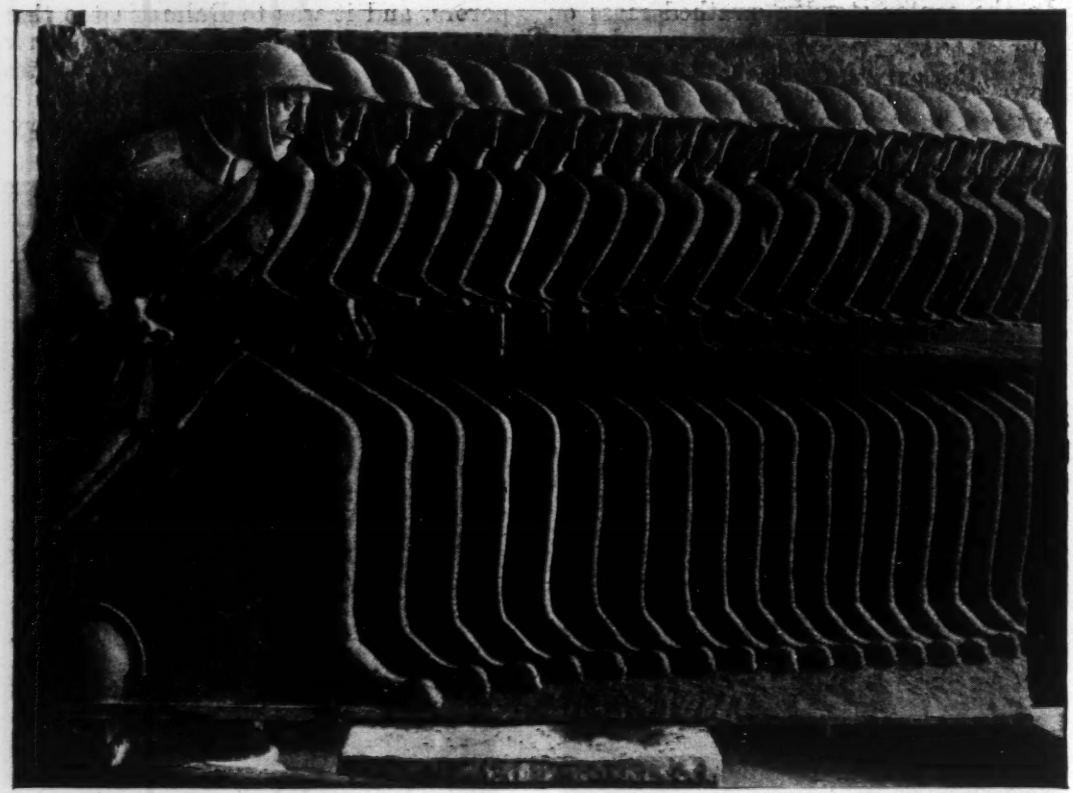
The Mestrovic' bust of Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor.

But all this vivid history of Dalmatia had faded into the dim past long before Ivan Mestrovic's time. The men and women in Otavice whom he knew, the little children with whom he grew up, also tended their flocks, plowed the earth, enjoyed the village festivals, and so, in an ancient simplicity, existed until death came. Books were unknown. There was not even a village school. Reading was the rarest of accomplishments and the most unnecessary. So remote was Otavice from the cultural center of Croatia that the very names of the sciences and of the arts had never penetrated to its people. It was a community utterly closed in.

But in this locked-in village was one man the boy Ivan Mestrovic' knew who sought, gropingly, for something he could not express, or name. That man was his own father, the village mason. In his youth the elder Mestrovic' had attempted to make great stone arches, doorways of a rude beauty, and even primitive monuments. The villagers had looked askance upon a man who gave himself to such strange and trifling pursuits when there were the flocks to be tended—"Imagine a grown man making monuments!" But a small boy looked and marveled and honored his father. He understood.

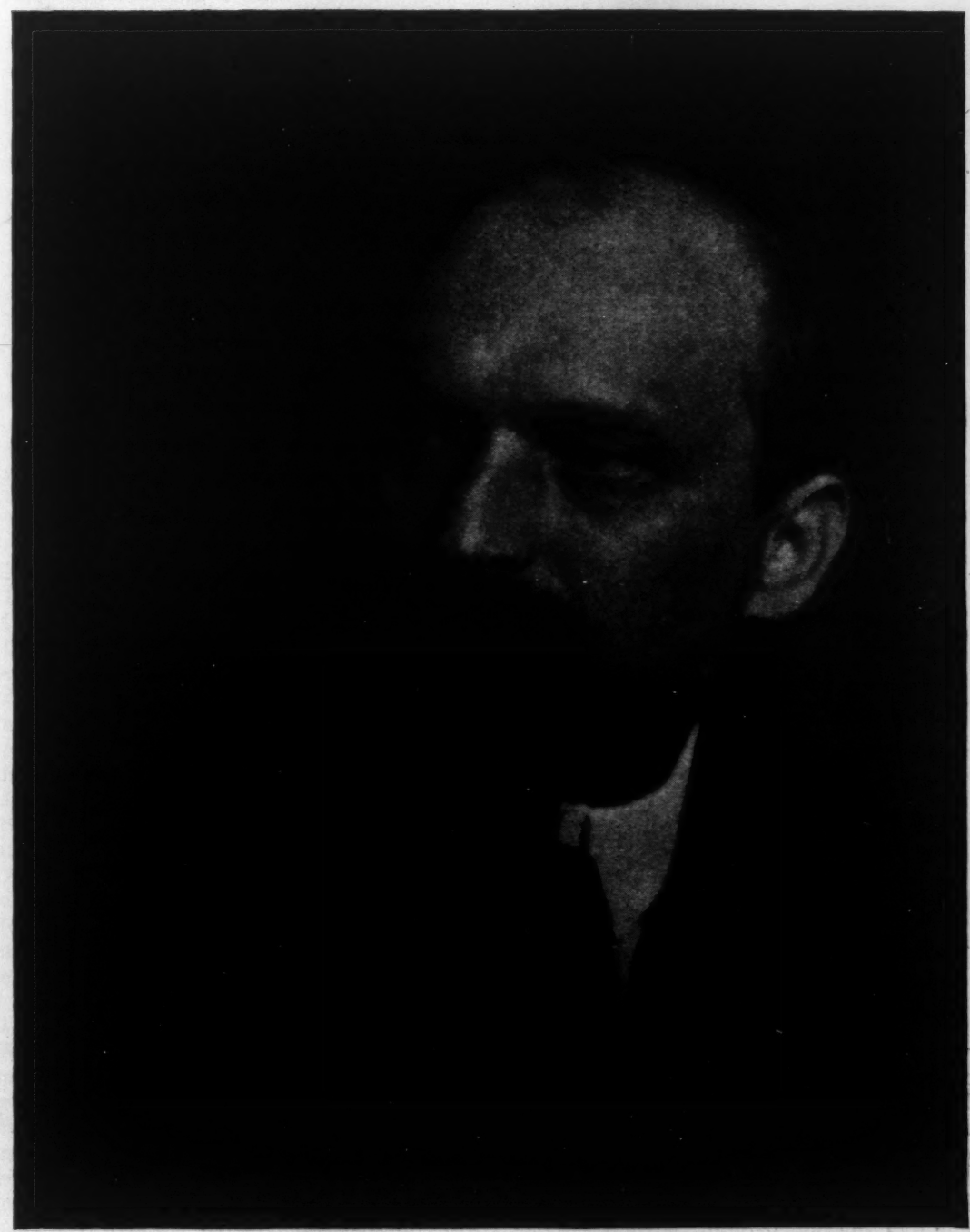
With no teacher to guide him, with only his imagination pointing the method to use, the boy himself presently took pieces of stone and bits of wood, and from them he began to make, not monuments as had his father, but figures of the saints and heroes of the familiar folk-songs which were part of the daily life of all Croats and Serbians. He had never heard of another person who had done what he was doing. But his hands seemed to divine how to break from the imprisoning stone the images his mind's eye conjured, and that needed but his will and touch to come forth. These early sculptures have been collected now and are in the national museum of Dalmatia, in Knin.

His brother, Petar Metrovic', now



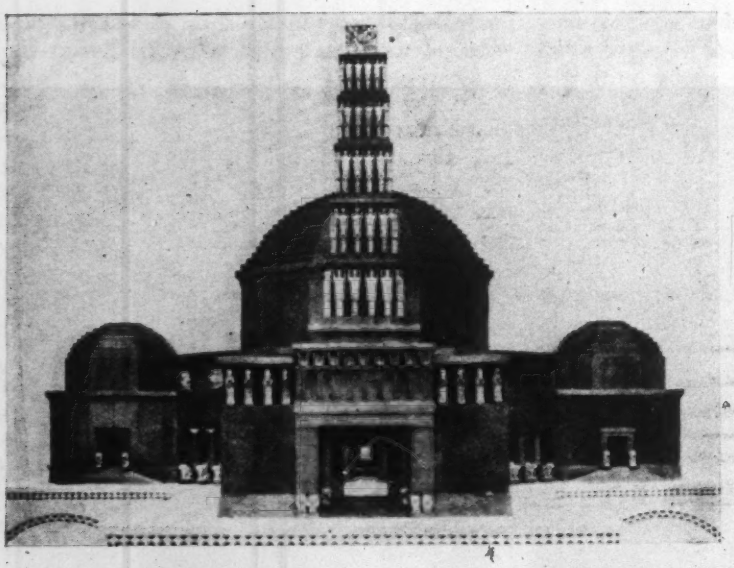
Courtesy of Williams and Norgate.

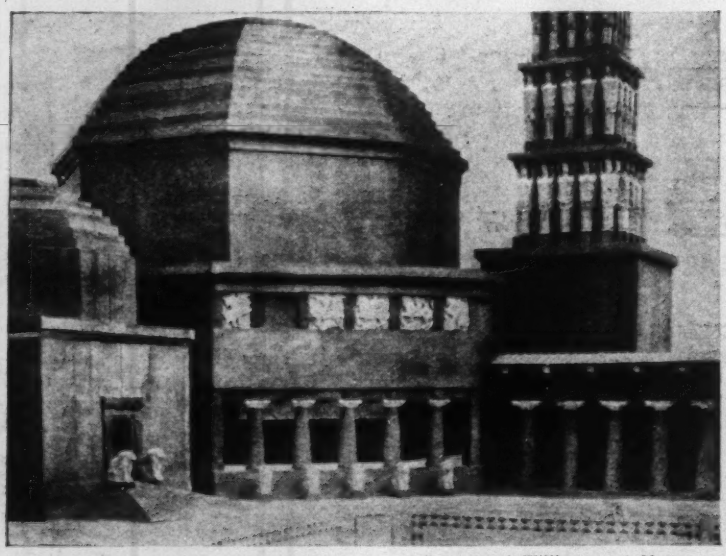
The Canadian war memorial.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

Ivan Mestrovic', the great sculptor of Jugo-Slavia, one of the greatest geniuses of our time, who is now visiting America.





Courtesy of Williams and Norgate.

The Kossovo Temple, designed by the sculptor, which holds thirty of his heroic works.

with him in this visit to America, told me how the sculptor's work was received by his first public. He wanted to tell of this gift, this strange power he had discovered in his own hands. In the village his best friend was the tavern-keeper, a big jovial fellow, and so to him one day the boy brought with pride one of the little wooden figures he had been making, saying diffidently, "Give this to your daughter." The big man took the proffered gift with two huge fingers, he clapped the small sculptor on the back, and called upon the village-folk to come and see what Ivan had made.

And the young artist received then his first knowledge of the bitter taste of public criticism. It seemed to him that the whole village burst into united laughter at him. To the peasants and shepherds it was uproariously funny that a lad old enough to be tending a flock of sheep and to plow the earth had wasted his time, unashamed, in whittling pretty images to give to a little girl. "Just what one would expect of Mestrovic's son." The Mestrovic' family was overwhelmed with humiliation at the revelation and the reception of their kinsman's secret.

His gentle mother could only caress her unfortunate, misguided son, and whisper to him, comfortingly, "Be good. Work more faithfully in the fields until the affair shall be forgotten."

He hung his head thereafter in public. But he did not put aside his knife, nor his precious stone and wood. In a little cave he now hid his images and covered the opening with a boulder. He learned the first lesson of the artist, to understand that he must live in himself, to forego "the mean stimulants of vulgar praise," as Browning puts it.

At that time Ivan Mestrovic' could not read even in his native tongue. One day, however, his father brought home an almanac, not unlike those our own country-folk prize. From this, on the winter-evenings, he would read aloud to the assembled family, for he was one of the few in Octavice possessing the rare gift of reading. So often did he reread that one bit of print that his son came to know every page by heart.

Following the printed words with those printed on his memory, Ivan found that he could learn to read.

Then came a splendid journey. His father took him to Sebenico, on the Adriatic coast, when he was fifteen years old. In that ancient city, for the first time, the lad saw that he was not a strange outlandish creature because he found joy in carving stone into images of the human shape. He there saw, too, the exquisitely sculptured Rennaissance cathedral made and planned by Croatian masters of old. It was then he discovered what he wished to be. He learned the name of the work to which he was to dedicate his life—a word he had never heard uttered before—sculpture.

But back in his mountain home things went on as before, unchanging, until one day there came to them a visitor, his uncle. This man was to set the course of the youth Ivan Mestrovic's whole life. He was a wanderer from far cities and distant lands; he had been on strange shores. The Jugo-Slavs are both a mountain and a sea-people. It is said that few ships leave port anywhere without one Slovene or Croat sailing in the crew. In New York are retired sea-dogs, too ancient to follow the sea again, who first saw light in some fisher-village on the eastern Adriatic. The newcomer to the Mestrovic' home, like many a wanderer, had a gift of vivid speech. He brought stories of great cities and strange customs. But best did he recite the tales of heroes of his own people. He told of the bandit heroes and of the redoubtable Haiduk chieftains from whom he too had sprung. He repeated the national legends, telling with passion the long story of his nation's oppressors whom he fiercely hated, as do all Jugo-Slavs.

He described the long battles with the unspeakable Turks, the saga of victory and defeat. He made, in his speaking, the mould into which his young kinsman's imagination was to flow, fiery and ardent, there to assume its permanent shape. The shepherd-lad, listening silent and rapt, was receiving from those tales of struggle and suffering, of glamor and the high romance of his people's story, the enduring inspiration of his future.

For to understand Mestrovic' and the meaning of his work to us and to our time is impossible without knowing something of his brave and remarkable people; he is essentially the artist of the Jugo-Slavs, a race primitive, simple, joyous, brave and proud.

Courtesy of Williams and Norgate

Madame Mestrovic', saint and mother in one, by her son.

The first Jugo-Slavs to settle in the Balkans were divided into a group in the west, the Croats, who were under Roman rule, and an eastern group who became subjects of the Byzantine empire. In the 7th century this eastern group formed the first Jugo-Slav state, and this existed for a whole century. In 778 Charlemagne conquered it and annexed it to his own empire. But the desire for their national life persisted for a hundred years in the hearts of the conquered people, and they struggled, though in vain, to re-establish the state destroyed. But in the ninth century there emerged two plucky little new kingdoms of their own race, the Croatian and the Serbian. Of these the former was completely annihilated four hundred years later by the Hungarians. The other state, the Serbian, struggled, alone, for a whole century against two greedy empires reaching out toward this one surviving remnant of a race. At the end of the twelfth century came a hard-won and precious victory, and from it developed a powerful Serbian state which, for two centuries, sturdily and peacefully pursued its way, building monasteries, fostering science, creating a literature. It was the golden age of a troubled history.

Then, without warning, coming from conquests of Eastern Europe and Hungary, there swooped and charged upon the little state of Serbia the great armies of of the Turks. Almost overnight the accumulated treasure of art and culture of a gentle and dauntless nation was wiped out. Serbia found herself fighting against the enemy of all Europe.

The Wilson Foundation Peace Medal, Awarded to Lord Robert Cecil.

For four long centuries the Serbians were to struggle to free themselves from a pitiless master-state. In 1804 Jugo-Slavia at last tore herself free, but it was not until 114 years later that the liberation was complete. Those who admired the unbelievable courage of the Serbian and Montenegrin soldiers during the World War can understand it better, perhaps, in the light of their history.

Their struggle colored a whole national life, it created a literature and built a store of legends. It was to produce the work of Mestrovic'. The young shepherd, hearing the story from his uncle's lips, has made it the work of his life to repeat it to the world. And his tenderly loving understanding of his folk have made of almost every work he creates a national utterance.

When he was fifteen, shortly after his thrilling visit to Sebenico, there happened to come to Otavice an Austrian captain. Any stranger was a rarity, but to the shepherd folk he was a big figure and a man of the world. To this man Ivan's faithful friend, the tavern-keeper, told of the young boy who was cutting images of stone and of wood. It was through him that the sculptor was enabled at last to take the first step to his career. For the captain insisted on seeing the secret cave and its treasure. He came away from it with the conviction that the mountain boy must be given a chance. He went to Spalato, down on the seacoast, and there he arranged with a master-mason he knew, to have the boy come as apprentice. So Ivan Mestrovic' began his training near that spot where the great em-

peror Diocletian of olden times had built, once upon a time, centuries ago, a palace for his declining years. Going there was a fortune he had not thought possible.

One day the master was absent, and the young apprentice, seeing a huge stone waiting, asked the wife if he was to cut it. Smiling, she nodded. "Try to make a cross. If the stone breaks, say it was an accident."

The mason returned, and there was waiting for him a cross, cut—complete. It had been done without design, without assistance; the young apprentice had taken the virgin stone and made it take the shape he willed. He knew then that in this youth he had a master.

And the boy felt that, even if he could not hope to be a sculptor, at least he could one day be a master-mason.

A delicate portrait bust of the artist's wife.

Nevertheless, a short two years later, at the age of seventeen, he found himself a student in the Academy of Fine Arts, in Vienna. He was admitted only after the bitterest struggle to be accepted, and then simply because of the interest of the director of the Academy, Helmer, the noted sculptor. He began the first training in his craft with the dawn of this century.

Not twenty-four months later he was holding the first public exhibition of his work in Vienna. There he met Rodin, whom later he was to know in Paris as a friend, though he was not his pupil. He met too, in Vienna, a Serbian girl and loved her, and she became the young sculptor's wife. She posed for the delicate portrait bust called "My Wife." The white marble likeness of his mother in medieval costume is a portrait of all womankind in Dalmatia.

The years following now were full of hard work, of poverty, but of happiness too. He went to Paris, and there became the central figure of a group of rising artists, influencing the work of many a young French sculptor. And in 1908 he began to chisel in that city the seventy-five sculptures that were to make his fame. These represented the heroes and figures of the South-Slavic legends; they were planned for the great Kossovo Temple. They were exhibited in Vienna, and once again. In 1911 they were to be shown for a third time in Rome, and to create an international sensation.

His works already showed the qualities that have been associated with his particular genius since. A Mestrovic' sculpture is usually distinguished by four qualities: great size—many of his figures are colossal; great force, a

tremendous power; a primitive pathos; and lastly by the stamp of truth.

The outstanding piece was the now celebrated figure of Marko Kraljecic' on horseback. The most beautiful of the Jugo-Slav folk-songs are those telling Marko's story. Terrible to the enemy, fearless in battle, is Marko, but to the poor he is tender and strong.

As famous as Marko is his horse Sarac, who is not only steed but friend. To the Jugo-Slav people Marko and his horse have never been dead. They have believed always that this hero of their legends still lives, in a hidden cavern, waiting but the hour, and that he would come to aid them, were need to arise.

Mestrovic's group of the legendary hero and his horse was heroic. The man seemed ready to leap from the stone across mountains and hill-tops; he seemed to be shouting to following armies. So brave was the figure, so gallant, that despite the gigantic size of the work, it appeared alive. The wind seemed to move through Marko's hair.

The young Dalmatian sculptor was to ride to fame on the back of Sarac. In 1911, when the international exhibition in Rome was held, he decided to enter as a representative from Jugo-Slavia. He came, with Marko heading a group of forty-two figures destined for the Kossovo Temple. His coming created a new period in the history of modern art. He found himself famous at once.

He has had no need to follow foot-paths; like Giotto, he "has taken hills at a stride." Between 1915 and 1919 eight exhibitions of his work were held in Great Britain alone. The exhibition in 1915 was opened by Lord Robert Cecil, then Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who ten years later was to receive in America a medal executed in imperishable bronze by the sculptor. On the committee was Lord Curzon, and with him served Cardinal Bourne, Balfour, Lloyd George, and such famous artists as Rodin and Sargent.

Over fifty exhibitions have followed the first modest one in Vienna in 1902, and they have been in cities all over Europe, as well as in the art centers of Croatia, Dalmatia, Serbia. But not until the end of 1924 was the first opportunity given America to see his work, in the opening of his exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum.

Although between 1912 and 1918 he produced 130 works, and despite the exacting demands of his art, he found time all during that period of war to take part in the activities for the liberation of Jugo-Slavia, even when he was living in Rome or Switzerland, England or France. After the war, when at last his country had freed herself, after so long a struggle, from all foreign domination, he went to live at Zagrab, the Croatian capital. And, in his native land again, he built, three years ago, on a little hill jutting out into the Adriatic, the beautiful memorial chapel now standing there in memory of the historic Racic family. There are thirty sculptured figures in it. Not since the day of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, commemorating King Mausolus and his queen, has such a work of commemorative art been built. Mestrovic's memorial juts out into the Adriatic to-day as did the mausoleum of Halicarnassus into the Aegean Sea.

His work has many aspects. The famous figures of his "widows" are full of a tender sorrow, lovely and gentle. During the war he made a series of noble images of angels. His sculpture of Jesus on the cross shows an emaciated figure with hands held out in a last agony, the face drawn in a final sorrow; the hands have been said to be the most expressive in sculpture. There are exquisite portraits of innocent and adolescent girlhood, and others of wild barbaric dancers. In America he is working on a bust of Wilson.

He will not say what he thinks of America. "I have but seen New York, and that is not America," he says. He plans to see the Grand Canyon, our western mountains, our great rivers and prairies. Western America is not unknown to the Jugo-Slavs, and they have had a part in its history; among the Jesuit missionaries exploring the west during the days of our colonization period were many of their people. Konsak made the first map of California, and another Jugo-Slav priest translated the Bible into their own tongue for the Chippewa Indians. The pioneer aspect of our life interests Mestrovic'.

This giant of a race has made it the work of his life and of his genius to elevate his race, and in so doing has given masterpieces to our age.

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS PA

The Story of How They Got Acquainted with Each Other

By ELLSWORTH KELLEY

THE little boy and his pa lived on a ranch where the short grass ran down the slope to meet the elm and the hackberry trees along the river. He was the only little boy in the family; the only child, for that matter. His mother thought him the only little boy in the world, for she knew him very well. The little boy and his pa did not have an extended acquaintance. His pa was a very busy man, whose cattle business took him here and there and everywhere a great deal of the time. So the little boy did not see him every day, and when he did see him it was usually at meal time. When at home, sometimes his pa would say:

"Come, little boy, wake up if you want to eat breakfast with your pa and ma."

And the little boy would answer, "I'm getting dressed, pa."

At noon his pa would say: "Come, little boy, wash your face, and comb your hair, and be sure you eat nice at the table."

The little boy would reply: "Yes, sir."

At night when the clock struck nine his pa would say: "Now, little boy, it's bed-time for folks of your size."

Then the little boy would kiss his ma, and call "good-night, pa!" as he went upstairs to bed.

So their acquaintance stood still till one September day when the little boy was ten years old. That day his pa took the little boy with him to the county-seat. That day the little boy and his pa got acquainted with each other. It was a Kansas September morning. This sentence will sufficiently describe it to all who have passed a September in the short-grass country. Words cannot convey an adequate description to others. They rode along in silence for a while. The little boy had never been to the county-seat, and his imagination was busy with the farther end of the journey. By and by he fell to counting the herds of cattle grazing on the short-grass. He enjoyed the changing landscape. The quails whistled from the brown corn-fields. Somewhere back on the uplands the prairie chickens were drumming their sunrise march. He viewed with intense enjoyment the tag game of a village of prairie dogs. He watched a coyote in pursuit of a jack-rabbit. But even upon the soul of a child impressions of sound and sight will sometimes pall. Then the little boy, all unconscious of what he was doing, began to let his pa get acquainted with him.

"Pa, do you remember when you were a little boy — a ten-year-old boy like me?"

The vision of a barefoot boy with trousers rolled up to his knees, fishing for chubs and goggle-eyes in the old Spring branch—so many years ago—flitted before the father's mental vision as he replied:

"Well, yes, my son, I remember quite well."

"What was your name when you were a little boy? Your *boy* name, you know, that the other fellows called you by?"

"Tommy. Your grandma called me 'Tommy Taylor.' But the boys I used to run with called me 'Pony'—'Pony Taylor.' Sometimes they'd turn my name around, and call me 'Taylor's Pony' "

"Why did they call you Pony?"

"Oh, I guess it was because I was a great, big, overgrown boy."

The little boy caught the spirit of the irony, and laughed outright. He was silent for a while, and then he began putting his father through a little boy's catechism.

"Pa, did you ever play scrub?"

"Scrub? What's that?"

"Oh, it's a game something like baseball that you play when there isn't enough there to make nine on a side."

"When I was a boy — when I was Pony Taylor—we played town ball, and if we hadn't enough on one side, why,

we just gave that side a 'blind eye.'"

"Blind eye! What's a blind eye?"

"Oh, it's just letting the first fellow out on a side play again."

"I see now. That made the sides even, didn't it? But did you ever play humperdown or foot-an'-a-half or high jump or put the shot?"

"Well, not by those names. We used to play hop-step-and-a-jump, bull-pen, and old three-cornered cat."

"Do you know what an alley or taw is?"

"Sure! I'll never forget them."

Another short silence. The little boy was thinking.

"Pa, can't you tell me something—something funny—that happened—when you were a little boy?"

"Let me see! Well, I remember something that I thought was pretty funny when it happened and it got still funnier as I thought about it in school time."

"What was it?"

"It wasn't anything much." His pa hesitated a moment before telling it, for he did not know the little boy well enough to be certain that he would appreciate what, to him, was the ludicrous feature of the story. Then he began: "There was a little boy in our school that called himself the 'Boss.' He was a great big hulk of a fellow, and most of the boys were small, for it was a summer term. If we played war, he was captain. If we played horse, he was the driver. Well, one day he had a whole lot of us fellows pulling a sled of rocks from one part of the yard to the other. We had a hedge pole tied to the sled for a tongue, and each of us took hold of the pole with one hand and pulled. All at once he took a notion that he would be a horse, and he took my place and made me be driver.

"I soon saw what he was about. He was going to be the meanest horse ever hitched up. He reared and pranced and plunged and knocked the rest of the horses right and left. I cracked him one with the whip, and he kicked; and when he kicked, he struck his bare foot on a hedge thorn and tore it pretty badly, and then that unmanageable horse just sat down and howled! After school took up, I got to thinking about it, and I laughed right out. The teacher brought me out on the floor and when she asked me what I was laughing at, I told her I had thought of something funny. She said that she thought of something funny, too, and she took me over and set me between two girls. Then I cried."

The little boy laughed and said, "*I've* never had to sit with girls."

There was another mile sped over before the little boy spoke again.

"Pa, when you went fishing, what did you use for bait—good bait, you know?"

"Angle-worms to catch goggle-eyes, and minnows for bass. I fished for goggle-eyes mostly."

"Pa, do you think it does any good to spit on bait?"

His pa considered carefully before answering; then he said that, when he was a boy, it was so believed by all fishermen.

"Well, that's what I think, though I don't exactly see why. But Billy Mullins catches more fish than any of us fellows, and he says the reason is because he always spits on his bait. Say, pa, did you ever go swimming the whole afternoon? Just swim and swim 'till suppertime came, and then feel sorry because it was time to go home?"

"Did I? I used to be in the long hole of Spring branch so much that your grandma pretended that she could see scales and fins starting to grow on my body."

"Could you dive, and turn handsprings off the spring-board, and tread water, and lay your hair?"

"Better than any other boy in the crowd."

Then the little boy moved close over to his father, and said: "So can I."

By and by they came in sight of the county-seat. The little boy was surprised at its size. He expected it to be larger than Taylor's Corners, which had a school-house, a blacksmith shop, and a store where they got the mail. But he had not dreamed of such a picture as burst upon his sight when he reached the hilltop that overlooked the county-seat. Street after street walled in with high houses! Seven church steeples! A great two-story school building! Whole blocks of two and three-story business houses! It seemed to him like a scene out of his pictorial Aladdin which he found by his plate on Christmas morning. It was after reaching the city that

the little boy began getting acquainted with his pa.

"Well, well, Taylor! I'm glad to see you. I am indeed. I was just telling my wife this morning that I would rather see Tom Taylor than any man likely to attend the convention. You see, Taylor, I haven't forgotten those three years we spent in the mounted infantry, nor how you pulled me out of the Johnnie's hands when I got that bullet in my arm at Okolona. Say, those Johnnie Rebs were the hot stuff that day, weren't they? And how are you getting along, Taylor, and how is the wife; and—is this your boy?"

"Yes—all I've got—and he's a namesake of yours—William Strong Taylor."

"You don't say! Well, well, well! Your boy and my namesake! A fine boy, sir, a fine boy." And the judge shook the little boy's awkward right hand—for it was not much used to handshaking and worked very much indeed like a pump-handle—and patted the little boy on the head.

"You and the little boy will take dinner with me to-day, Taylor. We don't get a chance to visit very often, so we'll just go right along down to the house, and talk over old times until dinner." And the judge took his pa by the arm, and holding the little boy's hand, together the three walked down the street to the home of the judge.

So walking, the little boy was face to face with the greatest episode of his short life. He had known that he was named for the great Judge Strong. He had occasionally heard his father speak of the judge in terms of the highest respect, and the little boy, in his boyish way, had grown to think him a great man, only surpassed in greatness by the governor himself, and now the judge had actually patted him on the head, and called him a fine boy; and now they were to take dinner with him! Again he thought of Aladdin.

While his pa and the judge were talking on the veranda, the little boy sat like some little old man, listening to the tales of camp life and army hardships; listening until he felt that he would have given anything in the world—which meant his Aladdin and his pony, Topsy—to have been old enough to have carried a saber and ridden a cavalry horse, with a Spencer carbine slung across his back.

At dinner he behaved very well, and said, "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "If you please" in just the right places, and the judge beamed on him with smiles of approval. He really would have enjoyed another piece of the custard pie, and one more spoonful of grape jelly; but he remembered his manners, and resolutely declined when motherly Mrs. Strong insisted on a second helping.

As they went back down-town after dinner was over, the little boy was surprised to notice how many men knew his pa. They all acted as if they were glad to see him, and shook hands with him very heartily, and called him "Captain." Finally they reached the Opera House, where the convention was to be held.

The little boy gazed curiously on the noisy, surging, good natured crowd of delegates and politicians that filled the room. By and by a big man on the stage hammered with a mallet on a table, and called the house to order. The committee on organization made its report, and named Captain Thomas Taylor for chairman. The crowd cheered, and adopted the report unanimously. Then there were cries of "Taylor! Taylor! Speech from Taylor!"

The little boy felt proud and sorry all at once—proud of the honor that had come to his pa, sorry because he was sure his pa could not make a speech. He had read something of Patrick Henry, and Webster, and Henry Clay, and knew that they were speech-makers. But he knew that they were dead, and he had a vague idea that nobody living, certainly nobody in that country, could make speeches unless it might be preachers and lawyers, or the schoolmaster on the last day of school. So when his pa stood up before the crowd and bowed and said: "Fellow-citizens and gentlemen of the convention," the little boy grew very pale and could hear his heart beat.

But his pa went right off into a speech about the grand old party and the spirit of liberty, and about the platform. The little boy wondered if he meant the platform upon which he was standing. Then his pa told a humorous story, and the crowd laughed and cheered. He spoke of prison-pens and dead heroes, and the little boy saw a man draw his coat sleeve across his eyes. When his pa

had finished his speech, the little boy thought the cheering never would cease, and he mentally placed his pa in the list of men who could make speeches, and wondered if sometime that speech would be placed in a Fifth Reader for boys to study at school, along with the speeches of Henry and Webster and Clay.

The convention then proceeded to nominate the ticket. Finally Judge Strong was on his feet making a speech. He was placing a name before the convention for representative. He said he wished to name a representative citizen, a man well known and held in esteem by all who knew him; a man who had marched and fought by the judge's side through the years of the war; who now carried in his body the bullets of battle and bore upon his breast the scars of conflict. He drew a vivid picture of this man leading his company in a desperate charge at Missionary Ridge, and concluded by saying, "Gentlemen, I have the honor to place before this convention the name of Captain Thomas Taylor, of Summit Township."

There were more cheers, and some one moved to suspend the rules and make the nomination unanimous. Motion carried. Captain Thomas Taylor was declared the nominee by unanimous vote. The little boy could not remember anything like it in his story of Aladdin.

The convention was over, the congratulations of the delegates and others showered upon the captain, and then the little boy and his pa were on the homeward journey. They did not talk much for many miles. His pa was busy thinking over the events of the day. So was the little boy. The sun had gone down. Suddenly the quiet of the twilight hour —the great, impressive silence of the plains—was broken by a fusilade somewhere off in the gathering darkness. Some belated hunters were taking a parting shot at a scurrying jack-rabbit. A correlation of ideas inspired the little boy to ask: "Pa, when you were a soldier in the war with Judge Strong, did you ever kill any one?"

His pa did not answer at once. In an instant there flashed before his eyes the events of a September day in a year long gone. Clouds of smoke hung over a battle-field. The pungent, nauseous odor of sulphurous smoke was in his nostrils. Again he looked down a line of blue-coated horsemen sitting like statues, each holding a drawn saber. The men had grimy faces and tense, set jaws. He heard Jack Stevens jest about what pretty corpses they would make. Another man was softly whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Dick Saunders cursed the whistler, and some of the boys laughed. A blast of the bugle cut through the smoke-laden air. A shell screamed overhead. A minie ball wailed and shrieked the length of the line. Each man leaned forward in his saddle and hitched his belt a notch tighter.

"Ta-ta. Ta-ta-ra. Ta-ta-ra-a-a-a!"

In ten seconds the company was making the saber charge now historic. It was a cumbrous whirlwind of horse and rider, and above, the sheet lightning of the flashing sabers. The lightning faded, and the sabers were dripping, but not with rain. A gray-sleeved arm was swinging a saber at his throat. Like a machine moving at higher speed, his own saber met and drove back that of the gray arm, and rested upon the cheek of the wielder. When his own saber swung to position its mark was upon the face. The face wavered for an instant, and then pitched forward. Was it a dead face? He never knew.

"Pa, did you ever kill a man when you was in the war?"

His pa, like one waking from a deep sleep, answered slowly, "Not that I know of, my son."

"Well, I'm awful glad you didn't," said the little boy, as he again moved closer to the side of his pa.

The little boy was sleepy and quite tired out when he reached the farmhouse on the hill-slope. His ma heard them coming, and opened the big gate for them to drive into the barnyard. As the little boy climbed out of the buggy and into the arms of his mother, he put his arms around her neck, kissed her, and exclaimed: "Oh, ma, I've had the best time! And I saw Judge Strong, and we ate dinner at his house, and pa knows nearly everybody, and he made a speech, and they nominated him for something, and his boy name was 'Pony,' and he could swim and tread water and lay his hair same as I can."

His ma kissed him for reply, and knew that the little boy and his pa had entered the Land of Companionship together.

NEW SUCCESSES IN TREATING DEAFNESS

By VIOLA ROSEBORO'

Dr. Curtis H. Muncie.

WITHIN the last few years numberless reputable newspapers here and in Europe have published accounts written by their own reporters of clinics where, on the spot, Dr. Curtis H. Muncie greatly benefited the "incurably" deaf, some of them patients who had been told elsewhere that this affliction could not be ameliorated, and more who had received much treatment from specialists of standing without material benefit. Osteopathic journals have more than corroborated these authenticated reports and have given much attention to Dr. Muncie's "reconstructive methods" and results. His success with eminent private patients has been several times described in the public prints, thanks to revelations from the patients or their friends; since no such practitioner could himself give out such information—self-interest and professional ethics being at one in enforcing his reticence. As we shall presently see, some of Dr. Muncie's private patients have gone out of their way to make public their experience.

News of such wholly unprecedented success in making the deaf to hear is important if true. The world has a right to be highly skeptical about such a long leap over the old, established frontiers of auricular knowledge, practice and success. Hitherto the successes of medicine and surgery with ears have been nothing like as notable as the benefits they have bestowed on many other parts of the human anatomy. But the modern world is not going to hold to skepticism simply because an alleged advance is wonderful and new. We are too familiar with the new and wonderful. Neither are most deaf people going to prefer deafness to hearing at the hands of an oesteopathic aurist. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said that many English folk preferred to die of small pox rather than to be inocculated with the virus and live, but that was the eighteenth century, and in the meantime even the most conservative of the medicine "regulars" have come around to vaccination, to Pasteur's doctrines of bacteria and to other long-fought revelations that came from "outsiders."

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has gathered together some of the evidence to prove that Dr. Muncie is a pioneer in his methods and uniquely successful in his practice. There is far more such evidence than can be considered here—much of a scientific and technical nature; but we will review enough of it to amount to historical proof unless the testimony of many disinterested and reputable journals and of important and widely known beneficiaries can be proven worthless.

It is Dr. Muncie's habit to give a number of free clinics in different cities every year with two objects in view:

he desires to demonstrate scientifically to other practitioners what his method does for the deaf so that the work can spread, and he welcomes the opportunity to restore hearing to those who cannot afford to pay his fees. On these occasions, before the operations begin, hours are spent in selecting the cases to be treated. Cases are chosen with a view to unmistakable immediate restoration of hearing, and with a preference for such as do not require any subsequent treatment.

The writer attended one of these free clinics on January 10th, 1925, given at the Philadelphia Osteopathic Hospital. It was reported at some length in three Philadelphia papers, *The North American*, *The Record* and *The Inquirer*.

It was a small clinic, only six cases, and none was as startling as many recorded on other such occasions; but here is what happened to a young Scotchman of twenty-five, Gregory Brommage. But first there is a bit of a story about how this young working man got to the Philadelphia clinic by way of Glasgow. When Dr. Muncie was in Great Britain in 1923, Mr. Brommage read in a Glasgow paper of the American's free clinics and unprecedented successes in several cities. Measles had left Brommage deaf when he was a child of five and he was growing deafer and deafer, finding it harder and harder to hold a job, and he was no longer getting any encouragement to even hope for benefit from the various hospitals whose help he sought. He wanted to see this American, but the American had left the country before the lad could manage to meet him. Soon Brommage found he had lost the clipping that had told him all he knew of the new aurist, and also that he had forgotten his name. To such a youth the clue seemed pretty hopelessly lost, but, when he resolved to come to America, the idea of bettering his chances for finding that wonder-working ear doctor was in his mind. And a month before I saw him in the operating theater, while he was working in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, arresting headlines on a discarded newspaper lying on the ground at his feet caught his eye, and there was an article about the very doctor, and he lived in Brooklyn! So now here was the young man undergoing the usual scientific tests with the acoumeter, the tuning fork and the watch. He was obviously in very good spirits. He had reason to be. The first tests with the acoumeter had shown that six inches was as far as he could hear it with either ear. That was in the afternoon when his fitness for an operation at the clinic was being tested. And, by the way, these specialists, reporters and others are urgently invited to make their own tests and measurements. Mr. Brommage's first examination had included the "Muncie Therapeutic Tests" that had incidentally achieved more than a diagnosis, for in the evening the result showed that one ear had temporarily improved, indicating definitely that permanent results could be expected from the operation. Dr. Muncie explained that his tests determined at the time of examination what can be done in a given case. Here is the *Philadelphia Inquirer's* account of what happened next:

> Using nitrous oxide gas, which is applied for a maximum of about two or three minutes, without producing complete anaesthesia, Dr. Muncie opened the mouth of the patient with an instrument. With his delicately trained finger tips he corrected the deformities in the tube.

Deformities due primarily, it may be added, to inflammation arising from infected tonsils or diseased nasal tissues.

In half a minute Mr. Brommage was coming to, and half an hour later, after other patients had been operated on and he had been given time for all the recovery needed, he was brought back to undergo again the tests by the acoumeter, the clock and the tuning forks. The smiling young Scotchman looked as if he had certainly been cheered by some investigations of his own in the anteroom. Why not? It is certainly easy to tell the difference from hearing the acoumeter at six inches to hearing it in the right ear at fifty-seven inches and in the left ear from one inch to thirty-one inches. The clock and the tuning forks—measured in seconds—witnessed a corresponding gain. News of this patient obtained some weeks later show that without further treatments he has kept what he gained that night, and as he can now hear at ten feet conversation that he previously could not hear at two, his practical problems for getting a living are fairly

Dr. Muncie performing a reconstruction operation, with Mrs. Hicks in attendance.

solved. Normal people, by the way, have so much surplus hearing, so to speak, that a twenty or thirty per cent loss of it is not conspicuous in ordinary intercourse.

Like most of Dr. Muncie's cases, this one had received much treatment before. Mr. Brommage had been treated by specialists in Edinburgh and Glasgow and in the British Army, had had a nose operation and, finally, on all hands, had been declared hopeless. Most of Dr. Muncie's patients come to him as a last resort, and after having been the rounds of many doctors.

The most spectacular result I saw that night was in the case of Mrs. D. G. Elmore of Dallas, Texas, who had received treatments previously both in Dallas and in Philadelphia, and whose "prolapsed Eustachian tubes" had prevented any response to them. Again the operation, under the conditions already described, was very swift. Speed and accuracy are essential to safeguard the tubal structures from undue irritation, and delicacy of touch is paramount to distinguish the slightest tissue abnormality and to correct it without disturbing the normal tissues. This time the improvement measured by the acoumeter was from twenty-eight inches in one ear to ten feet, and from thirty-three inches to twenty-five feet. She was brought up to eighty per cent of normal. She is having post-operative treatment, and Dr. Muncie believes that in from four to six months she will reach permanent normality.

We are going presently to take a look at various cases that achieved normal hearing though, judged by old standards, they looked more patently hopeless.

Of the clinic on January 10th, 1925, the *Inquirer* says:

> Six persons were operated upon last night, and all showed better hearing less than half an hour after the completion of the apparently simple operation. . . . It was remarkable to see the patients re-enter the amphitheater and undergo tests which proved that the hearing had been increased in some instances as much

as ten times. . . . After one night of rest, the patient may go about his ordinary business.

The reports of the Philadelphia papers are all in substantial agreement on this night's work. Newpapers will tell us of other such occasions that showed still more impressive features, but this was the clinic I saw.

I saw it and as I was, and still am at this writing, an office patient of Dr. Muncie I had a chance to make one comparison that interested me much. There is not one shade of difference between his manners with his clinical and his private patients, not a shade. Neither does Mrs. Hicks, the nurse who amounts to a professional assistant and has worked with him for years, neither does she show any idea that these patients are less to be considered than the paying patients she ministers to in the office. She does not show it because it is not inside her to show. Such kindly democratic respect and good will for a patient as a patient and a human being do not shine forth invariably on free patients anywhere, they are not exactly what you will find the poor expecting, and though it would be hard to prove that such unsnobbish democracy has any direct connection with professional skill, nevertheless there is an atmosphere of honesty in this continuous, unaltered, unposed direct dealing with all sorts of people and ought to be and is confidence inspiring.

Dr. Muncie is a slim, active young man of thirty-eight, of seemingly exhaustless vitality, whose pleasure in his work stands out plain and seems to show two obvious roots—whatever the others may be; his sub-conscious satisfaction in the precision and sureness of his mind and his fingers is like what one has often seen in the scientific men of laboratories and operating rooms and observatories; almost equally unconscious and habitual seems his gratification in giving folks back their hearing. After all, a man would have to be very scientifically denatured indeed not to rejoice a little with patients who rejoice so much.

It is amusing to hear that when in England several medical men seriously protested against the way Dr. Muncie shook hands with and otherwise treated poor patients just as he did rich ones. Of course, the wonder is that the English poor did not mark their objections too, not because any class of England is servile—none is, but because they all stick by old traditions and have their own kind of independence, with little liking for equality. But Dr. Muncie continued to practice the American democratic ways that come natural to him.

A free clinic held in Toronto last year was described in the *Toronto Evening Telegram* by a reporter who was especially satisfactory to Dr. Muncie, because he was such an intelligent and honest sceptic to begin with. He accepted Dr. Muncie's always urgent invitation to substantiate all tests himself. So the figures given in his reports are the reporter's own. I quote from his account published in the *Toronto Evening Telegram*, Saturday, January 12th, 1924:

Mrs. Jennie Stevens, 28 Pendrith Avenue, since a child at public school, has been unable to hear a general conversation. Specialists in various parts of the world have treated her without result.

"I have been deaf for thirty-one years," she stated. "They have tried everything to help me. Air pressure——"

"That shows that the old theory is no value," Dr. Muncie told his associates.

The tests were made and a few inches only from one ear could the acoumeter be heard. The simple preparations for the operation were made.

"I am ready," she announced with a wistful expression.

"You will be better in less than five minutes," Dr. Muncie was almost obliged to shout in order to make her hear.

In four minutes Mrs. Stevens was in the next room, informing her sister with tears of gratitude in her eyes, that she could hear, she could hear.

Upon returning to the room, Mrs. Stevens, with her face wreathed in smiles, carried on a conversation with the *Telegram* representative who stood in the opposite corner of a large room and spoke in a low voice.

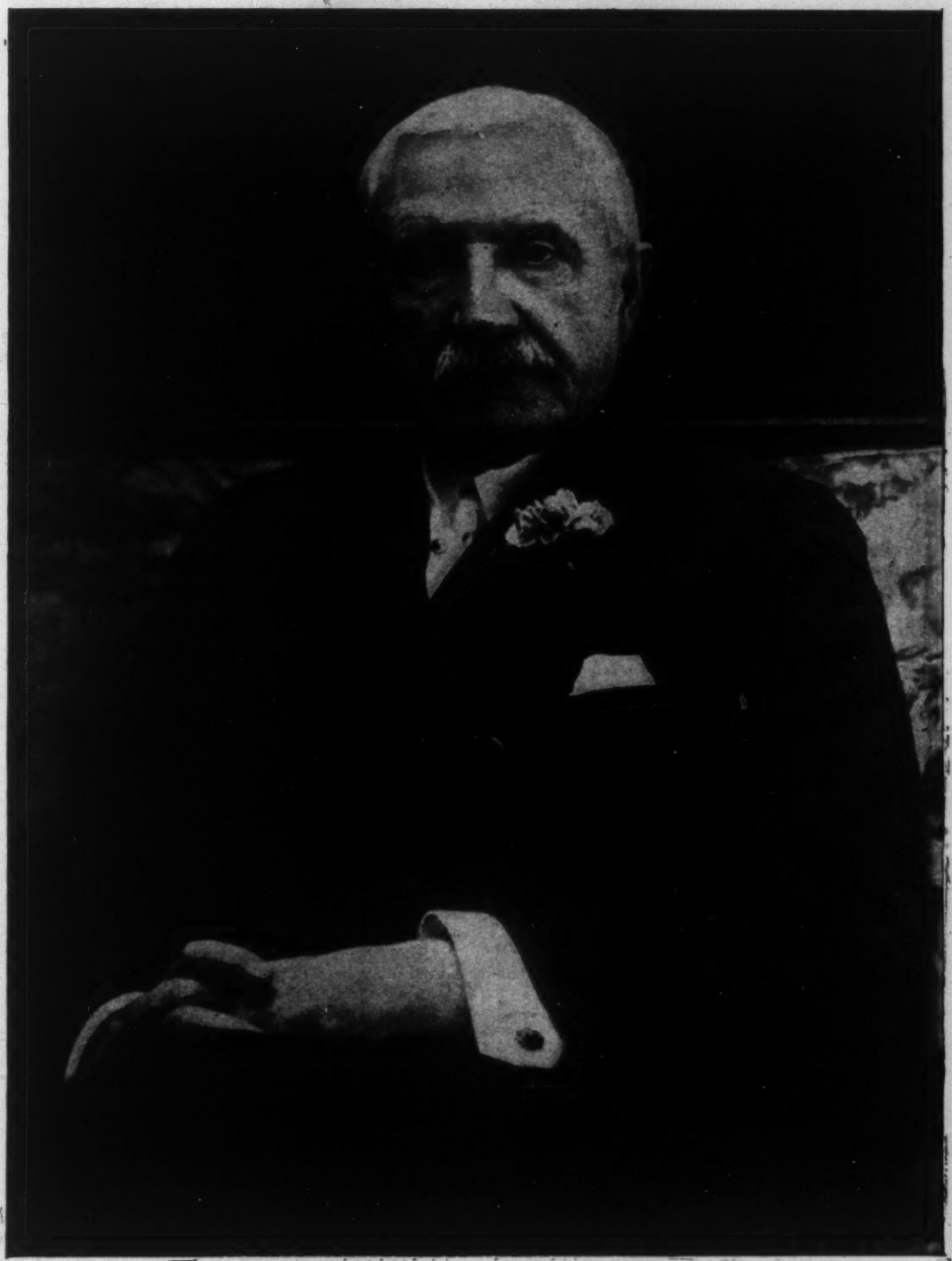
"I can't express my gratitude," she told Dr. Muncie. "It is hard to tell just what this means to me." She could hear the acoumeter at a distance of fifteen feet with ease.

Then followed King, veteran divisional bandmaster at the Salvation Army Headquarters. Owing to his age, the operation was performed without an anaesthetic.

"We may hurt you a little—just a little," Dr. Muncie said.

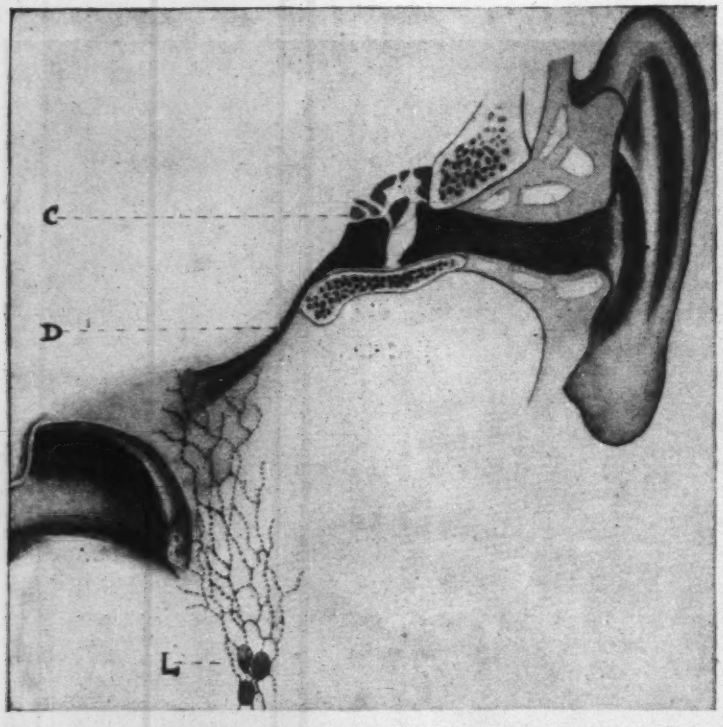
"I won't mind," was his answer.

King could hear the tuning fork close by the ear for eight seconds and the clock about an inch from either ear and the acoumeter four inches from his left ear and thirteen inches from the right ear.



Photograph by Brown Brothers

Mr. William G. Rockefeller, a patient whose hearing was restored at 79 years of age.



D. shows the prolapsed Eustachian tube before reconstruction. This is one of the eight types of deformity of the Eustachian tube which Dr. Muncie's research study has isolated.

Then the operation was performed without a murmur from the patient and an astounding transformation took place. The acoumeter was heard fourteen inches from one ear and thirteen from the other.

The reporter goes on to tell of a conversation he carried on with the bandmaster, demonstrating the patient's gain for conversation. Later Mr. King serenaded Dr. Muncie with the Salvation Army band as a relief to his own feelings and a fitting tribute to his benefactor.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barnes sought Dr. Muncie's services at the clinic because he had no time for any private patients in Toronto. She had lost her hearing four years before as one result of an attack of influenza—then epidemic. Before the operation she could not hear the acoumeter at all with the right ear and with the left two inches was her limit.

Mrs. Barnes stood the ordeal without a murmur and her joy at the results was great. "Won't you please accept money for this," she pleaded.

"You have more than paid me by your thanks," she was told.

She, too, carried on a conversation with the *Telegram* reporter at a distance of fifteen feet and heard every word uttered in a normal tone.

With the right ear she could now hear the acoumeter forty-two inches and with the left, thirty-six inches.

One reason for choosing to quote at length from this Toronto paper is that it made another report on these same cases on February 2nd, more than two weeks after Dr. Muncie, a fleeting visitor with no local interests, had departed. HEARING REALLY RESTORED is the title given this account of the subsequent investigations, and here is a part of what it says under date of February 2nd, 1924:

"Sitting in the dining room with the door closed and a shawl about my head, I heard the postman drop letters in the front door since Dr. Muncie, the Brooklyn ear specialist, operated on me at the King Edward Hotel, on January 12th."

So declares Mrs. Jennie Stephens, 38 Pendrith Avenue, questioned as to the efficacy of the Brooklyn specialist's treatment at his recent clinic here. "For thirty-one years I could not hear a conversation and could only hear any one who shouted next to my ear. Specialists without number in Glasgow and in Canada failed to help me. Now I can hear our bedroom clock tick in the corner of the room," she added.

"However low I have been spoken to, I have heard. I heard my small watch tick; the piano sounds twice as loud," says Mrs. E. A. Barnes, of 72 Bertmount Avenue, who also was operated upon by the finger method. "The first thing they noticed at home was that I spoke differently. I had been speaking in a husky way, but that has entirely disappeared." Mrs. Barnes lost her hearing following the first flu epidemic, suddenly while in a conversation with a friend.

Bandmaster King of the Salvation Army Headquarters states that he can now hear a kettle simmer.

Dr. Muncie says that many of his clinical cases would receive still more complete results if they could receive post-operative treatment, but this is impossible in the majority of cases. The value of after treatment in advanced cases of deafness is illustrated in the following dramatic bit of biography.

The Philadelphia *North American* of Saturday, March 21st, 1923, carried these headlines:

OSTEOPATHS WATCH DEAF GIRL IMPROVE. HALIFAX BLAST VICTIM'S HEARING BETTERED FIFTY PER CENT BY OPERATION.

Rehearsing her terrific experience of 1917, the paper goes on to say:

Miss Stokes was on the second floor of her home in Halifax when the French Line Steamship Mont Blanc, loaded with munitions, blew up after being rammed by the Belgian relief ship Imo. Thousands of lives were lost in the accident and the damage ran into millions of dollars. Her home collapsed and she was dropped to the basement and buried under tons of debris.

Hours later she was rescued and it was found necessary to remove her left eye. Her hearing was affected by the concussion, and has been growing worse in the last few years.

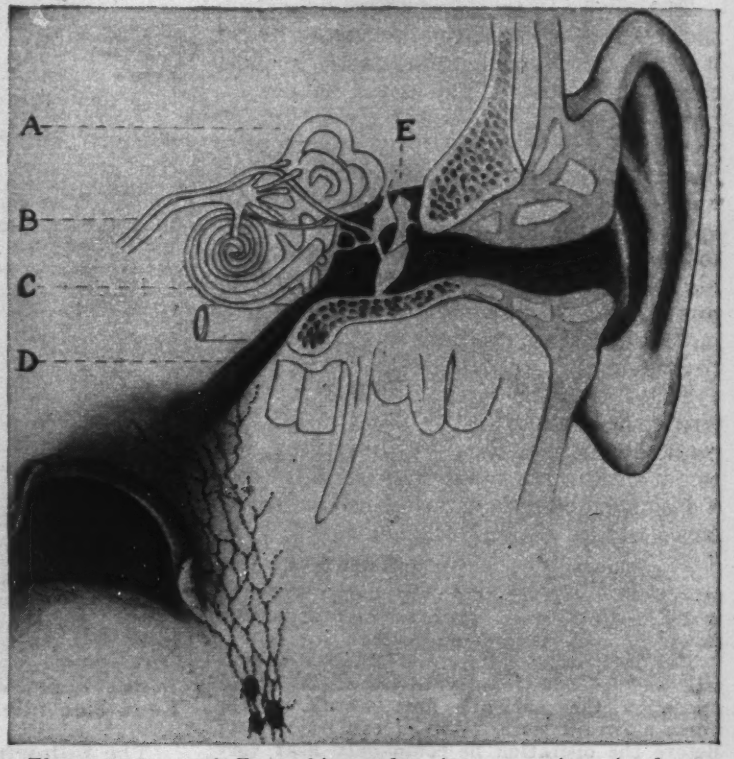
In telling of the operation the paper repeats, "In the few minutes she was under Dr. Muncie's care her hearing improved fifty per cent."

Miss Stokes had had her tonsils removed in January, 1923, and thereafter her hearing became worse. Dr. Muncie operated at a clinic at the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford on March 20th, 1923. Before the operation Miss Stokes heard the acoumeter with the left ear no further than two inches, and with the right at twenty-one inches. Miss Stokes had post-operative treatments for four months and now she hears the acoumeter the normal distance, 40 feet, can carry on ordinary conversation and has practically normal hearing.

In June, 1923, Dr. Muncie went to Europe to introduce his methods and to hold free clinics, after his usual pattern, in Great Britain and France. He had been invited by the British Osteopathic Association and the International Society of Otological Research to show them what he could do, and at practically the same time he was asked to go to Paris and operate on a member of a European royal family, a prince who was assumed by the newspapers to be Prince Jaime of Spain. Some word leaked out of the messages exchanged and the *World* printed an item that one had come from the King of Spain; but at any rate the patient was not Prince Jaime, his Majesty's congenitally deaf son, though to this day, and despite endless denials by Dr. Muncie, he is still often mentioned in print as a Muncie patient. Who it was has never been revealed.

Crossing on the S. S. Majestic, Dr. Muncie performed an operation in mid-ocean that seemed to interest him more than Royalty's case. It so happened that the steward who served Dr. Muncie in the dining-room had read of the operation for the deaf and remarked that a friend of his, also a steward, was deaf and was often in trouble through confusing his orders.

Dr. Muncie learned that the man, Hingley was his name, was on his



The reconstructed Eustachian tube after operation, A. showing the semi-circular canals, B. the nerve of hearing, C. the conchea, D. the Eustachian tube and E. the small bones of the inner ear.

last trip on the ship, as he was to be discharged upon landing—a good man but too deaf for his job! How few the jobs that such a man would not be too deaf for. Dr. Muncie talked to Mr. Hingley. He was a married man with children and did not know which way he was going to turn. Dr. Muncie examined him and decided he could be immediately and greatly benefited. Would he let Dr. Muncie operate? He would, but how much would it cost? It would not cost anything, and he was directed to come to Dr. Muncie's stateroom when he was off duty that evening.

Could he bring a friend? Yes, the stateroom was a big one, and in the end it was cleverly converted into a surgery, and the "friend," the ship's doctor, Dr. Muncie's father who was a medical physician and surgeon of note, Mrs. Hicks, the nurse assistant, and "Sparks" were all there in the improvised operating room on the rolling ship. Tests showed that Mr. Hingley heard the acoumeter with his right ear six inches, and with his left ear seven inches.

The first tests after the operation showed that with the right ear he heard it forty-two inches, and with the left thirty-eight inches, and could hear ordinary conversation for the first time in years. As soon as the tests brought out these results, "Sparks" slipped out and wirelessed the story of the unusual operation, the first of its kind in the history of medicine to be performed on the high seas, to two continents and it was published in many newspapers the next morning. Most of them gave the patient's name as Hingley Steward.

A letter from Mr. Hingley, written within a few months of the date of this publication tells that he has kept the remarkable gain of that night.

I now quote from the *London Daily News* of July 3rd, 1923:

A number of British medical men and others interested in the new "finger surgery" watched Dr. Muncie treat a number of patients afflicted with deafness.

The most remarkable was that of a man who had been deaf for four years. After the operation the patient's first words to the nurse assistant were, "Why, I can hear you!" Before the operation he could only hear very faintly.

Patients recovering from the effects of the slight anaesthetic used for the operation returned for tests in hearing. In the case of every operation witnessed by a *Daily News* representative yesterday the patients' hearing had considerably improved.

Dr. Muncie, whose methods of aural osteopathy are unknown in this country, holds the theory that the majority of cases of deafness are due to a derangement, malformation or disease of the Eustachian tube. He performs all his ear operations through the mouth, using only his fingers.

Before leaving for Paris he will treat patients and give demonstrations of his method of "finger surgery" to-day and to-morrow. He is taking no fees.

The *London Daily Graphic* reports the same clinic with the same assertions as to its results under the caption:

MIRACLES WHILE YOU WAIT

It strikes a note more sensational than scientific, but that is not Dr. Muncie's fault. One of the most temperate and convincing reports was in the *London Daily Herald* of July 3rd. It tells of an old lady who

suffered from nerve deafness with catarrhal complications. Before treatment she had to be shouted at vigorously. After treatment she answered questions put to her in a low voice by the doctor at a distance of about six feet. The woman, elated, told the doctor she was seventy-one, though she didn't look it, and he replied: "You could not have had better results had you been eighteen. You will have a relapse but after that your hearing will be permanently better."

The third patient, the *Herald* continues

was a young single woman who had been deaf fifteen years. She could not hear a clock or watch close to the ear. After the operation she could hear both—though faintly.

Another young woman the doctor would not treat. She was suffering from what is known as otosclerosis.

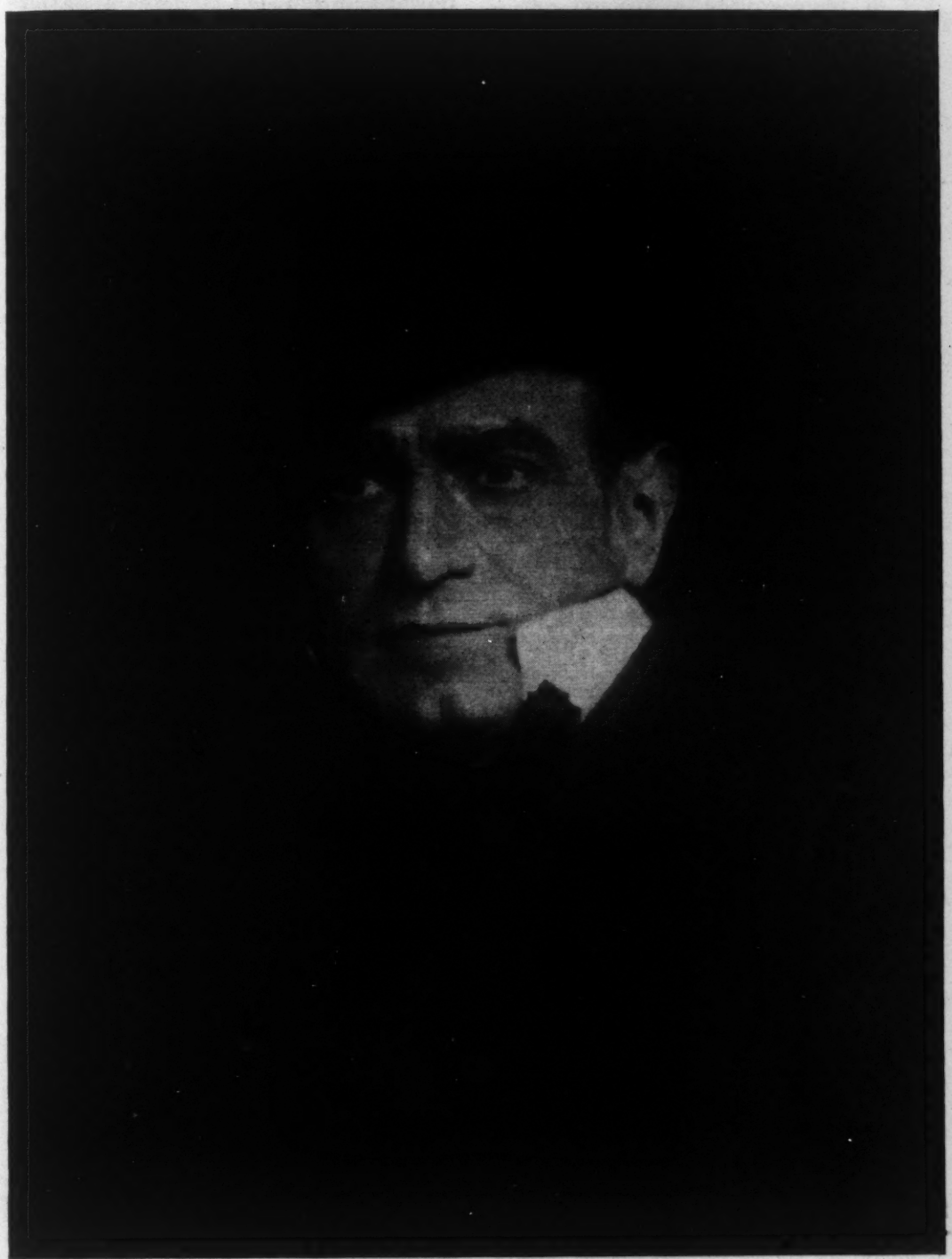
"These cases are not beyond us," said the doctor, "but they usually require six months post-operative treatment."

He announced that it was his intention while in London to give a demonstration with a deaf mute.

"In my researches," he said, "I have found a means of curing deaf mutes. And," he added, "it is a remarkable fact that a man who has never heard sound has to be *taught* to hear, even after his sense of hearing has been established."

Dr. Muncie claims that most deafness is due to a derangement, disease, or deformity of the channel which leads from the back of the nose to the middle ear, known technically as the Eustachian tube.

The following excerpt comes from the report of a clinic held in Glasgow and is taken from the *Glasgow Evening News* of July 13th, 1923:



Photograph by De Mijian Studios

The French actor, M. Fermin Gemier, a recent and remarkably successful "case."

An Aberdeen woman, who had suffered from catarrhal deafness for many years, was able to hear low tones quite clearly and to distinguish the ticking of a watch three times as far as before the operation. In the case of a man suffering from nerve deafness which had been becoming worse for the last ten years, a great improvement in hearing was effected.

This man, in the language of the doctor, "had lost his high tones," but comparative tests with a tuning fork before and after the operation showed that the range of tones audible to him had been increased by about half. Among other cases successfully treated was one of otosclerosis. Dr. Muncie was unable to undertake the cases of several persons whose condition would have necessitated prolonged after treatment.

We get further details of this man in the *Glasgow Citizen* of this same date.

One man, who had been suffering from deafness for ten years, could hear a watch just next to his right ear, and two and a half inches from his left ear. After the operation, these distances improved to two and seven inches respectively. He heard a high-toned tuning-fork for twenty-seven seconds with his right ear, and for thirty-nine seconds with his left before treatment. After treatment the figures were forty-one and sixty seconds, respectively.

Dr. Muncie claims that when the immediate effects of the operation pass off, further improvement in the hearing follows.

Dr. Muncie went to Paris next. He had no friends there but Mr. Frank T. French of The Bedford Petroleum Company. Mr. French had learned of Dr. Muncie's work when he operated on Mr. William Rockefeller, early in 1921. Mr. Rockefeller made no secret of his experience and the reporters made the most of their opportunity for somewhat sensational news of a well-known man. Mr. Rockefeller was seventy-nine years old at this time, had been losing his hearing for about fifteen years, getting worse all the time, had been seeking relief from his growing deafness with Rockefeller persistence and, of course, at the most highly endorsed sources in both America and Europe, including the Rockefeller Research Institute. It was catarrhal deafness and by a six-minute bloodless operation and four months' post-operative treatment Dr. Muncie restored his hearing to about eighty per cent of normal.

Soon thereafter, a member of Mr. French's family had obtained like relief at Dr. Muncie's hands, and Mr. French was more than ready to help on a free Muncie clinic in Paris. Mr. French's office boy was brought for treatment. Other deaf people came who could be relieved on the spot and would stay relieved without subsequent treatments; and the first Paris clinic of its kind was held in rooms in the Hotel Majestic with results that made history. The Paris edition of the *New York Herald,* telling of one woman, said that she had been "almost totally deaf for five years and such progress was made that the patient was able to hear the noise of traffic and to carry on a conversation at close quarters."

The reports of this clinic speedily brought Dr. Muncie an eminent patient who is not unknown to Americans: M. Fermin Gemier, the gifted actor and the director under the French Government of the Odeon Theatre, came to him in the company of a Mr. Williams, formerly an American newspaper man, and it was he who was responsible for the wide publicity given the case. Its news value was heightened by the diagnosis which showed, what many eminent authorities well knew, that M. Gemier's left ear drum was destroyed, together with the little bones of the left middle ear, while the right ear suffered from various defects, the whole pathological condition resulting directly or indirectly from an accident nine years before. Withal, Dr. Muncie decided that the case was favorable for an operation, so on July 19th, 1923, in the improvised operating room in the Hotel Majestic, his finger surgery did its work as speedily and effectively as usual. Before the operation the patient could hear the acoumeter only eight inches from the left ear, and from the right ear fifty-six inches. After the operation the left ear could hear the instrument at thirty-four inches and the right responded at twenty-one feet, tests with the clock and the tuning forks showing corresponding results. As this was the only time in which M. Gemier's case was reported in the newspapers, all we can say of it further is that its developments have been remarkably satisfactory. For an artist M. Gemier was singular in his readiness to let his reporter friend tell the world of his deafness and its mitigation. But the director of the Odeon can dare the truth where most actors and musicians find concealment necessary. And by the way several M. D.'s have been patients of

Dr. Muncie. Several famous musicians are grateful to Dr. Muncie for salvation, so to speak, but they cannot afford to have any question made of their normal hearing.

On the other hand, I have before me several written tributes, printed and unprinted, from men who want to tell as many people as possible what Dr. Muncie and his reconstructive surgery have done for them. One is Father George A. Wood, of Nazareth, North Carolina, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, who publishes in Church journals, *Our Folks* and *Our Lady's Orphan Boy* for December, 1924, a warmly grateful account. Another is a letter from Mr. Paul L. Bean of the Union Water Power Company, Lewiston, Maine, wherein Mr. Bean says of his aurist, "The service he renders is magnificent and I trust he may long be spared to perform his miracles, for they seem no less to me." This was written before Mr. Bean's hearing reached the normal standards subsequently attained.

A third patient more than willing to be quoted and writing in that hope is Mr. James L. Davis, an attorney of Bristol, Va. He writes Dr. Muncie, "If never before you had a Doubting Thomas in your office, you had one when I walked in on November 24th, 1924. However to me it was a last chance. For thirty years I had been under specialist after specialist and all the while my troubles grew worse." Mr. Davis tells how he went home to celebrate this last Christmas, and how it "was a great Christmas for us, the happiest we ever had," and he quotes a letter from his wife saying, "The day of miracles is not passed. Dr. Muncie has performed one for you." Mr. Davis has a brother who is Chief Surgeon of the United States Air Force, Colonel W. B. Davis of Washington, D. C., and Mr. James L. Davis quotes his brother as saying, "You are fortunate to have found Muncie, for there is no one else can do for you what he is doing."

Almost every country is represented among Dr. Muncie's clientele. One of his recent enthusiastic patients is the wife of the Chilean Ambassador to the United States, Madame B. Mathieu, whose hearing for several years in spite of treatment received in South America, Europe and the United States has been gradually failing, until she was cut off from being able to hear conversation.

The immediate improvement in her hearing which was established, following the operation, was enthusiastically described by the Ambassador in the words "This improvement is not only marvellous; but to me it seems like a miracle." Subsequent post-operative treatment has since established a hearing capacity well within normal limits, much to the satisfaction of her immediate family as well as her friends in Washington.

A superior reporter of Dr. Muncie's method is Mr. T. E. Stevens, a New Zealander who was at one time the head of a New Zealand school for the deaf, but who was in London in 1923 when Dr. Muncie was there holding clinics. Mr. Stevens is an author as well as teacher, and an authority on lip-reading and kindred features in the education of the deaf. He wrote a long account of Dr. Muncie's work for a leading American Medical periodical, but when the journal found out that Dr. Muncie was an osteopathic aurist and not of the orthodox school it backed out of publishing it. The New Zealander knew nothing of osteopathy further than his study of Dr. Muncie's achievements, but he then told his story in the Journal of Osteopathy. He dwells on his skepticism, the confidence inspired by the very processes of diagnosis—since he had seen a number of boys undergo aural examinations—"but," he says, never had he seen an investigation of "so minute and searching a nature." He was convinced now that here was a "highly skilled otologist." His article is eloquent about the cases he saw operated on at the first clinic he attended, "where the improvement varied from thirty-five per cent to one hundred per cent," and some of which cases he followed up in the year following. He tells of the experience of Mr. Thomas Charles Easton, 49 Sussex Road, Haywards' Heath, Sussex. Mr. Easton wrote him two months later saying, "After four years of almost total deafness it is almost impossible to describe the delightful feeling of having one's hearing restored." Eleven months later he, Mr. Stevens, interviewed Mr. Easton, finding Mr. Easton's hearing practically normal. He quotes Mr.

Easton as saying that his case had been classed as hopeless by several of the leading specialists of Europe. Mr. Stevens closes by giving his own address as care of the Bank of New Zealand, Queen Victoria Street, E. C. 4, London, England.

There are many more such witnesses but as no individuals can be shown as more impressive and authentic than those we have heard, let us turn to an institution which has no institutional affiliations with any osteopathic physician or surgeon, but which has done itself and Dr. Muncie the honor of a candid investigation of a matter so concerned in the relief of the deaf.

The news of this American aurist's successes in Paris induced members of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Paris to arrange a clinic for him at the Hospital St. Louis, and before me is a letter dated August 30th, 1923, from Dr. L. Mathé of that University, congratulating Dr. Muncie on his "scientific theory, method of treatment and operative skill"—I translate. He also finds it notable that at a time when Paris is emptiest the clinic "had succeeded in bringing together eighteen Specialists of whom six are heads of hospitals. . . . And this success was consecrated," he goes on to say, "by the publication of your work in the international archives of the oto-rhino laryngoialric department of the St. Louis Hospital."

Dr. Muncie is eager to share all he knows with the aurists of any school in the humanitarian spirit that the great army of the deaf may be benefitted, but his practice—in deafness exclusively—is heavy, his clinics give information, but cannot give adequate training.

Deafness is on the increase. It is estimated that there are over five million cases of progressive deafness in the United States; and people who are open to evidence will probably be gladdened when Dr. Muncie says it is only a question of time and the training of a few, before we will establish a post graduate school for teaching constructive finger surgery.

CY AND I

As I went moseyin' down th' street,
My Denver friend I chanced t' meet.
"Hello!" says I.
"Where have you been so long a time
That we have missed your soothin' rhyme?"
"New York," says Cy.
"Gee whiz!" says I.

"You must have seen some wonders down
In that historic, splendid town;"
And then says I:
"For bridges, parks and crowded streets
There is no other place that beats
New York," says I.
"Correct!" says Cy.

"The town is mighty big, but then
It isn't in it with its men,
Is it?" says I.
"And tell me, Cyrus, if you can,
Who is its biggest, brainiest man?"
"Dana!" says Cy.
"You *bet!*" says I.

"He's big of heart and big of brain,
And he's been good unto us twain"—
Choked up, says I.
"I love him, and I pray God give
Him many, many years to live!
Eh, Cy?" says I.
"*Amen!*" Says Cy.

Eugene Field

IN OUR present issue a new department is inaugurated. It is proposed to make it a transcript of life, filled with heroism, wisdom, truth and charm. It is edited with a feeling of greater freedom than is possible in McClure's Magazine in its regular, established character; it is in reality itself a miniature magazine.

Whatever is worthy of praise and imitation will find its place here. The nobler and greater deeds of men and women who have advanced human well-being, who have achieved beauty in art or won great distinction, will be set forth in these pages. We hope to use biography and glimpses of character as well as direct contributions from those who have led in the development of civilization.

In *The Little Magazine* we aim to cultivate a sense of beauty, sweetness and goodness. I think it can be made an extraordinary influence for elevating the taste and stimulating the desire for what is best. It will inspire love for what is highest in thought and conduct.

It will contain stories of the wonders of the universe and the marvels of our world, told with simplicity and charm. There will be true fairy tales of to-day, the marvelous lives of plants and animals which are unfolded to us by study; stories of insects that rival man in intelligence, of plants that possess senses, of the world's beauty under the microscope; these and many other such tales will be told so clearly that they will reach the mind of even the youngest reader.

In this department we endeavor to express

Whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are honest,
Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever things are pure,
Whatsoever things are lovely,
Whatsoever things are of good report.

Inasmuch as the pictures here painted will often find their necessary subjects, scenes and colors in the vast fund of already printed treasures, we shall eagerly welcome the co-operation of our readers in the selection of material.

The nobilities and heroisms that shall fill the pages of *The Little Magazine* reach the highest spiritual levels of the human soul. Our country has its roots in the teaching of Jesus Christ. At a time when men's minds despaired of achieving a stable government for the United States, George Washington said, "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair. The event is in the hands of God." And when Lincoln entered upon the most difficult task that has fallen to any man in our history, in the solemn moment of his departure from his home and friends in Springfield to make the journey to Washington, he expressed himself in most exalted speech. He said:

"I now leave, not knowing when or whether I ever may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed.

"With that assistance, I cannot fail.

Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

"We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years," wrote the editor of *The State Journal*. "We have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions; but we never saw him so profoundly affected.

"When he said, with the earnestness of a sudden inspiration of feeling, that with God's help he should not fail, there was an uncontrollable burst of applause."

Did Lincoln in this great hour say these words lightly and without believing what he said?

An inaugural address by the President of the United States is a singularly basic utterance. It is the most important of all expressions of a people's will and beliefs. It is appropriate, therefore, to quote in this connection from the latest inaugural address in the history of our country. Mr. Coolidge said on March 4th, 1925, speaking of America, "The legions which she sends forth are armed, not with the sword but with the cross. The higher state to which she seeks the allegiance of all mankind is not of human, but of divine origin. She cherishes no purpose save to merit the favor of Almighty God."

The quality of the pioneers that made America is clearly set forth in Miss Tarbell's chapters in this issue, dealing with the forefathers of Judge Gary.

George Bancroft, towards the end of his life, after having occupied many high offices in the government and made a profound study of the history of the United States, summed up his conclusion in these words:

". . . However great may be the number of those who persuade themselves that there is in men nothing superior to himself, history interposes with evidence that tyranny and wrong lead inevitably to decay; that freedom and right, however hard may be the struggle, always prove resistless. Through this assurance ancient nations learned to renew their youth; the rising generation is incited to take a generous part in the grand drama of time; and old age stands waiting in the tranquil conviction that the path of humanity is still fresh with the dews of morning, that the Redeemer of the nations liveth."

Washington, Lincoln, Bancroft and Coolidge mirror the essential America.

To Arthur Mee's editorial work and writings I am indebted for the invention of this *Little Magazine*, and from Arthur Mee I print three contributions in this issue; *The Panama Gang* tells the story of Dr. Gorgas, whose biography written by Mrs. Gorgas and Burton J. Hendrick has just appeared. *The Funeral of a Pauper* was published in a volume entitled *The Best Newspaper Stories of 1923*, Small, Maynard & Company of Boston.

Miss Fancher, who wrote *Theodore Roosevelt's Grandchildren* for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE last year, prepared the article on Tyndale. The great Halifax disaster of December 6, 1917, when the collision of a munition ship in the harbor caused an explosion and fire which laid in ruins one-third of the city and caused tremendous loss of life is referred to in Dr. Muncie's article in the big magazine, and forms the setting for the story of the heroic *Seven Men of Halifax* in *The Little Magazine*.

The beautiful words of Arthur Mee on Nature's gifts to every child follow a quotation from St. Francis, the monk who called the flowers and trees, the sun and stars his little brothers and sisters, and the poems of an American child who has the spirit of St. Francis.

S. S. McClure.

ST. FRANCIS' SERMON TO THE BIRDS

"MY LITTLE sisters, the birds, much bounden are ye unto God, your Creator, and always in every place ought ye to praise Him, for that He hath given you liberty to fly about everywhere; and God feedeth you, and giveth you the streams and fountains for your drink; the mountains and the valleys for your refuge and the high trees whereon to make your nests."

Whenas Saint Francis spake these words unto them, these birds began all of them to open their beaks, and spread their wings, and reverently to bow their heads down to the ground to show that the father gave them joy exceeding great. And Saint Francis rejoiced with them, and marveled at their good heed and sweet friendliness.

And then in the fashion of the cross that Saint Francis had made over them the one part flew toward the east, and the other toward the west, and the other toward the south and the fourth toward the north, and each flight went on its way singing wondrous songs, signifying thereby that even so the preaching of the Cross of Christ, renewed by St. Francis, would be carried by him and the brothers throughout all the world; and which brothers after the fashion of the birds, possessing nothing of their own in this world, commit their lives wholly unto the providence of God.

Chapter XVI, The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi.

GOOD MORNING

This poem was written by Grace Roosevelt, granddaughter of Theodore Roosevelt, at the age of eight years. She wrote Dawn *when she was ten.*

Good morning to flowers and grass,
To trees and people that pass,
To bumblebees and flies
To birds and butterflies,
To the sun and the great blue sky,
And the white clouds passing by.

DAWN

The velvety blackness of night melts away,
The flush in the east sky announces the day,
The crickets cease chirping, the birds tweet and sing;
The wind in the trees makes the boughs sway and sing,
The sun climbs from bed to enlighten the day.
And the children awake and chase slumber away.

EVERY CHILD'S GOOD THINGS

By ARTHUR MEE

IN NATURE, give to you, to be yours for ever and ever, the right to the free enjoyment of this world. I give to you the years that are before you, and the world that is about you.

I give to you the Sun by day and the Moon and stars by night, with the power to wake as the Earth rolls into the light of the Sun, and power to sleep when the night comes.

I give to you the beauty of the Earth in the golden hour of dawn, with the vision of the Sun as it climbs above the hills, with the glow of fire across the meadow and the sparkle on the river that runs past. The sight of the new stirring of the life of the world, the sound of all moving things that praise their Maker, the feeling that uplifts the heart as the light breaks on another day, are yours.

I give you the eager hope of spring, with the right to see the slow disrobing of the winter earth and the slow unveiling of her secret treasury. I give to you the untold glory of a summer's day, with the touch of God in every lane and the fire of the Sun in every rose. I give to you the eternal promise of autumn, with the faith of all growing things in the life that will come again. I give to you the peace of the Earth on a winter's day, with the robe of stainless white not made with hands. I give to you the full glory of the changing year, and perfect trust in the ways of God that have never failed upon the Earth.

I give you the song that has been in the world since the birds began to sing, the joyous hymn of the lark and the plaintive music of the nightingale; the beauty that has been on Earth since flowers began to peep; the silver lamps that have hung in the sky since the stars began to shine.

I give you understanding of the voices of dumb things—the neigh of the horse that a rider loves, the bark of the dog that has been man's friend throughout the years, and the purring of the cat on the hearth. I give you the music of the day to stir your soul, and the stillness of the night in which you hear, if you listen, the voice of God.

I give you the gentle breeze that kisses the face of a child, and the wind that tosses the ship at sea; I give you tenderness and strength. I give you the charity that comforts the sufferer and the pity that softens the life of the poor. I give you

the wisdom of health and the power to build up in your body a holy temple for your soul.

I give you the oceans in calm and storm, with the waters that dance in the air, the showers and the winds, the snow that clothes the world anew in a night, the rain that taps on the window, and the rainbow that springs out of the Sun.

I give you, free for ever, with the right to take whom you will, the full enjoyment of the Natural Gallery of everlasting pictures, and the right to see the unveiling of all sunsets, the covering of the heath with red and gold, the floating past of the clouds that ride like mountain peaks across the sky. I give you access to all the bushes laden with berries, to the daffodils and the violet beds, to the place where ferns and mosses hide, and to the tulips when they hang their heads at night.

I give to you the power to remember and the power to forget, and I give you the strength to forgive. I give you the love of the quiet places where the burden of the petty things will fall away. I give you the right to wander by the brook that babbles o'er the pebbles, to rise early in the morning and see the dew on every buttercup, to lose yourself among the heather and in the field of the cloth of gold.

I give you the Past, with its heritage of good and ill. I give you the Present, with the opportunity that knows no bound. I give you the Future, with the years that never end and know no sorrow.

I give to you the long, long thoughts of youth and the memories of the years; the hope of the dawning life, the dream of the days to be, and the looking-back. I give you the yearning and the craving that make life sweet. I give you the time of waiting and the time of fulfillment. I give you the spirit that good fortune does not mar nor ill fortune break.

I give you the calm that looks out upon the world and will not be discomforted. I give you the heart that does not quail; the courage that does not flinch; the faith that will not fail in the Valley of the shadow.

I give you the love of true things, the love of pure things, and the companionship of sweet liberty. I give you the scorn of all ignoble things, the hate of all things evil, and the strength to march breast-forward against them until they are destroyed.

I give you the promise that they shall be destroyed, that the face of the Earth shall be fair, that the mind of man shall be free, that all that came from God shall yet return to Him, that little children yet shall see the Dawn that no man knows.

From the Wonderful Day

OBITUARY OF A NOBODY

By ALFRED SEGAL

In the Cincinnati Post, April 14, 1923, under the headline: "The Eulogy of a Pauper"

THIS was the funeral day of "Old Jim" Smith, 72, who died at the City Infirmary where he had lived 18 years. No sermon was preached for Old Jim; no silk-hatted pallbearers carried him; no ornamental hearse drove him away in fine style; no organ played a processional for him; no floral tributes were piled at his feet; no silken pillow rested his head.

Having been a pauper in a poorhouse, Old Jim had never expected these things anyhow.

So we thought it would be a good joke on Old Jim to give him, in the columns of this paper, what he didn't expect—a funeral sermon such as rich men get, even when they do not deserve it.

And here is our sermon for Old Jim in full:

"Friends: This man was James Smith. He was called 'Old Jim.' He was born in our city 72 years ago. Work was his portion from earliest youth. By trade he was a gardener. He knew every tree and flower by name. He knew how, with the pollen of two roses, to create a new rose more beautiful and fragrant than either.

"So he created beauty in the world. He made gardens to bloom in barren places. The work of his hands was like a benediction.

"He toiled a lifetime.

"'I shall plant the seed well,' he said, 'and in my old age I shall gather the harvest. In the sunset of my life I shall sit in my own garden and be content. My labor shall have earned for me a fair competence for my support to the end of my days.'

"He conducted a small florist's business in one of the suburbs. His wife died, and also his children; but, unbeaten, he went about creating new life and new beauty in the gardens.

"When he was 54 he had already gathered in a modest harvest.

"'A few years more,' he said, 'and then the sunset and rest and contentment in my garden.'

"And then a false friend took from him all he had gathered.

"He went to the poorhouse and became 'Old Jim.' And, though hope and courage had gone from his heart, his hand still reached out for beauty to create; and he worked in the gardens of the poorhouse; and new flowers sprang up at his touch.

"And when a mortal disease seized him he bore the agony of it without complaint until the end.

"So he who had contributed much loveliness to the world died unloved and friendless.

"But, friends, who shall say that he was not a success, even though he died a pauper? He gave much more than he received—and, in the final balancing of the ledger, he who has given much is to be accounted much richer than he who has only received.

"So we honor to-day not Old Jim, A Failure, but Old Jim, A Success." And this is the end of our sermon.

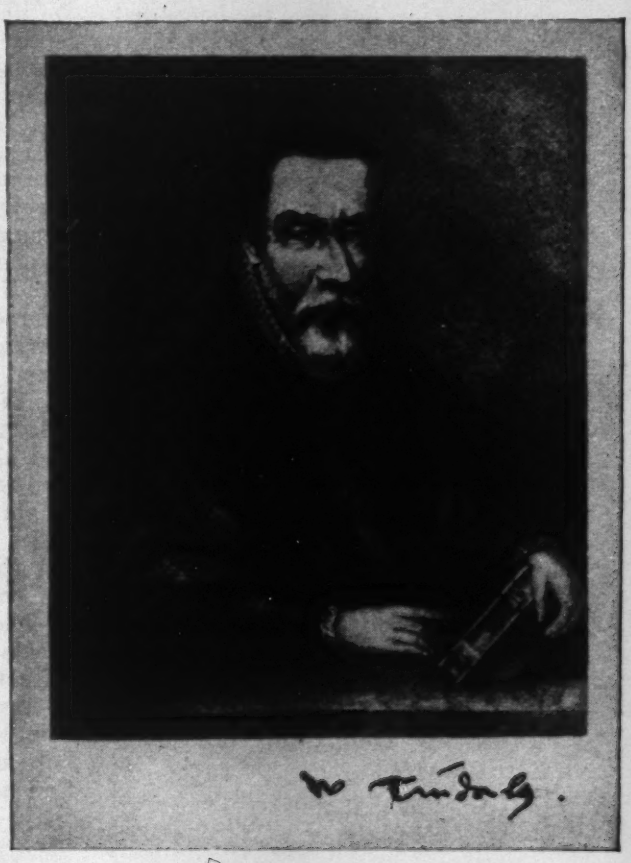
There was no coffin, no hearse, nor flowers at Old Jim's funeral. His body was lifted to an undertaker's wagon and carried to the medical college, as the law requires be done with those in the infirmary who die friendless.

So his body was dedicated to the study of disease.

Thus James Smith will continue to do good in the world.

How The Bible Came To England

By Lauretta Fancher



William Tyndale.

IT is hard for us to realize that there was a time when men were publicly whipped for reading the Bible. Yet, in England, only a little over five hundred years ago, no one outside of the clergy of the church was allowed to have even a page of the Bible. If a person were caught with a precious fragment in his possession, he was fined or whipped or imprisoned.

The first man in England who tried to turn the minds of men toward the idea that every one has a right to study the Bible and to interpret it as he wishes was John Wycliffe. But he was so hated that, years after his death, his bones were burned and the ashes scattered.

About a hundred years later, Martin Luther translated the Bible into the German language. There was no English Bible. The Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek, and these had been translated into Latin, in which all of the clergy were learned. But the English people could not understand a word of it. The church at that time did not believe in allowing any one but the clergy to read or explain the Bible. They even thought that they were pleasing God when they persecuted any one who differed from them.

The Courage of William Tyndale

At the same time that Luther lived in Germany, there was in England a man named William Tyndale. His name is not well known to most of us, but it should be, for he gave to English-speaking people a wonderful gift, and paid a high price for it. The story of his life is a thrilling one. He greatly admired Martin Luther and wished to do for the English people what Luther had done for the Germans. But on all sides he saw men led to prison and even put to death for reading Luther's writings, and he knew very well that if he should translate the Bible into English, his life would be sought. Yet he determined to do it—not because he loved strife, for you can see by his picture what a kindly face he had, but, in his own words, "out of pity and compassion for my brethren."

Tyndale realized that he could not do the work in England, for he would be watched. He must go away—leave his own country. He had very little money, but friends promised him enough to pay for the printing, if he could succeed in

finishing the translation. So he sailed to Hamburg, Germany, to "poverty, mine exile out of mine natural country, and bitter absence from my friends, the hunger, the thirst, the cold, the great danger wherewith I was everywhere compassed." Before he left England, Tyndale made a vow. He had been talking with one of the learned men who was bitterly opposed to allowing every one to read the Bible, and Tyndale became so indignant that he declared, solemnly, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plow shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost."

The Work Which Cannot Be Destroyed

In Hamburg, Tyndale took a little room and secretly went to work at the translation of the New Testament. It was a great task, but one for which he was well fitted. He had always loved the Bible, and even as a child he had had a gift for languages. The only record which we have of his early life says, in the quaint English of those times, that "William Tyndale . . . . was brought up from a child in the University of Oxford where he grew and increased as well in the knowledge of tongues and other liberal arts, as especially in the knowledge of the Scriptures, whereunto his mind was singularly addicted." We know that the things which a child does and reads and thinks about leave such a deep impression on his mind that his whole life is influenced thereby, so we are not surprised to learn that William Tyndale's love for the Bible began when he was very young.

His liking for languages caused him to study them, so that he became skilled in seven different tongues, and it was said of him, that no matter which he spoke, it sounded as if it were his native language. Yet, though he was such a scholar, he wrote the English Bible in very simple language, because he wanted to give it to the poor and unlettered, and this style is beautifully suited to the Bible, for it was written in the beginning for people of little education. William Tyndale did his work so perfectly that he fixed the style of the English Bible for all time, a style which cannot be equalled for clearness, dignity and beauty.

When the translation of the New Testament was finished, he took the precious sheets of paper to Cologne, Germany, which was famous for its printing presses, and ordered 3000 copies to be printed. The work had progressed about as far as the gospel of Mark, when the senate of the city ordered the printers to stop! The secret of the printing had been betrayed. Henry the Eighth, King of England, and the church authorities there were also warned that Tyndale was planning to ship New Testaments into England. Spies were everywhere. Tyndale, fearing that his life would be taken before his vow could be performed, hastily packed up what he could of the printed sheets and fled to the city of Worms. Of course, not every printer was willing to undertake the work, but he finally found a man who was brave enough to help him. The first edition was finished and another 3000 copies printed.

Bibles Packed in Barrels of Flour

Meanwhile, the English authorities were ordered by the king to keep a sharp lookout at every seaport for the Bibles which they knew Tyndale was trying to have printed. But in spite of their watchfulness, in spite of the delays, the dangers and persecutions, the Bibles came to England. They came hidden in barrels, in cases, in bales of cloth, in sacks of flour and in every other secret way that could be thought of. They were smuggled in—the whole 6000 copies—to those trusted ones who were anxiously waiting for them, and were quickly spread through all the land. When the authorities discovered that the Bibles were already in the country, every effort was made to find and destroy them. But more were being printed. During the following ten years 30,000 Bibles were smuggled into England. Thousands of these, bought by spies or seized by the church, were

piled in heaps and burned with ceremony, "as a burnt offering most pleasing to Almighty God." But persecution always helps along any cause. People talked of nothing else but the wonderful book, and tried in every secret way to get a precious copy.

Tyndale was in greater danger than before. He was driven from place to place by his enemies. At last he was arrested and thrown into prison. One of the letters written by this brave man is left for us to read. It was written to the Governor of the castle where he was imprisoned in a dungeon for a year and a half. He asked first for some warmer clothing, and then wrote, "I wish also for permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is weary work to sit alone, in the dark. But above all things, I entreat and beseech you . . . . kindly suffer me to have my Hebrew Bible, Grammar and Dictionary."

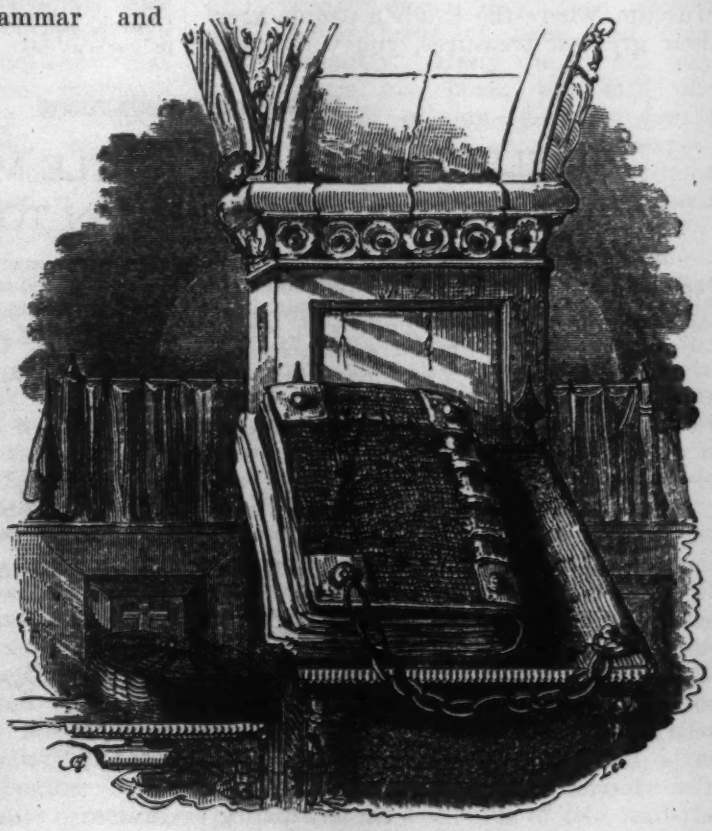
A Prisoner Who Was Loved by His Jailers

But this exile, sitting alone in the cold, dark dungeon, knowing that his life would probably be taken, did not stop to feel sorry for himself. His one thought was to finish his work, to translate the Old Testament into English, so that the English people might have the comfort and beauty of the whole Bible for their own. Some old records tell us that Tyndale was so gentle that he was loved even by his jailers. And his request was probably granted, for it is considered certain that the translation of the parts of the Old Testament which he left was written while he was in this foreign dungeon.

Finally the fate which he had foreseen when he made his vow overtook him. He was killed and his body burned at the stake. But his work could not be destroyed. At the very time of his death, the first Bible printed on English soil came from the press—and on the title page was the name of William Tyndale.

England's Sweetest Music

What joy there must have been when the first Bibles were brought into St. Paul's cathedral. Six large English Bibles were fastened with heavy chains to the reading desks, so that they could not be stolen, and the people crowded into the cathedral all day long, from morning until the evening, to hear the Scriptures read. Suppose you had never heard the words of the Bible, and suppose you went into a great cathedral



Bibles were fastened by heavy chains to the reading desks in St. Paul's cathedral.

and tried to get as near as possible to one of the desks where a man was reading, and you should hear, for the first time, echoing down the great, dim aisles of the church, those sweet, comforting words, "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God—believe also in me." Or "I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." Those sentences would have fallen like strange music on your ears, "the sweetest music ever heard on English soil."

To-day, we know many of the most beautiful parts of the Bible by heart. We read it freely in our homes and churches, our Bible, which is largely the work of William Tyndale. No other translator has been able to improve upon him. He gave it to us—and paid for it with his life.

If you should ever visit the British Museum, where the English people keep their greatest treasures, you would see, among other precious things, a few worn, yellow pages from the New Testament. It is the only fragment left of the first edition of the translation of William Tyndale, the "Father of the English Bible."

The first step in bringing the Bible to us was taken when it was translated from the original into the Latin language. There existed in the second century a Latin version of the Bible made in Africa, and used by the African Fathers. In time this became so corrupt that Saint Jerome was requested to undertake a revision. He had not, however, proceeded far with his task of revising the old version when he was so strongly impressed with the inaccuracy of the Old Testament text, derived from the Septuagint, that he resolved to translate it anew from the Hebrew. On this he was engaged from perhaps A. D. 385 to A. D. 405. By the approbation of Gregory I, this translation acquired such authority that since the seventh century, with some mixture of other ancient translations, it has been exclusively adopted in the Western Church, and has borne the name of the *Vulgate* or current text.—Editor's note.

SELECTED FOR THE LITTLE MAGAZINE BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

A thought is a real thing and words are only its raiment; but a thought is as shy as a virgin; unless it is fittingly apparelled we may not look on its shadowy nakedness: it will fly from us and only return again in the darkness crying in a thin, childish voice which we may not comprehend until, with aching minds, listening and divining we at last fashion for it those symbols which are its protection and its banner.

James Stephens, in The Crock of Gold.

A Morning in May

I was out in the cool of the morning,
When the birds were beginning to sing.
Each calling to each
In the day newly-born,
Each calling to each
In the fresh-scented morn;
Calling — "Oh, it is spring! It is spring!"

And the dew-laden lilacs about me,
And the hum of an early bee's wing,
And the murmuring boughs
Of the new-leafing trees,
And the soft-stirring boughs
Rustling low in the breeze
Whispered — "Ah, it is spring! It is spring!"

Claude C. Washburn

AN INSTINCT THAT IS OLDER THAN A CONTINENT

NORWAY, the land of the Vikings, is the home of a tiny animal which possesses the bold spirit of adventure that characterized those early rovers of the sea. This animal is the lemming. Lemmings are gnawing animals who live among the high mountain regions of the Scandinavian countries as well as in North America and northern Asia. Those who live in Norway are only five inches long, including the stumpy tail.

Ever since men have studied the lemmings, they have noticed that whenever their population increases so that the food supply is endangered, these little animals migrate. All nature books tell of this migration of the lemmings, but it occurs so rarely that it may not happen in a lifetime.

Two years ago, this marvel of nature did take place. The early spring and warm summer in Norway caused an abundance of vegetation so that the lemmings grew strong and numerous. This is always the cause of a migration. The animals increase so rapidly that the food supply begins to fail, and millions of lemmings, a countless population, face starvation. When they begin to realize this, through the host of tiny animals there runs a general uneasiness. Their comfortable life is over. There is no food. They begin to assemble, the same impulse seeming to affect a large group at the same time and spreading from them to the others. The animals arrange themselves in ranks, like an army, and the migration begins.

They hurry on in a definite direction, long trains of little creatures so close together that the head of one seems to rest on the back of the one in front of it. The light tread of their feet wears a path which can be seen for a long distance. The longer the march, the greater becomes the anxious haste. They fall upon all vegetation in their path, but their numbers are so tremendous that many get nothing. Hunger spurs them on. The little animals become brave with desperation; they gnaw through haystacks, they climb over mountains, they swim rivers and broad lakes; they face ravens and strong birds of prey and even man, defiantly. Many die by the way and others are born, but still the swarms rush on—on—perhaps for a year or two years or three years—until they come to the sea. Without hesitation, they plunge in. Their mad march is over.

It seems a strange, wild act, without reason. But some people believe that once, ages ago, there was a land, plentiful in food, which now lies under the sea, and that the lemmings used to march to this land of plenty when their food supply waned. After thousands of years, this instinct is so strong that it drives millions of animals, when their need for food arises.

We know that birds flying along the Mediterranean follow ancestral routes, coasts which are now submerged. It may well be true that the lemmings are driven by an ancient instinct, which has caused migrations in the past and will cause more in the future. For a few of the lemmings always stay behind. These repopulate the home country until, after many years, another long summer will produce again a surplus of life, and the lemmings will set forth, even as men do from over-populated countries, to find a newer, fairer land.

OLD MAY SONG. I.

"All in this pleasant Evening."

NEW MAY SONG. II.

"Come listen awhile."

MAY SONGS

WHILE reading one evening towards the close of April, 1861, I was on a sudden aware of a party of waits or carolers who had taken their stand on the lawn in my garden, and were serenading the family with a song. There were four singers, accompanied by a flute and a clarinet; and together they discoursed most simple and rustic music. I found that the same songs are used every year. They are verbally recited, all of the words being deftly brought into the strain. The first song bears marks of some antiquity. There is its double refrain—the second and fourth lines in every stanza—which, both musically and poetically, are far superior to the others. Its quaint picture of manners, the worshipful master of the house in his chain of gold, the mistress with gold along her breast, the "house and harbor," "riches and store," all seem to point to earlier times.

— From An Old Letter.

OLD MAY SONG

All in this pleasant evening, together come are we,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;
We'll tell you of a blossom and buds on every tree,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the master of this house, put on your chain of gold,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
We hope you're not offended, with your house we make so bold,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the mistress of this house, with gold along your breast,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
And if your body be asleep, we hope your soul's at rest,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the children of this house, all in your rich attire,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
For every hair upon your head shines like the silver wire,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

God bless this house and harbour, your riches and your store,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
We hope the Lord will prosper you, both now and evermore,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

NEW MAY SONG

Come listen awhile unto what we shall say,
Concerning the season, the month we call May;
For the flowers they are springing, and the birds they do sing,
And the baziers are sweet in the morning of May.

When the trees are in bloom, and the meadows are green,
The sweet-smelling cowslips are plain to be seen;
The sweet ties of nature, which we plainly do see,
For the baziers are sweet in the morning of May.

So now to conclude, with much freedom and love,
The sweetest of blessings proceed from above;
Let us join in our song that right happy may we be,
For we'll bless with contentment in the morning of May.

THE SEVEN MEN OF HALIFAX

THE Great disaster in the harbor of Halifax was one of the most terrible calamities that have ever afflicted Nova Scotia.

It happened during the war, while a ship laden with munitions was waiting in Halifax Harbor, and the loss of property and life in the town was almost beyond calculation.

The munition ship was the French vessel Mont Blanc, which was run into by another ship. The collision set her on fire, and her crew, unable to extinguish the flames or stop the ship, escaped in boats.

Like a floating volcano the deserted ship headed straight for the British warship Niobe, the naval harbor, and the magazine. On board the Niobe was Captain Newcombe, having a wound dressed after the amputation of one of his legs. In that frightful moment he forgot his wound and realized the awful peril developing before his eyes. He called for volunteers to take the ship's pinnace, go up to the Mont Blanc, grapple her, and tow her out of the path in which she was carrying disaster and death. Boatswain Matthison of Toronto stepped forward instantly, and with him six other men, ready for the fearful plunge to death.

They lowered their boat, and the little pinnace moved like a fluttered bird towards the floating terror. The flames from the Mont Blanc mounted higher and higher, and it was evident that she must soon explode; but the dauntless seven raced on to haul her from her course.

They had almost reached her white-hot side when the catastrophe happened. The Mont Blanc blew up with a thunderous roar, wrecking everything far and near. When the murk subsided all eyes were turned to seek the pinnace and her crew, but not a trace of the vessel remained. The pinnace had been blown to atoms, and seven more men were face to face with God.

From Heroes of the Flag, by Arthur Mee.

A SONG OF DAVID FOR THE SPRINGTIME

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.
O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it:
Thou greatly enriches it with the river of God,
Which is full of water:
Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly:
Thou settlest the furrows thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers:
Thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness—
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
And the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

THE PANAMA GANG

By ARTHUR MEE

Here we are, gentlemen, here's the whole gang of us,
  Pretty near through with the job we are on;
Size up our work—it will give you the hang of us—
  South to Balboa and north to Colon.
Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;
  Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;
What can we do for you—got any preference,
  Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat again,
  We who have shattered a continent's spine;
Office work—oh, but we couldn't do that again!
  Haven't you something that's more in our line?
Got any river they say isn't crossable?
  Got any mountains that can't be cut through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
  Doing things "nobody ever could do!"

Take a good look at the whole husky crew of us,
  Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel men;
Taken together you'll find quite a few of us
  Soon to be ready for trouble again.
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistery,
  Chockful of energy, vigor, and tang,
Trained by a task that's the biggest in history,
  Who has a job for this Panama Gang?

Berton Braley

A RIDERLESS horse walked up Ludgate Hill one day behind its sleeping master, and if a horse can feel and know what happens its heart must have been breaking—unless there came to it new strength in the pride it felt in the sight of its master sleeping under the Stars and Stripes on his way to St. Paul's.

For what was happening that day up Ludgate Hill was a rare and stirring thing. Here was no great Englishman, no great Briton, going to his rest: here was a ragged, barefooted boy of Baltimore being carried to St. Paul's, to rest a little while on his way across the sea, after his life's work was done.

He had done for the world one of the greatest things that an American brain has ever done: he had made the Panama Canal after thousands of people had died in the attempt; he had saved the travelers of the world thousands of miles on their journeys; he had given the commerce of the world new highways of traffic; he had shown that science can make the earth a Paradise when the world wills that it shall be so.

The work he did is almost beyond belief. It is almost beyond belief that a mountain has been cut in two, and that the Pacific Ocean is flowing through it. It is almost beyond belief that a way has been made which brings the Atlantic sea-front of America four thousand miles nearer Australia and saves six thousand miles on a journey from Liverpool to Vancouver. It is almost beyond belief that a ship is sailing at this moment through the Panama Canal, climbing up from the Atlantic to the top of the stairs that lead down into the Pacific; yet it is done every day of every week.

All that is as thrilling and wonderful as words can make it; but the wonder of it is as nothing compared with the wonder of how it was done. Since man first found power he has made no nobler

use of it than in sweeping away the foulest scene on earth and putting in its place a smiling land.

I like to think of it all as beginning on that morning long ago when Power was born into the world. The King of England had heard of a young man in Glasgow who was talking of making engines, and the king went to see him.

Now, of course—so strange are the things of this world—even a king may be ignorant and a plain man may be wise, and there was never so beautiful a case as this of a plain wise man and a foolish king. For the king was very superior in his royal ignorance; he would put this little man in his place; and so, with a patronizing air, George the Third went up to James Watt, and asked, "Well, my man, and what have you to sell?" Let us put "my man's" words in bold type; they are worthy to be addressed to a king. Said James Watt to George the Third:

What kings covet, may it please your Majesty—Power.

Time was flying past them both, and the plain man and the king were passing from the earth to whatever lies beyond; but long after the world forgets that George the Third threw away America it will remember that James Watt made an engine run by steam.

What kings covet—Power! Well, men have found it now, and though most kings and governments are sleeping with the key of a new earth under their pillows, for once a government has sent out a plain man to use to the utmost the power thhat was ready to his hand.

And the story of the ragged boy of Baltimore is the story of what the plain man did with Power.

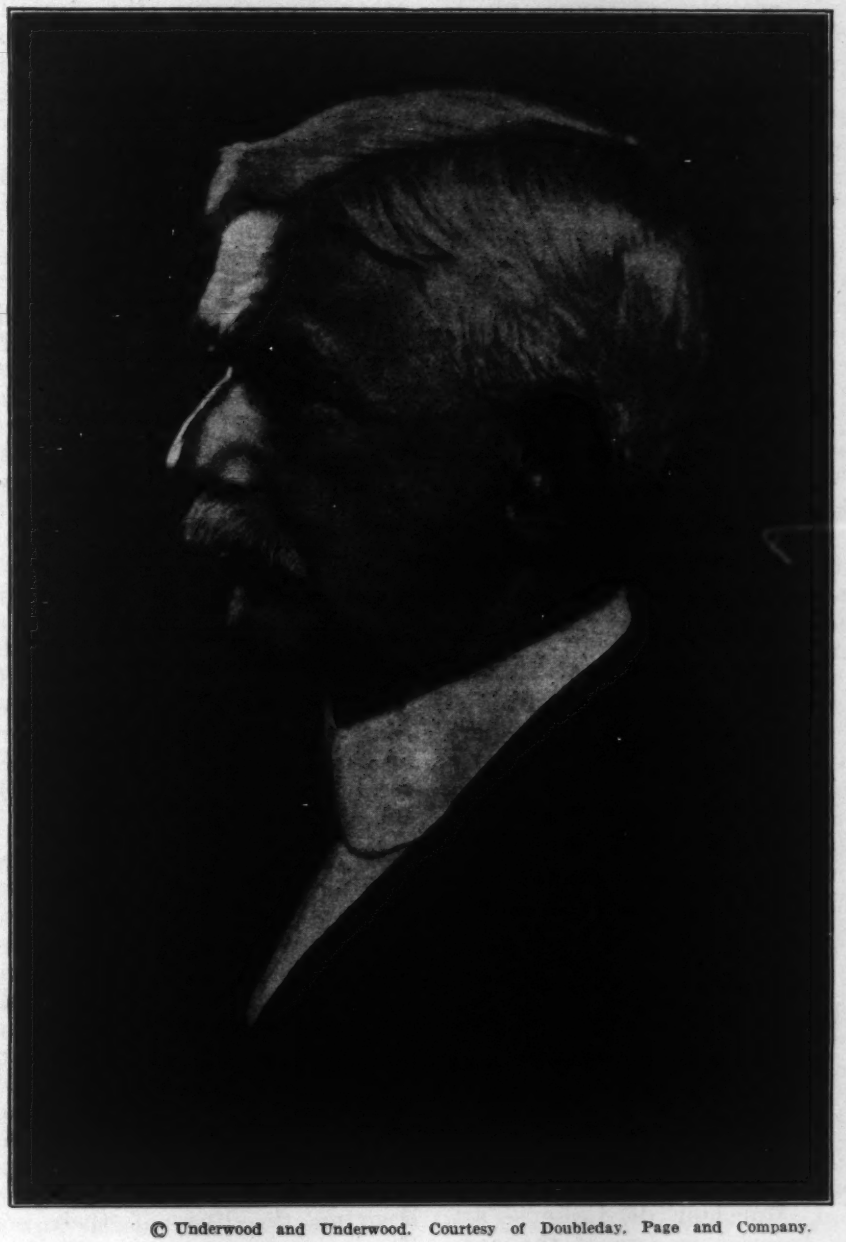
The old Panama has gone for ever, and men will hardly believe what they read of it in the years to come. The narrowest point of the mighty American continent, it remained for centuries the great highway between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. A glorious natural way it must have been in the days when the treasure-hunters of Spain passed through it with their captures; in the days when it came into the greatness of Spain and figured on the maps as Darien; in the days when Sir Francis Drake climbed a tree here and saw the Pacific Ocean, praying that the day might come when he would sail the unknown sea in an English ship. And a glorious way it has now become once more, so that again men will look out upon the world from here, and, remembering the famous lines of Keats, will be moved by what they see, as Balboa was moved

> . . . when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

And there were big things even then in Panama, for a King of Spain is said to have looked out from his palace windows, shielding his eyes and saying that he was looking for the walls of Panama, "for they had cost enough to be seen even from there." It was a kingly jest, but it speaks eloquently to us even now of the riches of Old Panama.

Yet all this time the power of Panama was not with the King of Spain, nor with his treasure-hunters, nor with the buccaneers who fought and scattered desolation everywhere in this way from sea to sea. The kings of Panama were Stegomyia and Anopheles, who had no throne of gold, but held the power of life or death over every man and woman and child in Panama. They took no taxes, made no laws, raised no armies, and commanded no respect. No traveler in Panama bowed down to them; for all the pomp that surrounded them, these kings of Darien might have been the humblest creatures of the dust. Yet in their grip lay the destinies of this beautiful land; without a single word, without a single sword, they drove back mighty hosts of men and broke the power of nations. When, after hundreds of years, Europe sent out its engineers to dig the Panama Canal, these kings were reigning still, and tons and tons of steel, crumpled-up engines, and bars of iron that trees have picked up and twisted round their branches, tell the tale of how Stegomyia and Anopheles dealt with them.

Like the Shadow of Death they reigned over Darien; they held sway unmolested for four hundred years, and there have



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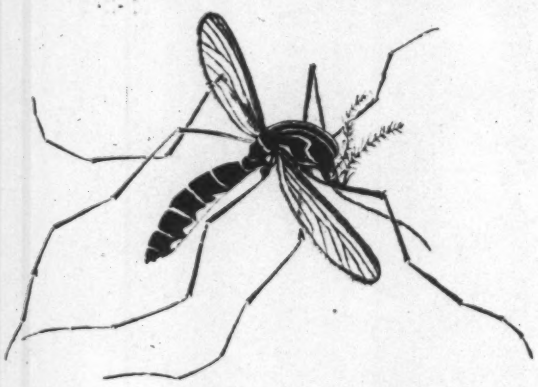
William Crawford Gorgas, from one of his last pictures, taken in 1920

not been in the history of mankind two more powerful members of a ruling race.

For generation after generation they consumed the lifeblood of the people who lived in this beautiful region of the earth. The heat of Panama is such as only tropical travelers know; the terrific rainfall is almost beyond our imagination; and so, in a country with unmade roads, with only the roughest tracks beaten down by the tramping feet of centuries of passers-by there was nothing but encouragement for stagnant water everywhere. The moisture and the warmth of the rich soil gave rise to forests of vegeta-

tion, thick growths of huge plants and deep jungles of hundreds of varieties of grasses, in which insects lived in countless myriads; and so there poured out into still lakes and pools and marshes a rushing stream of decay, dead and dying animal and vegetable matter, which never seemed to end, but lay there year by year, until it seemed almost natural that a city of ten thousand people, like Colon, should have within it a hundred and fifty thousand graves.

And so Old Panama came to be unfit to live in, a beautiful place befouled, until an English traveler declared that "in all the world there is perhaps not now concentrated in any spot so much swindling and villainy, so much of foul disease, such a hideous dung-heap of moral and physical abomination."



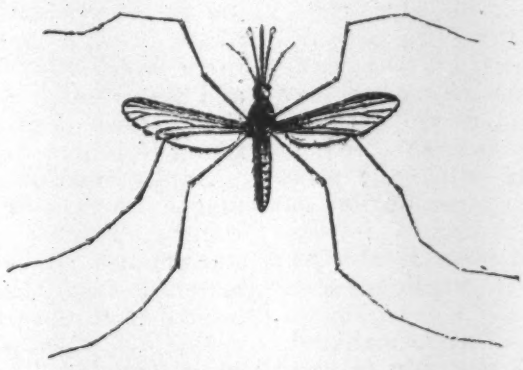
Stegomyia fasciata, the mosquito that spreads yellow fever.

Sir Isaac Newton was able to do his work because he stood on the shoulders of giants, he said, and the Americans have dug the Panama Canal because they stood on the shoulders of the poor Frenchmen who tried and failed. Let us remember them, giants that they were, brave men who faced disease and death and did not quail.

This is what happened when the great French engineer who had dug the Suez Canal, Monsieur de Lesseps, set out to cut America in two at the narrow isthmus of Panama. There was a French consul who advanced an engineer the money for a suit of clothes one day and invited him to lunch the next; but the engineer did not come. He had died of yellow fever at three o'clock in the morning, and was buried at dawn in the new suit he had just put on. There was another Frenchman, the first Director-General of the canal, who spent thirty thousand pounds on building a house on the top of a hill; but before the house was finished his wife and son and daughter had died of yellow fever, and the Director-General went back to France alone, a broken-hearted man. Another man was sent to take his place; he settled down and began his duties, and died of yellow fever. A thousand men were sent to dig, and every man was dead within a year — from yellow fever. Another thousand took their place, and before the first year ended the second thousand were dead too. Sixty-nine men in every hundred died at times; ten thousand after ten thousand brave workmen were stricken and fell.

So death went about in Panama, and nothing could stop its terrible march. It was like poison walking in the streets. No man was surprised if the friend he had seen in the morning was lying in a grave at night. Yet, in spite of Death, the Frenchmen went on digging, and they did as well as the Americans could have done in those dark days. For they were fighting Stegomyia and Anopheles; they were in the grip of the invisible armies of death, and their very efforts to save their poor stricken men were destroying the lives of their comrades. There are few things in the history of the world more pathetic than this— that, in those days before the truth was known, the French doctors, to keep the insects out of the beds of the sick men, stood the bedsteads in bowls of water, *in which the mosquitoes that spread the disease were bred.* So near to these poor doctors was the mysterious enemy which baffled them.

With nearly fifty thousand men, and over fifty million pounds, the great De Lesseps failed. He died with a broken heart in Paris, and his name is written across Panama in heaps of rusty iron and ruined machinery. There it lies in swamps and jungles, proclaiming to all the world the failure of human power against an invisible foe. It is all that is left of ten years of the labor of a great host of men, and the spending of *a sovereign for every five minutes of time since Balboa, in 1513, first looked out from his peak in Darien.*



Anopheles, the mosquito that carries the malaria germ.

And now we must come back to France, for while the Frenchmen who went to Panama gave up the work and gave up their lives, another Frenchman stayed at home and led the way to the Panama Canal.

It was Louis Pasteur, looking through his microscope, who set men searching for the invisible messengers of Death at Panama, and led to the arrest and trial and conviction of Stegomyia and Anopheles on a charge of destroying hundreds of thousands of lives. For what Louis Pasteur found was this.

Man is truly at the top of the world, the "highest yet" that Life has known. But man has against him, in his march of conquest, myriads of smaller creatures which, often before he knows it, sting him and poison him and may destroy him. Sometimes these creatures live on a man's body, so that we call them parasites, because they live on others; sometimes they have smaller parasites which live on them, so that even a harmless insect may carry a poisonous parasite and give it to a man with its sting.

And this great discovery of one Frenchman, if it had been made a little while before, would perhaps have saved the lives of all those Frenchmen who died in digging the canal, for it led to the discovery of the hidden enemy of life in Panama, and to the sweeping away for ever—if we want to do it—of two of the greatest enemies that the human race has ever known.

We need not stop to trace here all the steps in this great conquest of the enemies of man—to recall the work of the great Pasteur himself; of his countryman, Dr. Laveran, who studied parasites in Africa; of his other countryman, Dr. Beauperthuy, who lies in a humble grave in the West Indies, but is for ever remembered as having, *long before De Lesseps began,* pointed the way to the great discovery that the real enemy was carried by the mosquito; or of the famous Sir Patrick Manson, whose long and splendid work in London was so valuable, and entitles him for ever to the grateful memory of mankind. But we must look for a moment especially at the work of the men who crowned this quest of knowledge with success — Sir Ronald Ross in England and Dr. Walter Reed in America.

It was Dr. Ross who found out Anopheles and Dr. Reed who found out Stegomyia, and what they found was that Stegomyia carried in its body the author of yellow fever, and that Anopheles carried within it the author of malaria, so that a bite from one of these mosquitoes might any time bring death. The parasite of Anopheles is known, that of Stegomyia is still unknown; but we know that both these fearful parasites inhabit the bodies of the mosquitoes, which give them to man when they suck his blood. Half their lives the

parasites spend in the body of the mosquito and half in the body of man, whom for centuries they destroyed.

So, for ages past in the history of the world, two little mosquitoes have carried within their bodies the fearful creatures which have struck down millions of unhappy members of the human race. They have held whole continents back from civilization, and have made tropical countries impossible for white races.

These little pools by the wayside, the little pockets of water in the waste places — what a mighty meaning they have had in the history of the world!

For in them the mosquitoes breed, so that these still waters — like the pools of water in which the French doctors set the bedsteads in the hospitals! — were the very birthplace of these great afflictions that struck down whole races of men. They attack those rich regions of the earth of greatest value to mankind, and they strike down not only the native people who inhabit them, but the carriers of civilization too — the pioneer, the planter, the trader, the missionary and the soldier.

For ages past the things inside the bodies of these two mosquitoes have been fighting against mankind. They have been, said Dr. Ronald Ross, the principal and gigantic ally of barbarism. "No wild deserts," says he, 'no savage races, no geographical difficulties have proved so inimical to civilization as this disease. We may also say that it has withheld an entire continent from humanity — the immense and fertile tracts of Africa. What we call the Dark Continent should be called the Malarious Continent; and for centuries the successive waves of civilization which have flooded and fertilized Europe and America have broken themselves in vain upon its deadly shores."

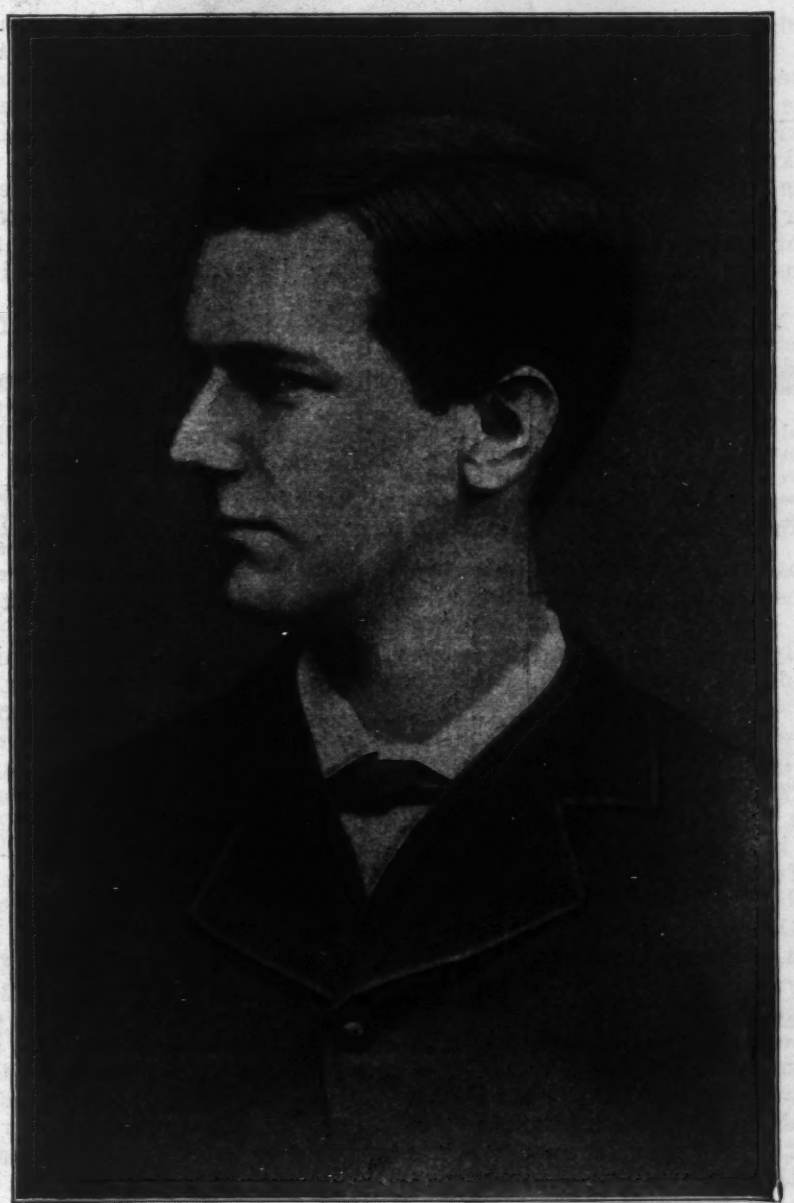
The pages of history are black with the story of these terrible diseases. Yellow fever followed Columbus to America in 1493, and was so bad there that the King of Spain had to throw open his jails for volunteers. And still, within the lifetime of living men, yellow fever was raging in the same West Indies, so that in a few months 69 in every 100 white troops in Demerara perished. There is a sad story of a general who lost his reason when, in spite of all he could do for his brave men, they were struck down in hundreds by invisible bullets.

One traveller spoke of it as so terrible that it seemed as if the European carried something in his pocket which, coming in contact with the tropical atmosphere, lit up a conflagration. In Brazil there were 35,000 deaths in one year, and ships rotted in the harbor because their crews died and none could be found to replace them.

Naples was once in the grip of a plague which took 380,000 lives in six months; 144,000 people died in Constantinople in the year Napoleon marched from Moscow; there was a period of three years when 25 million people died from plague in Europe and 30 millions in China alone; and even in 1904 malaria killed a million people in our Indian Empire, destroying in a single week over 76,000 lives, a number equal to the entire British Army in India.

So, all over the tropical world, the mosquitoes came up out of the pools and spread death and misery and disaster among mankind. And *nobody knew*. It is said that there is an old book in the world, written 1400 years ago, which declares that malaria is caused by a mosquito, and we know that Dr. Beauperthuy declared that this was so in 1856; but either nobody noticed these things or nobody believed them, and the affliction of the human race went on. In their silent warfare against mankind the mosquitoes were winning all the time.

It is pathetic to look back and think of all the wasted efforts to drive back the plague, of all the human life and energy and thought and money that poured away in vain attempts to drive the enemy back. Clothing and baggage were disinfected or destroyed; ships were turned away from docks with the dying on board; thousands of tons of stone and cargo were thrown overboard



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Gorgas as a young man at Fort Brown, Texas, where he contracted yellow fever and so became immune.

in the belief that they contained the germs of yellow fever or malaria. A pitiful thing it is to think of these desperate efforts to break the power of an unseen foe; there is nothing in all the legends of gods and witches more terrible than this.

It is good now to come, in the story of this great conquest, to the day when Major Ronald Ross sat looking through his microscope in India at the last two mosquitoes that he had to examine. Working eight hours a day at his microscope, tried by the heat and tortured by flies, his sight grew dim, and his body sank with fatigue. But he still went on,

gazing intently into the dapple-winged mosquito upon which his microscope was turned. And Dr. Ross did more than gaze upon this little creature in those anxious hours and days when, as we now know, he was on the verge of one of the greatest discoveries that men have ever made: he wrote these noble lines of prayer, which were so soon and so gloriously to be answered:

In this, O Nature, yield, I pray, to me.
I pace and pace, and think and think, and take
The fevered hands, and note down all I see,
That some dim distant light may haply break.

The painful faces ask, Can we not cure?
We answer, No, not yet; we seek the laws.
O God, reveal, through all this thing obscure,
The unseen, small, but million-murdering cause.

Dr. Ross was bending tenderly over his microscope as these thoughts filled his mind one night in 1893. He was profoundly disappointed, and was about to abandon the examination, when, he tells us:

"I saw a very delicate circular cell, apparently lying among the ordinary cells of the organ, and scarcely distinguishable from them. Almost instinctively I felt that here was something new. On looking further, another and another similar object presented itself. I now focused the lens carefully on one of these, and found that it contained a few minute granules of some black substance, exactly like the pigment of the parasite of malaria. I counted altogether twelve of these cells in the insect, but was so tired with work, and had been so often disappointed before, that I did not at the moment recognize the value of the observation. After mounting the preparation, I went home and slept for nearly an hour. On waking, my first thought was that the problem was solved; and so it was."

If that waking moment was memorable in the life of Dr. Ross, it is memorable, too, in the life of the world, for it was the beginning of the end of Anopheles, the scourger of humanity, the ravager of continents, the repeller of civilization. A new door had opened into the temple of knowledge; a new hope had come to the human race.

Here is the thought with which Dr. Ross himself looked out on the world that day. These are his words:

"The exact route of infection of this great disease, which annually slays its millions of human beings and keeps whole continents in darkness, was revealed. These minute spores enter the salivary gland of the mosquito, and pass with its poisonous saliva directly into the blood of man. Never in our dreams had we imagined so wonderful a tale as this."

What it all meant to the world we may see from just one instance. Malaria had broken out at Ismailia, in Egypt, and flourished until it was computed that every inhabitant suffered from it, when Major Ross was sent for. In two or three years he stopped the breeding of mosquitoes, and changed plague-stricken Ismailia into a health-resort.

While Dr. Ross was searching in India and discovering the author of malaria in Anopheles, Dr. Reed and three or four comrades in the American Army were searching in Cuba for the author of yellow fever. It was almost certain, after the discovery of Dr. Ross, that the parasite of yellow fever had its home in a mosquito. How this was proved by Major Walter Reed is one of the thrilling stories of the world.

There is no adventure anywhere more instinct with heroism than the search for the author of yellow fever and its discovery in Stegomyia. Even if there had been no gain for freedom in the Spanish-American War, the conquest of yellow fever would have been worth the war a hundred times. A hundred thousand men died of yellow fever in three years under Spanish rule; in forty-seven years 35,000 people died in the city of Havana alone. It was into these things that Dr. Reed and his comrades were sent to investigate. One of them died, and the camp was named after him—"Camp Lazear." A great name this will be in the real history of the world if ever its real history is written, and one picture that Dr. Reed has left for us shows us how the spirit of heroes and the love of humanity hovered about this camp.

Two men were wanted for experi-

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But we cannot eat, "just anything or everything," for replenishment.

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ments, and two young privates in the army came forward and offered themselves. They were to be bitten by suspected mosquitoes. Major Reed talked the matter over with them, explained the danger and suffering, and then, seeing that they were still determined, promised that they should be generously compensated for their sacrifice. It must have thrilled Dr. Reed to find that the moment he mentioned money these plain American men held back. Both declined to undergo the experiment except on the sole condition that they should have no money reward. Major Reed touched his cap to the privates and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you," and he said afterwards that, in his opinion, this exhibition of moral courage had never been surpassed in the United States Army.

That is how it was discovered that Stegomyia carries yellow fever and gives it to man with its bite, and it is sad to have to say that Dr. Walter Reed gave this discovery to the world as almost his last service to it; for he died soon after, having earned for himself the gratitude of all men living and all men to be born.

So the knowledge that is power came into the world. Now the world came to close grips with its mortal enemies.

Now the Panama Canal could be made. Now we come to our ragged boy of Baltimore and the rider up Ludgate Hill.

Nothing on earth can stop the human race when it has knowledge and right on its side; nothing but ignorance and folly can defeat mankind.

The American Government made up its mind to finish the work the Frenchmen had begun. They were to cut a continent in two at the narrow point from Panama to Colon, and let the world's ships sail through. They sent thirty, then forty, then nearly fifty thousand men to do the work, and made a plain man master over them. His name was Gorgas, and this is the manner of man he was, according to himself. Speaking at Baltimore university he recalled his boyhood in the time of the Civil War:

"I first came to Baltimore about forty-five years ago—a ragged, barefoot little rebel, with empty pockets and still more empty stomach. My father had gone south with Lee's Army. At the fall and destruction of Richmond, my mother's house, with all that she had, was burned, leaving her stranded with six small children. She came to Baltimore, and was there cared for by friends. These memories are vivid with me, and can never be effaced."

It was Colonel Gorgas—he had been made a colonel by special Act of Parliament, although he was a doctor—who showed the governments of the world what they can do with power when they have done with quarreling. Armed with the knowledge Major Ross and Major Reed had given him, he went out to Panama and met Stegomyia and Anopheles face to face.

He found there a workshop forty-five miles long, and his power extended all the way for five miles on each side. Over four hundred and fifty square miles this plain man from Baltimore had the power of a king, he made the law and carried it out. He had neither guns nor powder, none of the instruments of war; he had simply a fact, and the power to drive it home to everybody who lived in his four hundred and fifty square miles. He knew that two mosquitoes lived in stagnant pools, and he locked them up while the workmen went on digging. He locked up every pool with oil; he drained or sealed up every ditch; he closed every way that could be found through which the mosquitoes could come. Never was there known before so great a pouring of oil upon the troubled water; never was there known so silent a battle between an army of hundreds on one side and hundreds of millions on the other.

On the one side were a few hundred men—doctors and ditchers, drainers and dispensers, oilers and clerks and sanitary inspectors, guarding forty or fifty thousand laborers and their families, scattered over four hundred and fifty square miles in about forty camps and villages. They were doing the biggest piece of engineering that has ever been done on the earth, digging a way from

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sea to sea, cutting up a mountain for the sea to pass through, and building huge walls to hold in the sea as it passed.

On the other side were millions of mosquitoes of the race of Stegomyia and Anopheles, born in still waters but emerging, with their powers of death, to fly through every door and window, to suck the blood of any human being and poison the life-blood of all Panama, as their ancestors had poisoned it for ages, with yellow fever and malaria.

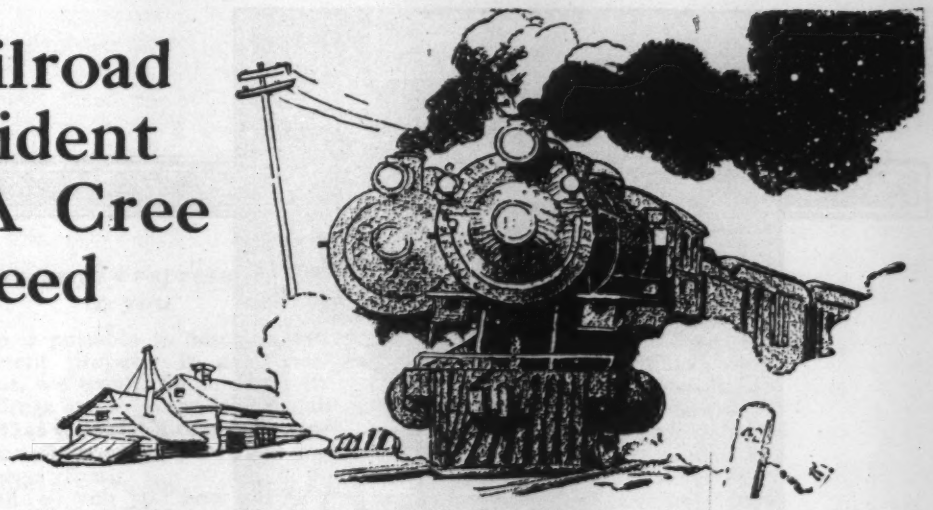
Our hero was equal to his opportunity. He was worthy of that long line of heroes who had lived and died to give him the knowledge that he knew was power. He had against him all the ignorant little people who are always against the man who knows, but he stood firm, like a strong man with the eyes of the world upon him. He screened up all the houses, and ordered every household to cover up all vessels that held water. He drained lakes and swamps that had never been drained before, and poured out the filth of ages to the sea. He drained every ditch and pond that could be drained; those that could not be drained he oiled, so that the mosquities in them could not breathe. He cut grass jungles to the ground, destroyed all vermin, and burned all rubbish. He raised all buildings up above the ground, and covered them with fine wire screens. He screened every train, and on every train he put a hospital car. He made every man in Panama a total abstainer, for he ordered alcohol off the ground. Fifty thousand strong teetotalers have done the greatest piece of work the modern world has ever seen.

A marvellous thing it is these men have done, these troops of workmen with their giant machines, with a hundred excavators, twenty diggers, five hundred locomotives, and five thousand trucks, pumps, elevators, cranes, and tugs.

Tremendous machines there were which broke up mountain peaks and carried off enormous rocks, which plunged huge shovels into water and brought up hundred-weights of mud, which unlocked a train of fifty wagons at one stroke; and it is no surprise to know that 200 million tons of earth have been moved away, equal to a tunnel through the earth from side to side. It is no surprise to know that in such a workshop

(*Continued on page* 154)

A Railroad President *and* A Cree Breed



A FAMOUS railroad president says: "I love it and try to follow it regularly. I do not have a great deal of time for magazine reading; but I always find Adventure interesting."

And here is an excerpt from a letter from an Adventure writer. "Anyway a Cree breed brought me the Adventure letter and grinned, and remarked: 'Very good mag'zine that, I read'm all the time!' "

Opposite types — extremes! One in a great city — the other in the Canadian wilderness. Yet they have one thing in common. They love the great out-of-doors. They like clean, well-written stories of action and adventure, at all times, and in all lands. Adventure is a favorite with lawyers, doctors, colleges and bank presidents — with business men, railroad men — men in all walks and stations of life.

Do *you* read Adventure? If you like stories like "The Sea Hawk" and "Captain Blood,"* — if you want relaxation, entertainment of the highest order — you want Adventure. Adventure authors are specialists. They know what they are writing about. They are experts. They have to be, because Adventure readers are the most critical in the world.

Find out for yourself what Adventure offers you. Get a copy and read it. Sit in at its Campfire. Read the "Ask Adventure" section. Get acquainted with its authors. Such men as Talbot Mundy, Arthur D. Howden-Smith, Robert Simpson, Hugh Pendexter, Arthur O. Friel, Gordon Young, J. Allan Dunn, and others are Adventure writers.

Fill out this coupon and mail it today. We will send you, free, a sample copy of Adventure. There is no obligation. See for yourself what Adventure is. Mail the coupon now.

Dept. J.

Adventure, The Ridgway Company.
Spring & Macdougal Sts., New York City.

Gentlemen: I'd like to read a copy of Adventure. Please send a free sample copy to the following address. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... *State*.....

***These two famous novels by Rafael Sabatini were first published in serial form in Adventure.**

GREAT fun for little people—but best of all it actually brings school into the home and MAKES IT INTERESTING!

Our Field Secretary Will Tell You

What This Remarkable Equipment Will Do To Keep Children Happy—And Busy, Too

IF you will clip and mail the coupon on the opposite page you will learn why Dan Beard, the famous naturalist and scout master, says of the Chautauqua Equipment: "Had I had it when I was a boy, I would have been in the seventh heaven. This little machine or desk, or whatever it may be called, condenses the training of the child's mind to the dimensions of a portfolio!" And when our field secretary calls, in response to your invitation, you will also learn why Ex-President Eliot of Harvard, Edgar Guest, Mrs. Henry Ford and thousands of others have given this Equipment their unqualified endorsement.

Why we send a representative to you

Were it possible to describe this Equipment properly in an advertisement, we would do so. But its possibilities are so great, its uses so many, that we send directly to your home or office an expert who explains everything.

He shows you just how we have made it possible to give sensible instruction to children while they are actually at play. He demonstrates how this Equipment aids children in their school work and brings them closer to their parents in play and study. Truly, the Chautauqua Equipment brings into the home a system of child play-study in which any parent can become actively interested.

A few things the Chautauqua Equipment does

It makes the home the real centre of the child's interest; it encourages accuracy, neatness and order; it directs boys and girls into useful occupations for which the world pays money; it helps the child's interest and grows up with him year after year; it cultivates a taste for good and useful things; it arouses ambition, stimulates the imagination and reveals talent.

A glance at the photographs in this advertisement gives you some indication of the amazing adaptability of the Chautauqua Equipment. But it must be actually seen and used to be appreciated. Already more than one million families have used and benefited by it. Each year finds tens of thousands of new users, among the little folk of the land; tots getting acquainted with this thing which is to be their first and happiest contact with practical education.

No Charges—No obligations of any kind

We will guarantee you an interesting half-hour if you will invite one of our field secretaries to call. If it happens that you are not near a large city, we will undertake to get complete descriptions of the Chautauqua Equipment into your hands by return mail.

Forward the coupon now; your child will always thank you for it.

Lewis E. Myers & Company,
250 Park Avenue, New York City.

All folded—ready to put away.

The Chautauqua Equipment complete consists of three units—

1. The Chautauqua Industrial Desk.
2. The Chautauqua Adjustable Table.
3. The Chautauqua Adjustable Bench.

For Mailing.

LEWIS E. MYERS & COMPANY,
250 Park Avenue, New York City.
I would like to know more about the celebrated Chautauqua Equipment. Have your field secretary call at the address below (or send literature.)

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....

Going to Travel?

Then by all means refer to the travel section of Harper's Magazine—Every month you will find many alluring suggestions and vivid pictures of America and faraway places including the announcements of a large number of Tourist Agencies, Railroads, Steamship Lines, Resorts and Hotels.

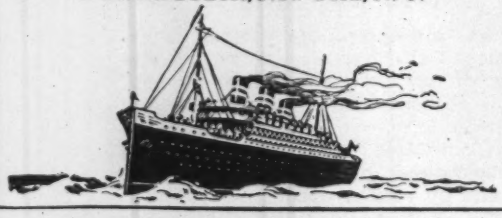
Sailing Dates in Every Issue

For the convenience of our readers we will publish each month the sailing dates for Europe and other countries together with the dates of special tours and cruises.

Feel perfectly free to write us—Our *Travel Bureau* will gladly furnish any information desired.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.



HOTEL WOLVERINE

Detroit's Famous Popular-Priced Hotel

YOU will find, at HOTEL WOLVERINE, courtesy and quick, willing service—clean, pleasant, modern rooms—exceptionally fine meals—and low rates. Every room is an outside room with bath.

MARCUS L. FREUD, President

At Elizabeth Street East *and* Woodward Avenue *in the Heart of* DETROIT

500 Rooms—500 Baths

there was a fine spirit of rivalry among the men of the three great divisions—the Central, Atlantic, and Pacific divisions, and that strong men worked like schoolboys to beat the record.

If a machine broke, it was thrown down to strengthen an embankment; if an engine overturned, there was no time to rescue it. There was no time, evidently, for quarreling or abuse, for Official Circular Number 400 gave notice that "the use of profane or abusive language by foremen or others in authority, when addressing subordinates, will not be tolerated." A fine thing it must have been to see this workshop forty-five miles long, with men working in comradeship in a great world cause, and we can understand the spirit of the traveler who was carried away at the sight of it, and wrote:

"A region is being shaped anew. Cut, carved, transformed, it has now another form and another outline. Peaks have disappeared, other heights have risen; certain valleys have vanished, others have been born; great rivers have obediently followed the will of man, as in the Arab legend the sea, roaring and foaming, followed the steps of Lalla Muna, the Moroccan saint. And across the yellow virgin earth has at last been opened a deep, monstrous furrow, which the waters now invade. The gigantic shipway passes from sea to sea, and possibly is visible to other planets—a slender, luminous, strange new sign on the immutable face of the world."

Yet all this mighty work would have been still undone if the doctor had not been king and used his powers well. There were seventeen districts, each with a chief sanitary inspector, a clerk, and a staff of three experts—one of them wise in mosquito lore; another skilled in ditching, draining, and oiling; and the third a good organizer. Each of these districts had forty or fifty laborers to do the draining, carpenters to keep the screens in repair, and dispensers who went about administering doses of quinine among the workmen. Each inspector was responsible for excess of malaria in his district.

And this is the work they did in these seventeen districts in one year. *Cut down twelve million square yards of brushwood, drained one million square yards of swamp, cut thirty million*

square yards of grass, maintained three million feet of ditches, emptied three hundred thousand oil-cans, used nearly three million pounds of quinine, fumigated eleven million cubic feet of house space.

The end of it is that men do not die now in Panama from yellow fever or malaria, that fewer people die in Panama than in New York, and that the death-rate of Panama is now the lowest of any large body of people in the world—less than eight per thousand, and less than three among white Americans. The end of it is also that ships can now sail through America instead of round it, and that all the world knows that any part of the world can be opened to civilization and the white man.

It is, perhaps, the greatest school-lesson that has ever been taught to the world, and the cost of it—you will not believe it, but it is perfectly true—has been equal to a halfpenny per man per day. That was the whole cost of Dr. Gorgas and his staff. The world's death-rate is about thirty in every thousand lives; whoever brings that figure down by one saves a million and a half lives every year. It is worth a halfpenny per life per day; is it not worth all the money in all the banks that have ever been?

That is the story of which the sight of a riderless horse on Ludgate Hill set me thinking one day, for it was the man who did this mighty work, Colonel Gorgas, who was riding that day to St. Paul's, sleeping his last sleep on earth, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes. There were thousands of people standing still, there were hundreds of men in khaki passing by, there were ambassadors and other great people; there was the lonely woman who was on the way with her hero to conquer disease in Peru when death took him from her. And there was the riderless horse.

All these came up Ludgate Hill, and as the sun poured down on this ancient way, our hearts and ears throbbing with the solemn music of the Dead March, we knew that we were looking on the passing of a man whose name would shine for ages in the history of our race.

From Heroes of the World

The full biography of Gorgas, by Marie D. Gorgas and Burton J. Hendrick is published by Doubleday, Page and Co.

DRAWING is a way to FORTUNE

Ali Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his acres to go out and seek his fortune. He who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth,—which illustrates a great truth.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW

If you do it is an almost certain indication that you have talent, a talent which few possess. Then don't follow Ali Hafed's example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent,—your fortune lies in your hands!

Earn $200.00 to $500.00 a Month and More

Present opportunities for both men and women to illustrate magazines, newspapers, etc., have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollar's worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art,—pleasant work, yielding a large income.

THE FEDERAL COURSE IS A PROVEN RESULT GETTER

It is the only Home Study Course which has been built by over fifty nationally known artists,—Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Norman Rockwell, Clare Briggs, Charles Livingston Bull and Fontaine Fox among them.

***FREE*—"A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS"**

If you like to draw you should read this free book before deciding on your life's work. It tells about illustrating as a highly paid, fascinating profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. Just tear out this ad, write your name, age, occupation and address in the margin, mail it to us with six cents in stamps and we will send you your copy free. Do it right now while you are thinking about it.

Federal School of Illustrating

507 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

The Man with a Million Dollar Memory

A MAN must have a pretty good memory to have it assessed at a million dollars. Yet this is what business men say is a small valuation of the memory of one of our big industrial leaders. This man is one of the giants of American Business. He is the president of the largest corporation of its kind in the world, one whose employees run into the hundred thousands.

Ask him anything about the history of his business—about the details of production in any one of his plants—about the characteristics of his thousands of important employees—or in fact anything you can think of in relation to his business and its complex ramifications, and he comes back with the figures and facts without an instant's hesitation.

All who know this great man—and there is not a man in America who doesn't know him—say that perhaps the greatest factor in his marvelous success is his MEMORY.

"You Too Can Do This"

"Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.

"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and instructed a member at a blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares and gave the entire list without a mistake.

"After finishing with this Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

—*Seattle Post Intelligencer.*

Mr. Roth's Amazing Method

David M. Roth, whose feats of memory have astonished large audiences from coast to coast, has often said to eager inquirers: "There is nothing miraculous about these demonstrations or about my ability to remember instantly anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, words, definitions, or something I have read in a book. You can do this just as easily as I do."

More than half a million people are already familiar with the Roth Memory Course, and thousands have testified in unsolicited letters to the great benefits they have received from using this fascinating Course of seven lessons, in which Mr. Roth explains the secret of a better memory so simply and clearly that any man or woman can learn to do the things which seem so wonderful when Mr. Roth does them. The "Memory Master," as Mr. Roth has come to be known, states that he began with a really poor memory, yet to-day there are over 10,000 persons in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times whose names he can recall instantly on meeting them.

An Aid to High Achievement

Read this letter from a man who bought the course when it first appeared:

> "At one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words in Mr. Roth's first lesson forward and backward. And to say that I am delighted with the method outlined is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment I have got from the first lesson alone."

In less than two years from the date his letter was written he had risen to the head of the greatest organization of its kind in the world, and to this day he considers the Roth method a priceless possession.

This is a golden opportunity for you. Send the free examination coupon today and you will have taken a long step toward mental power.

THOR PRESS
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THOR PRESS, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

You may send me the Roth Memory Course for free examination. I will return it in 5 days or send you $5.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

MCI. 5-25

You Need This New Indexed Bible

Printed on India Paper. Size 5¾ x 8¾ x 1 inches American Paper 1¼ inch Thick.

No matter how many Bibles you have, you need the NEW INDEXED BIBLE. It combines the features of a Bible Encyclopedia, Bible Dictionary and Index all in one handy volume.

Every important word, place, character and event in the Bible can be found as EASILY as a word in a dictionary.

Grouped by Subjects

All important verses of Scripture on 288 subjects are grouped for ready reference.

Do you know what the Bible says on: Faith, Baptism, Doctrine, Immortality, Love, Charity, and Virtue? Do you know what it says about: Boasting and Borrowing? Laws and Lawsuits? Taxes and Taxation? Employer and Employee? If not, you can find all about these subjects and nearly 360 others — ALL IN ONE PLACE — THE NEW INDEXED BIBLE.

The Gospels Classified

Are you familiar with the Sayings and Teachings of Christ? With His Miracles and Parables? With His Warnings and Promises? With the Prophecies concerning His Birth, Life and Resurrection? You will find everything the Bible contains on these subjects arranged for ready reference.

History of The Bible

Do you know why Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus and all the other books of the Bible are so-called, who wrote them and what they contain? The NEW INDEXED BIBLE gives a concise history on the 66 books of the Bible.

The Chart Analysis of the Bible

is one feature not found in any other Bible. In these 22 Charts the periods of the Bible are indicated and outlined. They give the structure of the Bible and furnish a systematic course of Bible Study. This one feature is worth the entire Price of the Book.

WHAT READERS SAY

"I regard the Indexed Bible as the best Bible for the family I have ever seen. The arrangement is so simple a child can understand it, and it is so condensed that the busy man can get much in a little time."
Dr. G. W. Sawyer,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

"I have thoroughly examined The Indexed Bible and find it to be the best collection of Bible Helps I have ever seen. In fact, we find in it everything in small compass that would be found in a well stocked library. I suggest that you do not let it pass."
John E. White, D.D.,
President Anderson College,
Anderson, S. C.

"The New Indexed Teacher's Bible is certainly a valuable book. I shall find great use for it in my Sunday School work."
William J. Bryan.

"I believe its circulation will add much to an increase of interest in the careful study of the Bible."
Geo. W. Truett, D.D.,
Pastor First Baptist Church,
Dallas, Texas.

Over 300,000 New Indexed Bibles In Use Today

It gives universal satisfaction. You will wonder how you ever got along without it. It makes Bible study a real pleasure. Read again what eminent writers say about it.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Let us tell you more about this wonderful Bible, show you sample pages, and give you the opinions of many Ministers, Sunday School Teachers, Church workers, Bible students and others who have found it so helpful.

Your request for full particulars incurs no obligation. Just mail us the coupon and we will send you our catalog by return mail.

Buxton-Westerman Company,
21 West Elm Street, Chicago, Illinois.

BUXTON-WESTERMAN COMPANY, P-36,
21 West Elm Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Sirs:—

Please mail me your Catalog and price of the NEW INDEXED BIBLE, also free book containing Sunday School Lessons for 1925. I fully understand that this request puts me under no obligation whatever.

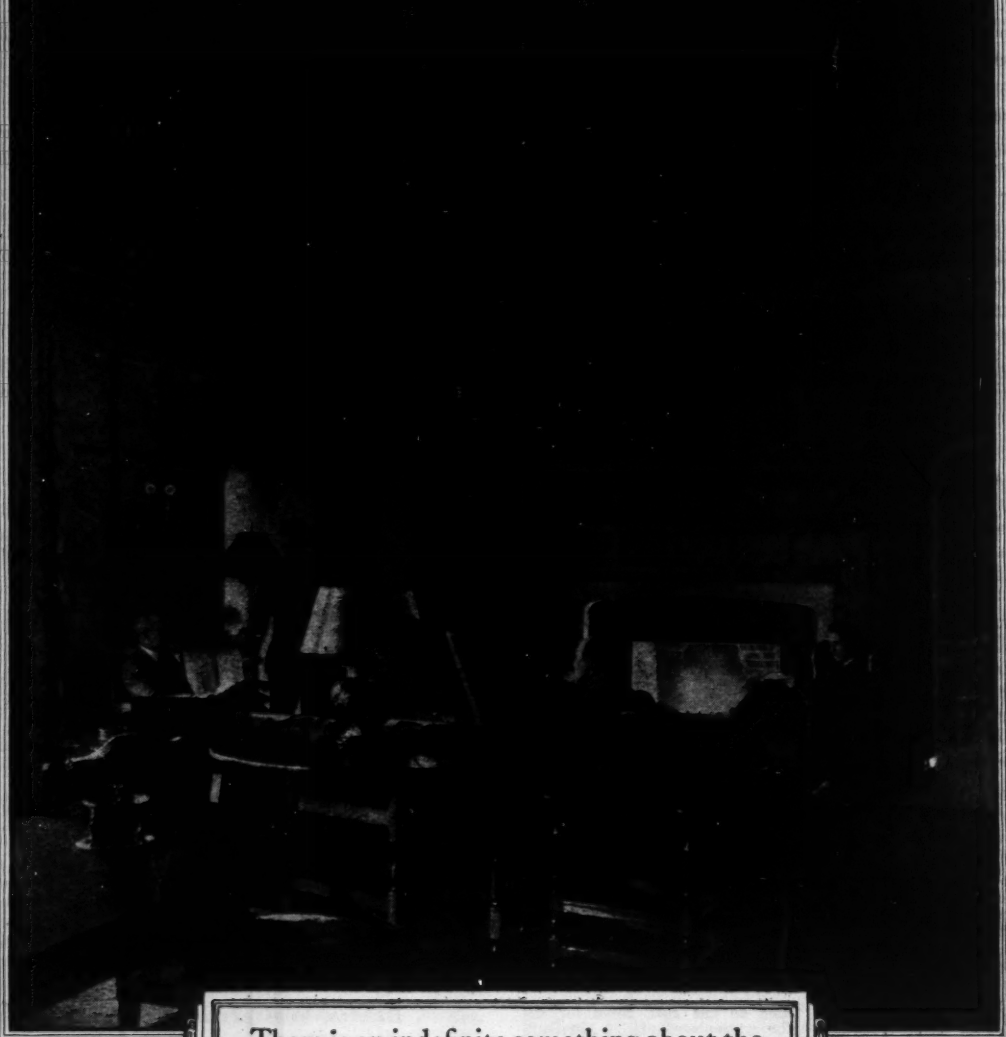
Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

ALLERTON

CLUB RESIDENCES



There is an indefinite something about the atmosphere in the Allerton Houses—comradery, good fellowship, good cheer—that keeps forever alive the fire of College Spirit—that greatest of adjuncts to after-year success.

Rates: $10 to $20 per week

ALLERTON CLUB RESIDENCES

NEW YORK CHICAGO

Something New

COMER SUITS $12.50

I WANT 800 MEN AT $100 A WEEK!

Here is one of the most sensational announcements ever made in the clothing industry! Here is one of the most revolutionary developments made in years. It offers easy profits, quick profits, BIG PROFITS to every man who gets in on the ground floor. It offers *you* the biggest money-making opportunity of your life—$15 to $40 a day, $100 to $200 a week — if you will act *at once*.

Startling New Kind of Suits

You know the Comer Manufacturing Company. You know that for thirteen years this company has been an outstanding success in the Specialty Selling Field. You know that every Comer proposition has proved a real money-maker for Comer Representatives—that Comer men have made and are making from $500 to $1,000 a month *in cash*.

And now the Comer Manufacturing Company is putting out a new line of suits — the most amazing values ever offered the public. They are going into this field in true Comer style. They are going to put Comer Clothes across in a big way. And you are now being offered an opportunity to get in at the start and make the big money that always comes with a new proposition.

Millions of Prospects

Comer Suits are unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit. They are made of Longwear cloth—an amazingly strong, tough, durable fabric that wears like iron. Think of a suit that a carpenter, mechanic or factory employee can wear at work without fear of permanently ruining the appearance of the suit. Yet think of a suit that is stylish and good looking enough for a salesman or business man to wear—and there you have a suit of Comer Clothes, *and for only* $12.50.

$100 a Week Easy

Every man you can talk to is a prospect for Comer Clothes. Men are tired of paying high prices for suits. They demand value and service. You can offer them both in Comer Clothes. Yet they cost but $12.50. Think of it. A good-looking, long-wearing suit of clothes for only $12.50. Do you see why you will be able to take so many orders? Previous selling experience is unnecessary. You should be able to make $100, $150, up to $200 a week with this proposition without working as long or as hard as you do right now.

Quick Action Gets Big Profits

This *new* Comer Suit proposition has all the successful qualities and features of our other propositions. I furnish a complete selling outfit. I deliver and collect. You get your profit *in cash* as soon as you take an order. Your whole time can be devoted to making money for yourself. The amount of money you make depends only on the amount of the time you devote to this pleasant, dignified, highly profitable work.

Start Now

Now is the time to start. Now, while the field is clear. Sign the coupon without cost or obligation. Let me give you full details of this sensational offer. It may prove the biggest money-making opportunity of your life. *Act at once.*

I Give Sample Suit to Hustlers

We don't advertise free suits but I have a plan whereby any man can in a few days time obtain his sample suit absolutely without cost. Send coupon at once for full details of this remarkable money-making proposition.

Now mail this!

C. E. COMER, Pres.,
THE COMER MFG. CO.,
Dept. B-41, Dayton, Ohio.

Without cost or obligation, tell me how I can earn $100 a week selling Comer Suits.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

C. E. COMER, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO., Dept. B-41, Dayton, O

THE LONGEST GANGPLANK IN THE WORLD

ALL that France means to you is yours, from the time you blow a kiss to Madame Liberty and promise to give her love to the land she came from—you have France from Sandy Hook to Havre—if you travel via "the longest gangplank in the world."

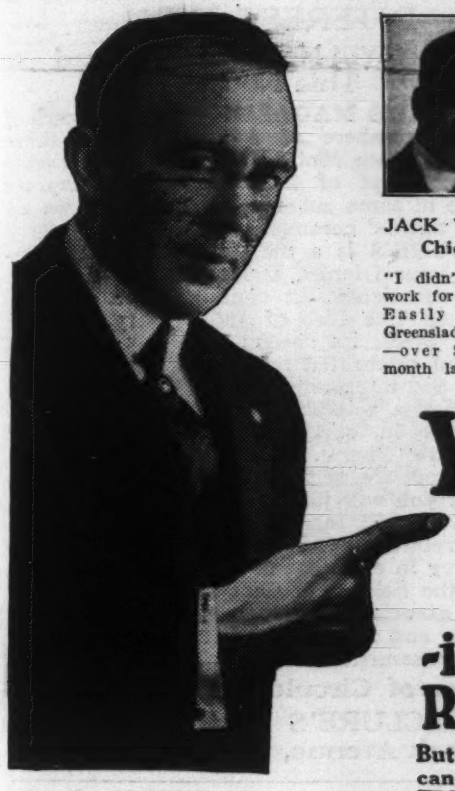
France isn't rocks and fields and station names. France is French people, living in the customs they love wherever they go. . . . Those delicious little French breakfasts in your cabin. . . . That delightful French courtesy from the steward on deck. . . . Those glimpses of the "Guignol," with all the children sitting entranced. . . . Before you know it, you're in Havre, the port of Paris—no transferring to tenders—just another gangplank—then the boat-train—and in three hours you're in Paris.

You can go to France this summer via "the longest gangplank in the world" for $140, in the large one-cabin liners. You can make a round trip for $162—Tourist III class, with individual rooms. You can take your car along with you, uncrated, and drive it off the dock at Havre. You can live well in France—and tour—on six dollars a day. . . . Write for interesting booklet.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York

Agencies in Principal Cities of the United States



J. E. GREENSLADE

JACK WARD
Chicago

"I didn't want to work for small pay. Easily proved Mr. Greenslade was right—over $1,000 every month last year."

WARREN HARTLE
Chicago

"After 10 years in the railway mail service I decided to make a change. Earned more than $1,000 the first 30 days."

F. WYNN
Portland

"Last week my earnings amounted to $554.37; this week will go over $400. Thanks to the N. S. T. A."

GEO. W. KEARNS
Oklahoma

"From $60 a month working on a ranch, to $524 in two weeks, is the step I took after this training."

You're Fooling Yourself

-if You Think These Big Pay Records Are Due to LUCK!

But don't take my word for it! When I tell you that you can quickly increase your earning power, I'LL PROVE IT! FREE! I'll show you hundreds of men like yourself who have done it. And I'll show you how you can do it, too.

I'LL come directly to the point. First you'll say, "I could never do it: These men were lucky." But remember the men whose pictures are shown above are only four out of thousands and if you think it's luck that has suddenly raised thousands of men into the big pay class you're fooling yourself!

The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable you to quickly step into the ranks of successful salesmen—will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable you to jump from small pay to a real man's income.

Easy to Increase Pay

But let's get down to your own case. You want more money. You want the good things in life, a comfortable home of your own where you can entertain, a snappy car, membership in a good club, good clothes, advantages for your loved ones, travel and a place of importance in your community. All this can be yours. And I'll prove it to you. Free.

First of all get this one thing right: such achievement is not luck—it's KNOWING HOW! And KNOWING HOW in a field in which your opportunities and rewards are ten times greater than in other work. In short, I'll prove that I can make you a Master Salesman—and you know the incomes good salesmen make.

Every one of the four men shown above was sure that he could never SELL! They thought Salesmen were "born" and not "made"!

When I said, "Enter the Selling Field where chances in your favor are ten to one," they said it couldn't be done. But I proved to them that this Association could take any man—regardless of his station in life, regardless of his present job, or lack of selling experience—and in a short time make a MASTER SALESMAN of him—make him capable of earning anywhere from $5,000 to $10,000 a year. And that's what I'm willing to prove to you, FREE.

Simple as A B C

You may think my promise remarkable. Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There are certain ways of saying and doing things, certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudice and outwit competition.

Just as you learned the alphabet, so you can learn salesmanship. And through the NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training—you gain the equivalent of actual experience while studying.

Remarkable Book, "Modern Salesmanship" Sent Free

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship."

It will show you how you can easily become a Master Salesman—a big money-maker—how the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training will give you years of selling experience in a few weeks; how our FREE Employment Service will help select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the attached coupon at once and you will have made the first long stride toward success.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n

N. S. T. A. Building, Dept. G-81 Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
N. S. T. A. Building, Dept. G-31, Chicago, Ill.

Send me free your book, "Modern Salesmanship," and Proof that I can become a MASTER SALESMAN.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Age ..... Occupation.....

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